The Saturday Evening
POST
March 3, 1956 – 15¢

FEB 2 8 '56

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- Gary Cooper's Own Story
- Can Germany Ever Unite?
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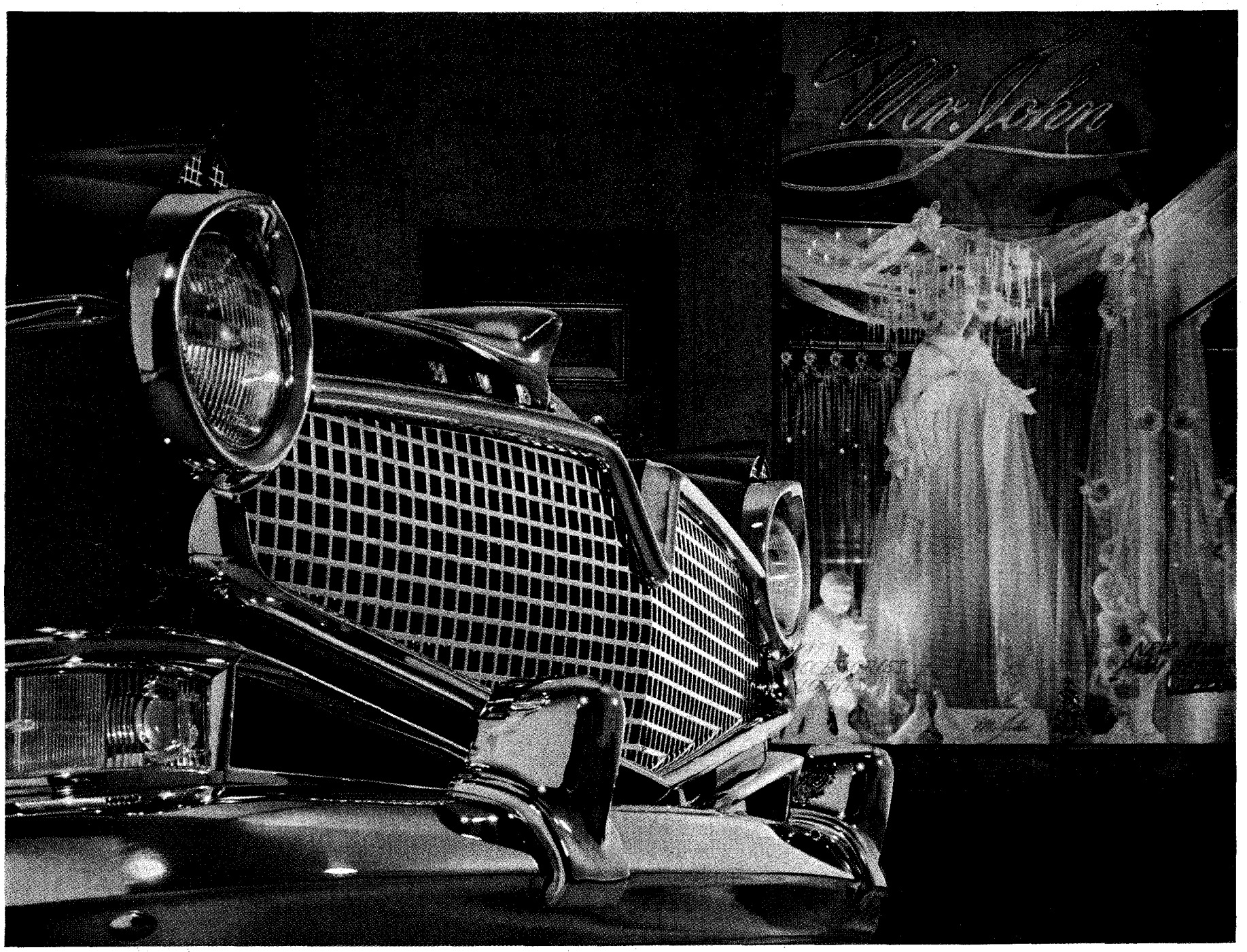
Now Thrill to the Eager Thrust of the Handsome New Hornet's Mighty V-8 Power

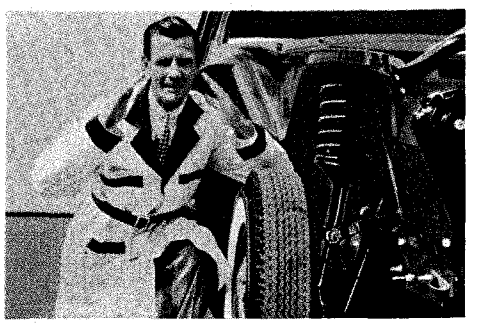


The new Hudson Hornet V-8 photographed in front of *Mr. John*'s salon, New York City

See how it surges ahead to pass cars with room to spare; rides three times smoother, gentler; turns as much as three feet shorter than other big cars

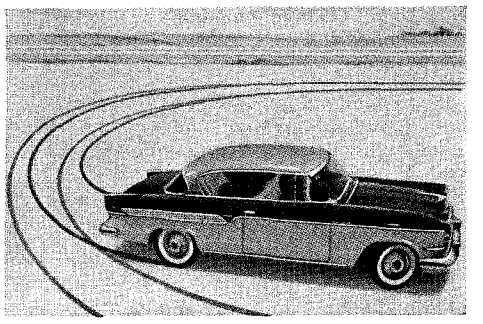
You can see at a glance how distinguished the Hornet's new V-Line styling really is. It's high fashion in the very best of taste. But you can never appreciate what a beautiful performer it is until you press down on the gas pedal and feel the smooth, full, forward thrust of its great, new V-8 engine.

Top car of the American Motors line, this new Hornet V-8 is a totally new experience in fine-car luxury and performance.



You Ride 3 Times Smoother because the Hornet's Deep Coil Springs are much longer and wider than ordinary short springs in other cars.

OTHER CARS



Turns As Much As 3 Feet Shorter than other big cars—and that means a lot when parking or getting in and out of driveways and garages. Drive the new Hornet and see for yourself what a great performer it is.

Hudson Hornet V-8

The Most Beautiful Performer of Them All

Hudson Hornets • Wasps • Ramblers • Metropolitans
Built the Better Way, the American Way
Products of American Motors

Tune in **"DISNEYLAND"**—ABC-TV Network

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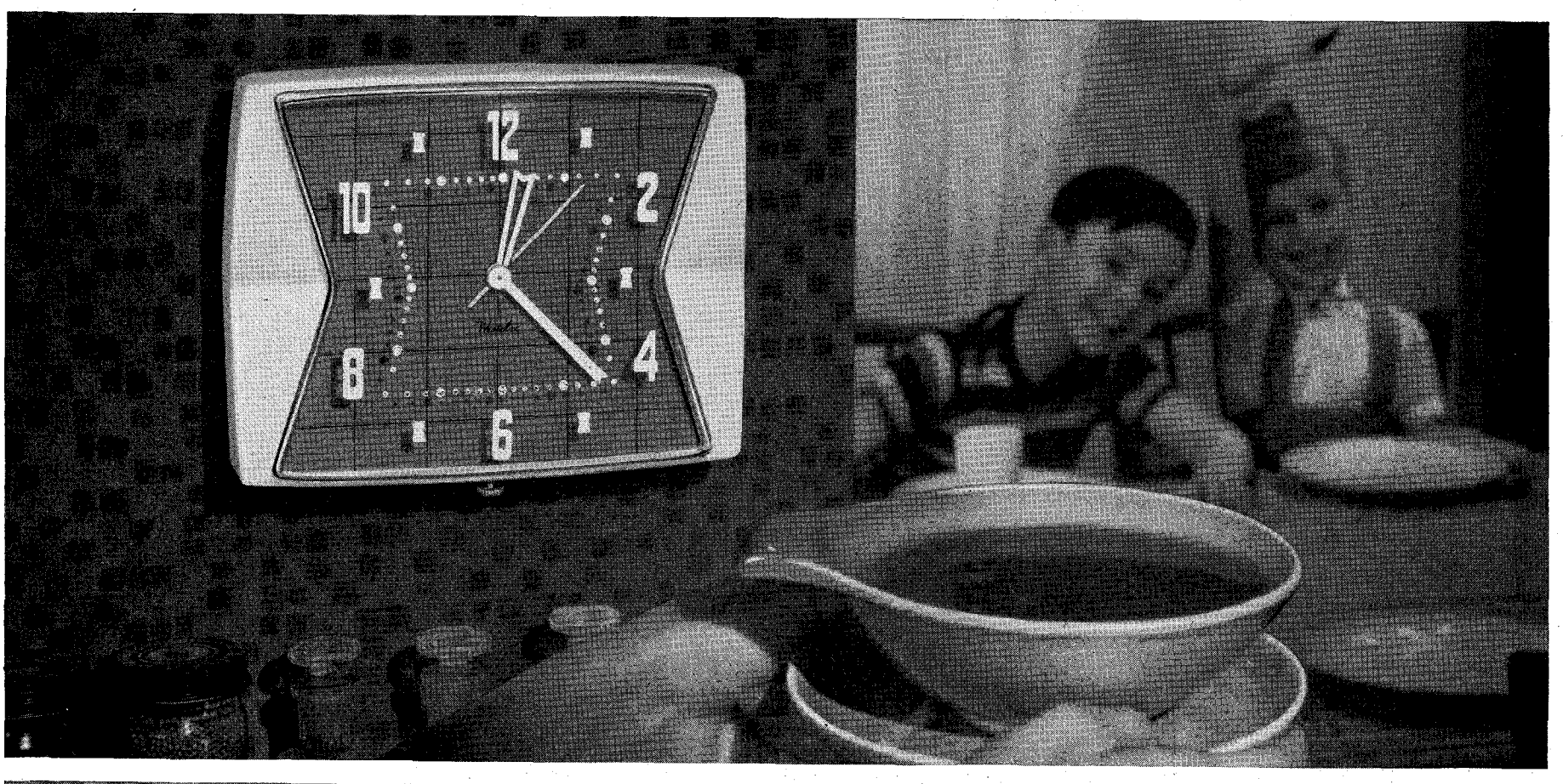
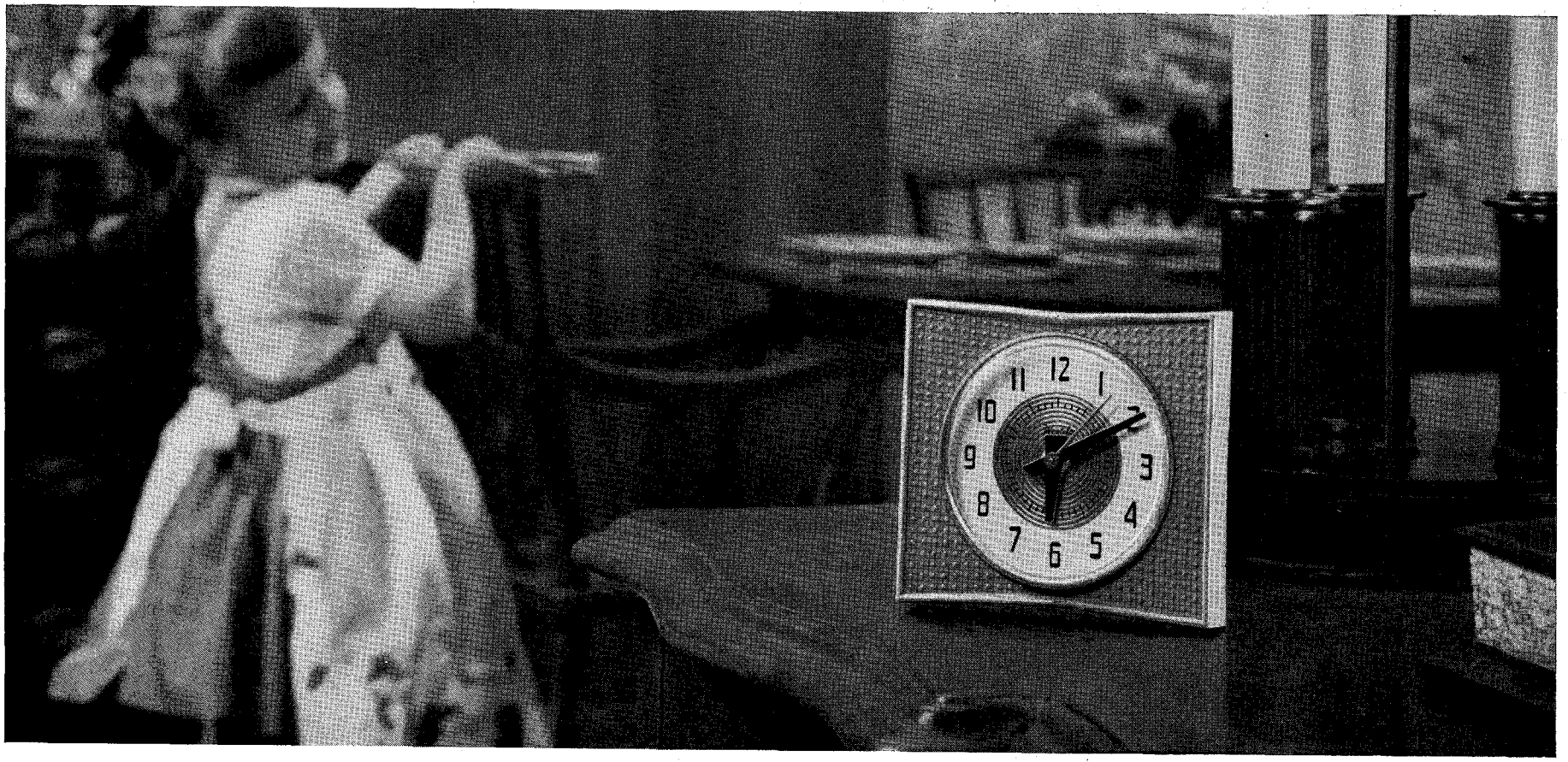
More children have shouted "Soup's on!" by Westclox time than by any other





ZEST electric wall clock

Dashing in design, colorful as Spring—gives mother and her little helpers a real lift at mealtime or any time of the day! Comes in lustrous white plastic case that sets off the "hour-glass" dial in red, charcoal or yellow . . . also in pink case with charcoal dial. 5¾" high. Non-breakable crystal. Can you imagine a more delightful gift? Written guarantee for one year. $6.95.

TOWN CRIER electric alarm

Brand new styling; grand old name! Serenely at home in any room, this modern Westclox is a beauty in beige plastic with hobnail pattern front. Its bright face is easy to read; keeps youngsters on the dot. Has an insistent alarm. Sweep second hand. Non-breakable crystal. Only 4" high. Written guarantee for one year. $4.95. With luminous dial, a dollar more.

Electric or Spring WESTCLOX*...dependable as the day is long

Made by the makers of BIG BEN

PRODUCTS OF GT GENERAL TIME CORPORATION

WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois • In Canada: Western Clock Company, Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario. *Prices quoted for U. S. A. only, do not include tax and are subject to change.* *Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Patent

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INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORP., major world manufacturer of electric typewriters, faced an international problem of lubrication. It was solved by a product of Shell Research.

Keeps type talking *in any man's language*

Most widely used of all office machines is the typewriter. That's true, as IBM can tell you, in any man's language.

To assure longer life no matter where or how a machine is used, IBM takes care of service needs *before* a typewriter reaches a user's hands. An example was their search for a way to "build" protective lubrication into each machine. Shell Lubrication Engineers were asked to help.

The answer was a grease first developed in Shell's laboratories for industrial use. This lubricant, Shell Alvania, met the conditions wherever IBM machines saw service. Alvania assures long-term protection because it "stays put" where needed. Only Shell Alvania Grease is now used in IBM typewriters for round-the-world service.

Development of better greases is only one way Shell leads the petroleum industry. Whatever product you buy bearing the Shell name and trademark, you get better value—more for your money—because of Shell Research.

SHELL

Shell Research leads to finer Products—
more for your money

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Walking around an art museum brings joy and peace to the soul, and to the lower extremities brings aches, walker's cramp and faltering locomotion as if the muscles have moldered into oatmeal. A similarly exhausting thing to do with legs affects, oddly, only one of the sexes; when a great, powerful man follows his wife through some stores while she shops, not fatigue, but blind staggers is what he winds up with, whereas the weak little woman finishes tippy-toeing on clouds. Getting back to the lady with the cooling feet, she's lucky to have found an exquisite (hardwood) bench, for some museums only put one every quarter of a mile. That ancient painting wasn't copied exactly from an old master of the Venetian school, but interpreted in that mood by young master Steve Dohanos.

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Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

HOW DATED
is your attitude about sanitary protection?

Think Tampax is newfangled? Not very popular? Daringly different? You're sadly behind the times! Millions of women have used billions of Tampax. It's available in 75 different countries. And more has been written, printed and read about this product than about any other product of its kind!

Tampax advantages are definite, complete and indisputable. Because it's worn internally, it prevents odor from forming. It's "invisible" when in place. Unfelt when in place. It's easy to dispose of. Convenient to carry in purse. It can be worn in shower or tub or even in swimming. It prevents chafing. Prevents irritation. Wearer's hands needn't ever *touch* the Tampax. There are 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) to meet every need. So small it's not to be compared with an external pad, and it's more absorbent, too.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

How long will you go on feeling hampered and harried and uncomfortable? Why be old-fashioned? Go *now* and ask for Tampax at any drug or notion counter—try it! You'll be glad you did! Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
Palmer, Mass.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Absorbency is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name_____
(Please print)

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City_____ State_____

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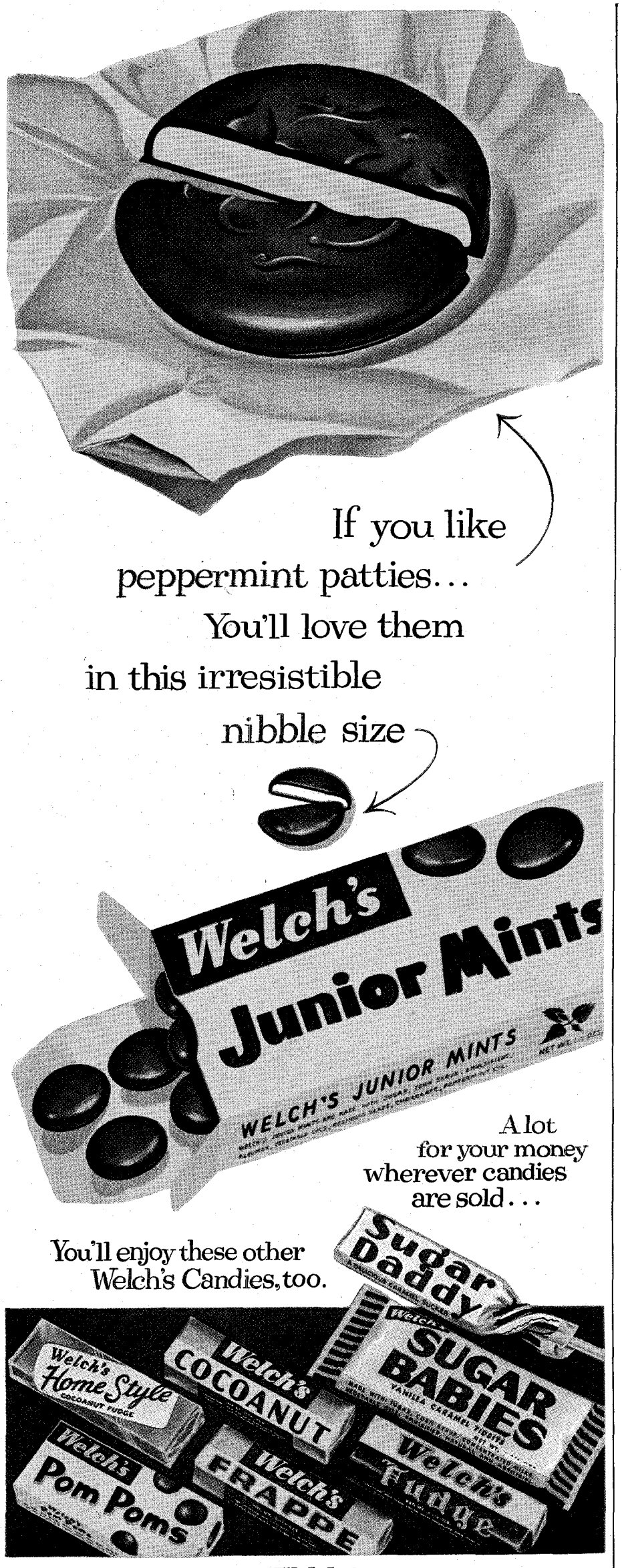


James O. **Welch** Company
Cambridge, Massachusetts • Los Angeles, California

Letters

Who's Killing Whom?

Dear Sirs:

Hats off and a bravo to Hannah Lees for her timely article OUR MEN ARE KILLING THEMSELVES (Jan. 28). It must have taken a great deal of courage or a lot of "devil may care" on the part of Mrs. Lees to enable her to write so forthright a commentary on the shortcomings of her own sex. . . .

RUSS ARCHAMBEAU
E. Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I take my typewriter in hand and hurl it at the head of Hannah Lees! Under the misleading title of OUR MEN ARE KILLING THEMSELVES, she very thoroughly and enjoyably informs us that it is the women who are killing the men. . . .

MRS. LEONARD SOLOMONS
Kew Gardens Hills, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . The women who read her article will be *wild*. But Hannah Lees is right. . . .

GRACE BRENNAN
Manhasset, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . We, the wives, can certainly do more to slow our men down, and with proper encouragement we'll get up the nerve to step between our men and their drive for success. . . .

MRS. PAUL A. CORNELL
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . How about giving wives and mothers a break? We're not perfect, but let's face it. No one's yet found a good cheap substitute.

MRS. RICHARD FAIRBANK
Henniker, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

. . . The article of Miss Hannah Lees . . . is 105% correct. . . .

CARLOS CABRERA
Havana, Cuba

Dear Sirs:

. . . Many wives look enviously and longingly at those "plump widows" who are having the time of their lives spending the savings and ever larger insurance policies left behind by the misguided mate. . . .

W. C. BELSCHNER
Montreal, Canada

Dear Sirs:

. . . Women have no more to do with the way our present civilization is set up than have men. We have not designated for them the job of supporting the family, making life-and-death decisions, fixing the electric wiring, climbing on the roof, raising the standard of living, fighting wars, refusing to go to the doctor, eating and drinking to excess, inventing more and better gadgets and successfully committing suicide and homicide. It will be a great day for women when they can talk men into (or out of) any of these things. I suggest the author try it sometime.

MRS. RONALD BECKER
Mill Valley, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Perhaps the reason for men . . . having more of these diseases . . . may be caused by their mental twisting and turning to evade the duties that are theirs, while a woman calmly accepts her responsibilities rather than trying to find a way out? . . .

IRENE FOX
Ft. Worth, Texas

Dear Sirs:

. . . As a cold, grasping, selfish, greedy, self-centered, typical American female—as pictured in your article and many others I have read in the past years—all I have to say is so our men are killing themselves, so *WHO CARES???*

MISS MARION JOHNSTON
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I think the nightmare of George Orwell's *1984* is more prevalent than generally imagined.

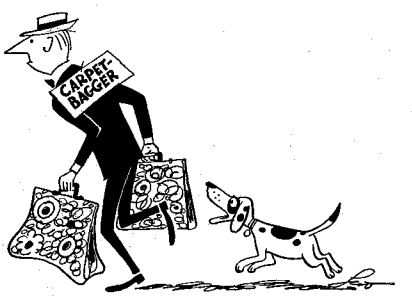
L. S. ABBOTT
Wichita, Kansas

Hush Puppies

Dear Sirs:

Apparently the Post knows more about Tallahassee, Florida, than its own Chamber of Commerce.

I did not know that hush puppies originated here and wrote Paul Gallico [THE SECRET INGREDIENT, Jan. 28] to find where he got his information.



Our local newspaper, the Tallahassee Democrat, commented about this letter to the Post and the next morning, six Dixie cookbooks telling about the origin of the Tallahassee hush puppies were delivered to the office and over twenty phone calls were received chiding me for not knowing about some of Tallahassee's history.

Two days earlier I had been elected the Outstanding Young Man of *1955*, but now I have been labeled by the newspaper as a "carpetbagger."

We are having a lot of fun with this, but frankly I am getting a little tired of going into the local restaurants and receiving hush puppies and coffee when I order doughnuts and coffee.

THOMAS M. BROWNLEE
Executive Manager
Chamber of Commerce
Tallahassee, Fla.

Big Man

Dear Sirs:

. . . The article [THE COLOSSAL MAYOR OF KANSAS CITY, by Hartzell Spence, Jan. 28] in my opinion, did not do Mayor Roe Bartle (Continued on Page 6)

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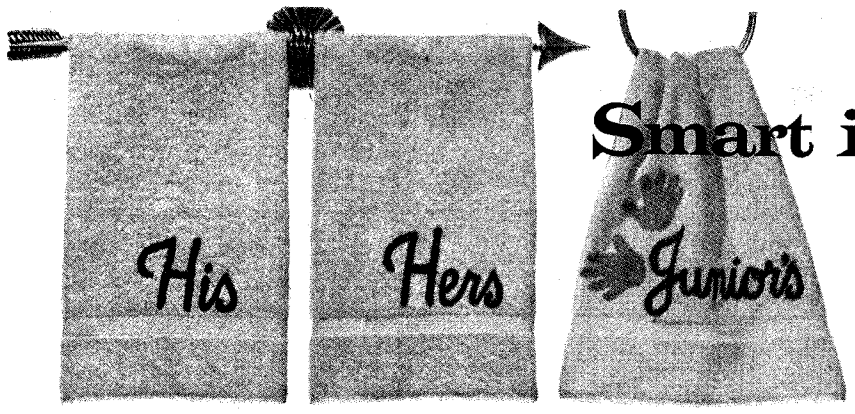


Smart idea in TV too... and G.E. makes it smart for you!

Now you can have <u>two</u> of the new advanced G-E TV for <u>less</u> than millions paid for one

Mom loves heart throbs. Pop goes for sports. Junior howls for Westerns. Let's face it...one TV can't possibly keep everyone happy. So General Electric gives you the smart answer...finer television, priced so low Mom, Pop and Junior can have their own. Look as you will...compare as you will—you'll find no television anywhere so excitingly advanced in performance, style and value as the fabulous new General Electric TV for '56. There's one for everyone. See the wide selection at your G-E TV Dealer's today. General Electric Company, Television Receiver Department, Syracuse, New York.

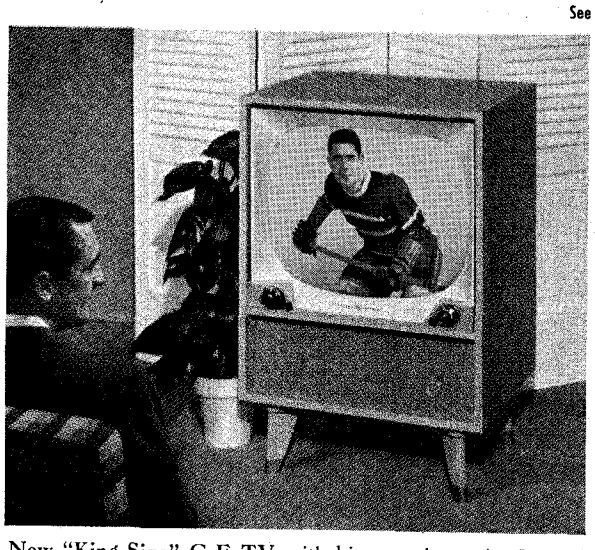
Showpiece General Electric Hospitality TV rolls anywhere for "wherever-you-are" TV fun. Full-View Top-Tuning; "Set-and-Forget" volume control. Aluminized Picture Tube and dark safety glass for "indoor-outdoor" picture quality. Above, Model 21C134. In Bermuda Bronze finish, Model 21C133.

†A. Model 14T007, Smart Cordovan finish. Only 32 lbs. and priced at just $99.95.* Not illustrated, Model 14T009, Terra Cotta and Ivory.

Three New 26-lb. Portables
Aluminized Tube—Aluminum Cabinet

B. Model 14T012, Sun Gold & Ivory.
C. Model 14T011, Bermuda Bronze & Ivory.
D. Model 14T014, Sea Blue & Ivory.

See G. E. on TV: "Warner Bros. Presents" (ABC-TV) and "The 20th Century Fox Hour" (CBS-TV)



New "King-Size" G-E TV with biggest picture in General Electric history at the lowest price per square inch in a smart compact cabinet. "Set-and-Forget" volume control; G-E "Daylight Power" Aluminized Picture Tube for shades-up lights-on viewing; Mahogany or Blonde Veneers, Model 24C181.

Here's General Electric's Amazing Automatic TV that thinks for itself. Starts at any pre-set time—turns itself off automatically. Accurate electric clock. "Set-and-Forget" volume control. Full-View Top-Tuning; G-E "Daylight Power" Picture Tube. Mahogany or Blonde Veneers, Model 21C141.

†**History-Making General Electric Personal TV** from only $99.95, goes upstairs, downstairs, all around the house. Newest G-E Personal TV weighs only 26 pounds. First portable ever with Aluminized Picture Tube and *aluminum cabinet*. Two-way interference protection. Built-in antenna. Sparkling two-tone finishes. Smart idea for game rooms, children's rooms, business offices, doctors' waiting rooms, school dormitories.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

**Manufacturer's suggested retail prices include Federal Excise tax, one-year warranty on picture tube, 90 days on parts. UHF at small additional cost. Prices subject to change without notice.*

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happens to your lawn
when you use Energized Vertagreen®
AMAZING NEW BEAUTY—
ALMOST OVERNIGHT
Get ready for a thrill when you use Vertagreen. Grass grows so quickly it almost seems to jump from the soil, every new blade is a richer, deeper green. Vertagreen promises complete beauty treatment because it is a complete plant food. Certain elements speed growth, others act for months to develop stronger roots and brighter color.
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Haven't you often envied the lush, rich grass on a golf course? Hundreds of America's beautiful courses use Vertagreen regularly. Vertagreen is used extensively by landscape gardeners and nurserymen. These professional growers select Vertagreen after extensive tests on growing plants. Let their experience help you build a lovelier lawn and garden. Buy Vertagreen, too.
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DOES SO MUCH!
Starts new growth fast.
Continues feeding for months.
Develops heavy turf that crowds out weeds.
Builds heavier roots.
Reduces drought damage.
Easy to apply—by hand or with spreader.
Economical—apply only 2 to 4 pounds for 100 square feet.
ARMOUR
Vertagreen®
Plant Food
A Product of ARMOUR

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

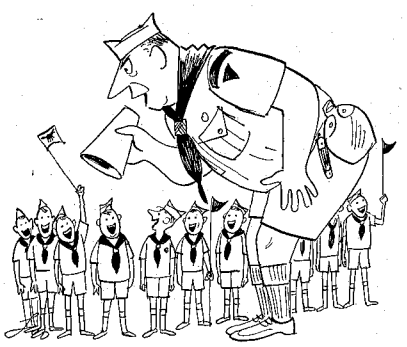
justice; did not portray his real true greatness. . . .

He could yet be this generation's greatest President of the U. S. A. Republicans (who know him) would vote for him. . . .

HAROLD A. HOEGLUND, *Dean*
Yakima Valley Junior College
Yakima, Washington

Dear Sirs:

. . . I remember hearing Mr. Bartle on at least two occasions. . . . At a Boy Scout Circus in Kansas City's Municipal Audi-



torium . . . he spoke to about 10,000 of us . . . without a loud speaker system.

The second occasion was at Park College, Parkville, Missouri. At that time, Mr. Bartle . . . moved the microphone aside and "hollered"—"Can you hear me back there?" We sure could. . . .

PRYOR T. SMITH, JR.
Winterset, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

H. Roe Bartle, son of the manse, Presbyterian elder and Mayor of Kansas City needs more than his present considerable virtue to cover this self-accusing fact: John Barleycorn, in whose business Bartle has financial interest, killed 20,000 Americans by auto accident in 1955. . . .

E. MARCELLUS NESBITT, D.D.
Minister First United Presbyterian Church
Beaver, Pa.

● *Complete figures for 1955 are unavailable, but in 1954 there were 36,000 auto deaths. The National Safety Council, basing its conclusions on a 23-state survey, says that 7% of the deaths were caused by drunk drivers.* —*ED.*

Friendly Poem

Dear Sirs:

So many readers write in appreciation of the articles that appear in your magazine. I should like to say a word in appreciation of the verse, particularly that of Herbert Merrill who makes a poem a companion, a visiting friend, that enters the room and sits down by the fire and talks of the weather as a live thing. WIND AND FIRE [Jan. 28] is just one of the many of his poems I have enjoyed and admired.

Thank you for printing stuff like that.

MRS. CLARICE S. MEYER
New Hampton, N.Y.

Blackout

Dear Sirs:

Your January 28th cover by Amos Sewell really brought the chuckles. As the wife of an electrical engineer, it is with much chagrin that I admit having been in the same dilemma. . . .

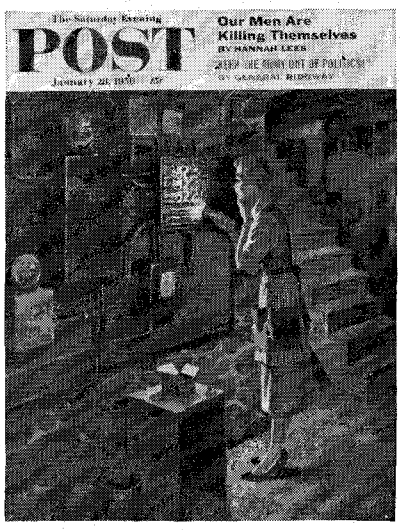
Recently, the fuse blew up, and the television with it—naturally the children all hollered while watching their favorite program. I was at a loss. I called my husband at his office—he was out for his coffee break. I then asked one of the other gentlemen how to go about changing a fuse. Was my husband razzed! "Fine electrical engineer—doesn't teach his wife how to change a fuse!" . . .

MRS. F. W. THOM
Berwyn, Ill.

DEAR SIRS:

. . . A CIRCUIT BREAKER LOAD CENTER IN THE KITCHEN WILL TELL HER INSTANTLY WHAT CIRCUIT IS IN TROUBLE AND A FLIP OF THE BREAKER HANDLE WILL RESTORE SERVICE AS IF BY MAGIC, AND IT'LL BE A GOOD THING WITH PENNIES GETTING SCARCE.

R. R. MCGEE
GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.
PLAINVILLE, CONN.



Dear Sirs:

I am an architect, member of the A.I.A., licensed to practice in Maine, Massachusetts and nationally (by examination). . . .

Circuit breakers are very fine, but they do not solve all of life's problems either, and they certainly will not cure the "short" which is causing all this trouble. . . .

GREGORY COOPER
Wayland, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

. . . A day after my husband left for Chicago on business, various fuses blew out. . . . I struggled along with a very small candle. Not knowing what a blown fuse looks like, I changed all of them and finally found the right, or should I say wrong, one. . . .

MRS. A. V. AVALLONE
Hyattsville, Md.

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Reading across pages, then down:

17—Ralph J. Smith, Gus Pasquarella. • 18—Allison Flynn, Paul Williams, two by Ralph J. Smith. • 19—James R. Smith, Ralph J. Smith, Richman Studios, Ralph J. Smith. 20, 21—Edwin Georgi. • 22—Frank Ross. • 23—Bill Shrout, Frank Ross, Bill Shrout, Frank Ross. • 24—Bob Hilbert. • 25—United Press, International. • 26—George Burns, John Burns, George Burns. • 27—Wide World. • 28, 29—Austin Briggs. • 30—Gene Lester. 31—Harry Schaare. • 32—Gene Lester. • 33—Wide World, Hans Knopf, Helena Independent-Record, Wide World. • 34, 35—Frank Ross. • 36, 37—Earl Mayan. • 41—Austin Briggs. • 89—George Burns. • 96—Frank Ross. • 116—Mrs. George H. Waltz, Jr., Tom Bilimski, anonymous, George and John Burns, Wide World.

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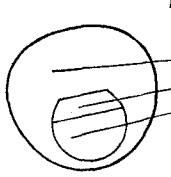
Which lenses do I need?

WHAT ARE MULTIFOCAL LENSES?

By using different kinds of ophthalmic glass, we can combine in one lens, two to four ranges of seeing—a miracle of precision glass making. By moving our eyes to the lens area we need, we can focus accurately on the near, middle or far distance.

There are thousands of combinations of bifocals, trifocals and even quadrifocals, but a typical trifocal lens looks like this:



It all depends . . . on your work, your habits, your hobbies.

There are 3 important ranges of seeing —near-point, mid-point, far-point.

Normal *young* eyes accommodate for the three ranges without strain.

But, as eyes get older, we may need a special lens for the *near-point*—reading, writing, sewing, etc. Chances are, we also need correction for as-tig-matism (image distortion and strain) in all ranges.

Later on, after forty, we may need bifocals (two lenses in one) for near-point, and general distance seeing.

As vision fades still further, we often add a *specialized middle-range* lens for seeing *across* the card table, driving a golf ball, reading the instrument panel of an auto, etc.

This is a trifocal, that restores the flexible vision of youth.

The point is, one range, two or three—only a thorough examination by an eyesight specialist can determine the mathematically exact lens powers, lens types, comfort and cosmetic factors that are suited to *your* eyes, and yours alone.

Better Vision Institute, Inc., New York.

TUNE UP—DRESS UP YOUR PRICELESS EYES . . . SEE YOUR EXAMINER SOON

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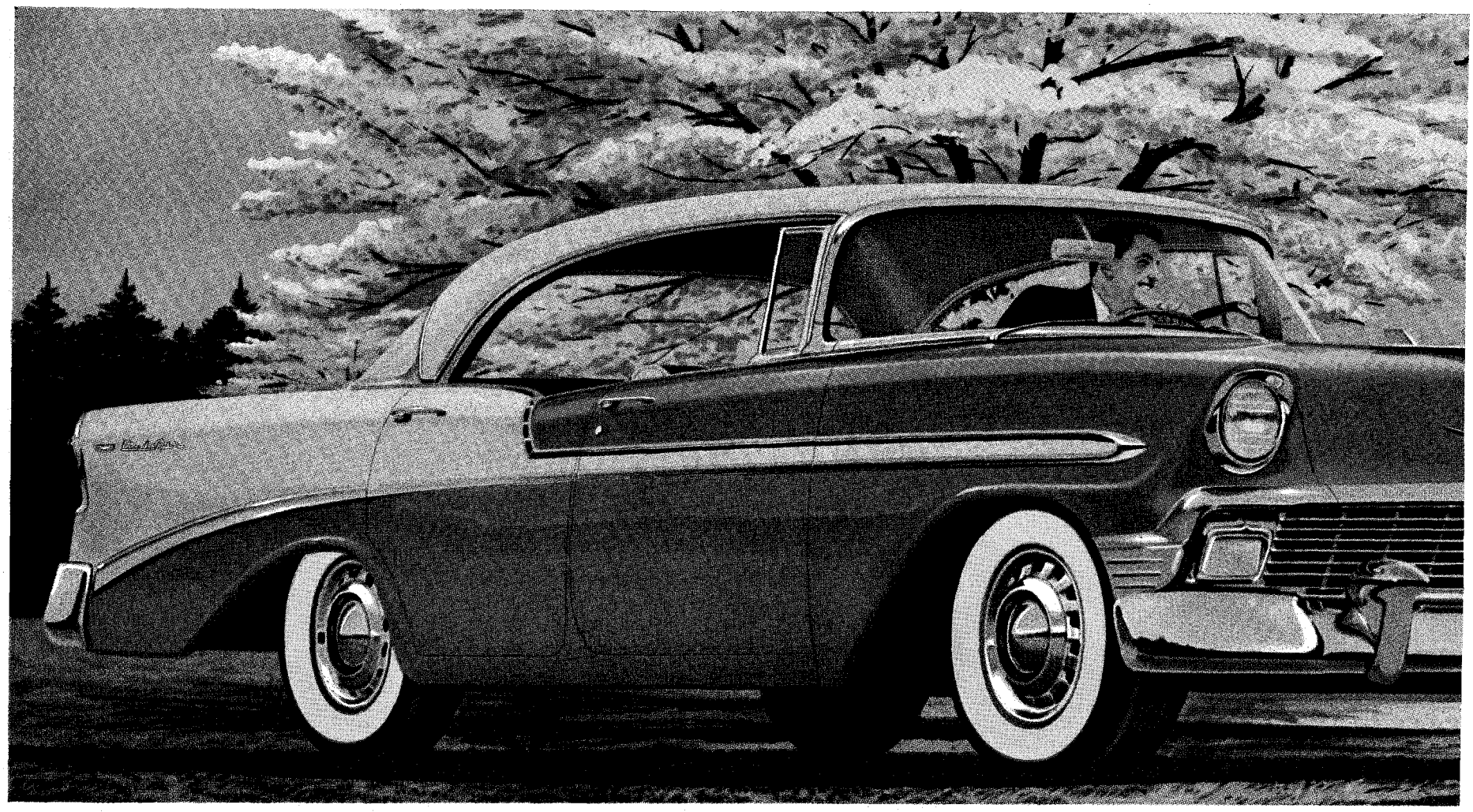
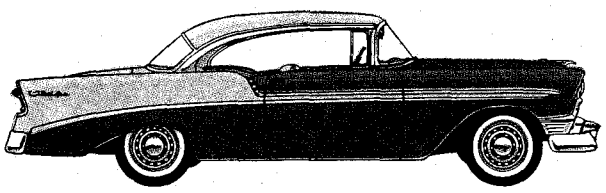


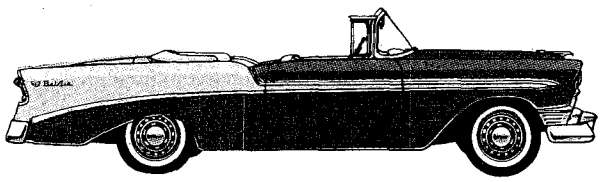
19 sure cures for Spring Fever

... all easy to take!

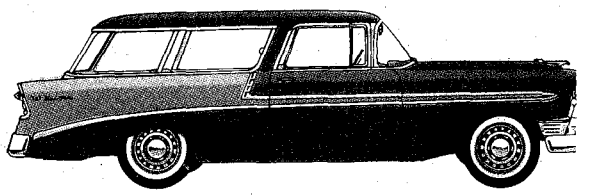
Those fresh and frisky '56 Chevrolets



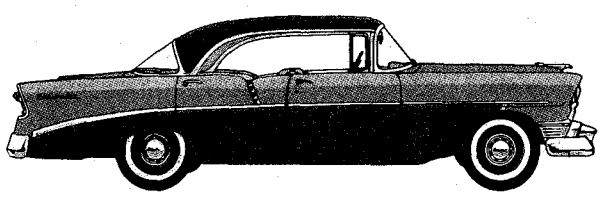
THE BEL AIR SPORT COUPE—Another hardtop honey! With windows down, it's wide open for fun!



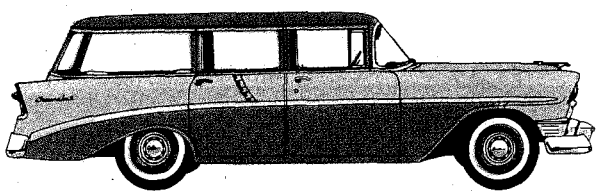
THE BEL AIR CONVERTIBLE—Loves to go—and looks it. Horsepower ranges clear up to 225!



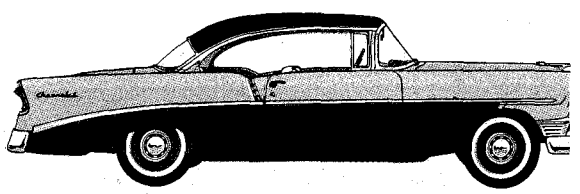
THE BEL AIR NOMAD—Sweet and low. This 6-passenger beauty is Chevrolet's last word in wagons!



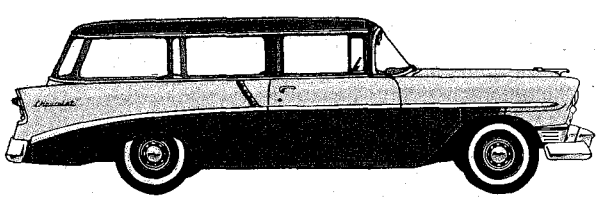
THE "TWO-TEN" SPORT SEDAN—Four doors and no sideposts in this stylish new Chevy.



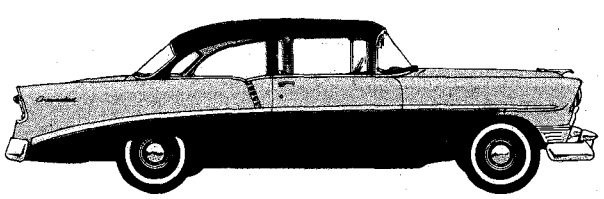
THE "TWO-TEN" BEAUVILLE—This 4-door wagon holds a whole baseball team, or ½-ton of cargo.



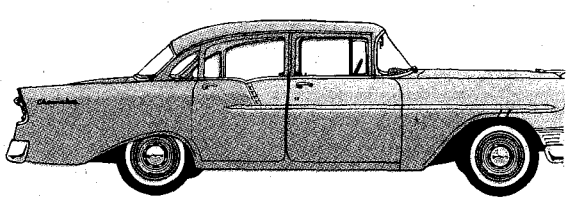
THE "TWO-TEN" SPORT COUPE—Made to hai fun with—and it's Chevrolet's lowest priced hardtop!



THE "TWO-TEN" HANDYMAN—Looking for a 2-door station wagon that seats six and handles big loads?



THE "TWO-TEN" DELRAY CLUB COUPE—Its all-vinyl interior thrives on hard use. Washes clean.



THE "ONE-FIFTY" 4-DOOR SEDAN—Notice th tasteful chrome trim in Chevrolet's lowest priced series!

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THE BEL AIR SPORT SEDAN—One of Chevrolet's two new 4-door hardtops. Body by Fisher, of course.

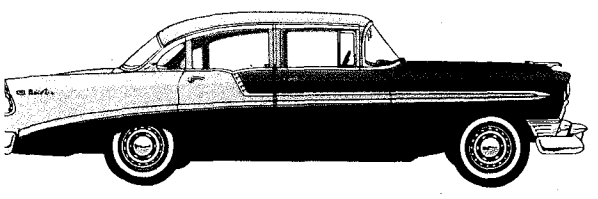
THE HOT ONE'S EVEN HOTTER

Are you feeling slightly day-dreamy these days? Find yourself thinking of far-away places where tall trees hem in the highway and sunlight skips merrily along a chuckling mountain stream? That's spring fever, friend.

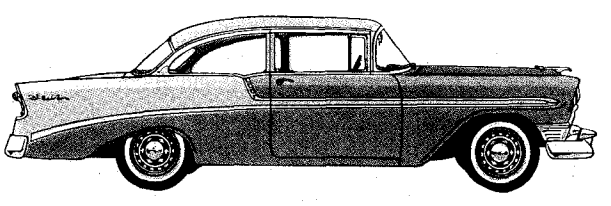
It's curable, though—and we don't mean with sulphur and molasses. You just pick yourself out a frisky new Chevrolet and go find that mountain stream. Or, if you can't get away for the trip, just *owning* a new Chevrolet will do the trick.

Sunday sightseeing around town and afternoon jaunts in the countryside are shiny new adventures when you're driving one of these fun-loving new Chevies.

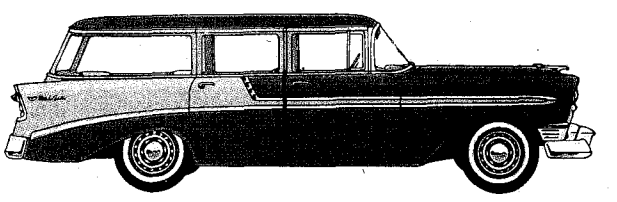
In all, Chevrolet offers 19 sure cures for spring fever—all with Body by Fisher and horsepower ranging up to 225 for safer, happier traveling. Your Chevrolet dealer will be happy to fill the prescription. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



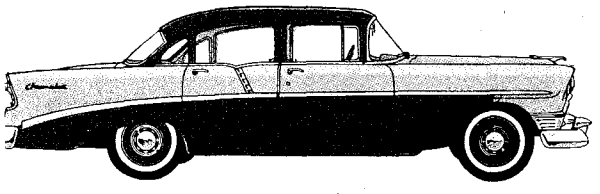
THE BEL AIR 4-DOOR SEDAN—Chevrolet brings you the security of safety door latches in all models!



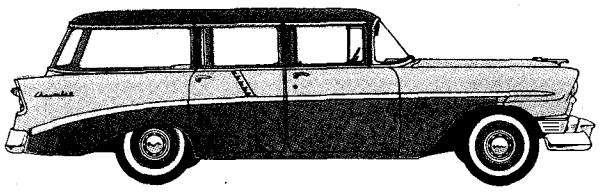
THE BEL AIR 2-DOOR SEDAN—A beautiful thing to handle! Ball-Race steering makes turning easier.



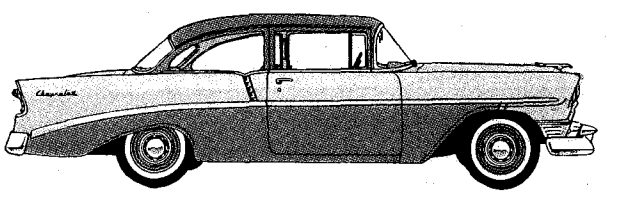
THE BEL AIR BEAUVILLE—Seats nine passengers, or converts quickly to roomy cargo carrier.



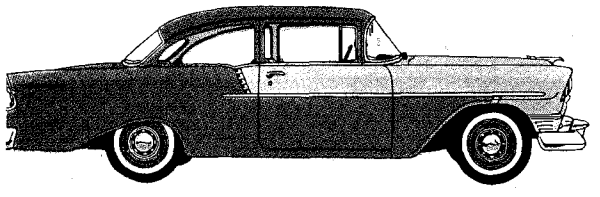
THE "TWO-TEN" 4-DOOR SEDAN—As you can see, the "Two-Ten" series has its own sassy new styling.



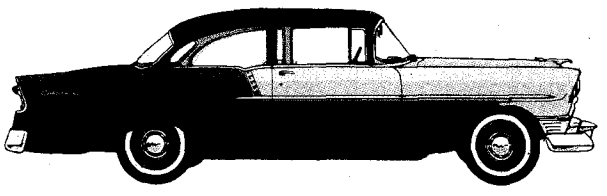
THE "TWO-TEN" TOWNSMAN—Plenty of room for six—plus big load space in this 4-door wagon.



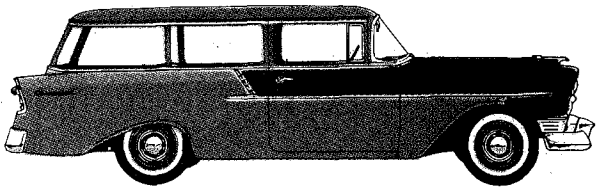
THE "TWO-TEN" 2-DOOR SEDAN—Directional signals are standard in all new Chevrolets.



THE "ONE-FIFTY" 2-DOOR SEDAN—Your choice of V8 or 6 power in every new Chevrolet.



THE "ONE-FIFTY" UTILITY SEDAN—The entire rear compartment is load space.



THE "ONE-FIFTY" HANDYMAN—Rear seat folds flat for extra carrying capacity in this 2-door wagon.

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Editorials

The Reds are Trying to Adopt Ben Franklin!

Benjamin Franklin, of all people, is the victim of a kidnaping attempt by the Kremlin. The great, wise American who opposed every form of tyranny is now being snatched from the free world and placed in the tyrants' gallery of immortal cultural heroes, as a "progressive" forerunner of communism.

Nor is Franklin alone. The greatest scientists, authors, artists and composers of all times are being spirited away in this Red raid. Suddenly it is discovered that there is some affinity between them and communism. For example, "Mozart's music profoundly expressed humanity"; communism is avowedly for humanity; therefore if you enjoy Mozart's music you ought to be a communist.

Recently, on the 250th anniversary of Benjamin Franklin's birth, the Daily Worker lavished almost a quarter of its space on Franklin. By a strange coincidence, the magazine I Wen also splurged heavily on Franklin, publishing essays and letters by him. Better rush right out for a copy of I Wen! All you need do is fly to Peking. I Wen (World Literature) is a Red Chinese propaganda magazine.

Obviously the Daily Worker and I Wen and other communist organs from Moscow to Malaya were acting on orders. They had received a list. It is the genius list for 1956. Ten names are on it, no two from the same country.

Besides Franklin, the honored geniuses are: Pierre Curie, French physicist, died 1906; Dostoevski, Russian novelist, died seventy-five years ago (1881); Heine, German poet, died 1856; Ibsen, Norwegian dramatist, died 1906; Kalidasa, Hindu poet of the fifth century; Mozart, Austrian composer, born 1756; Oda Toyo (Sesshu), Japanese painter, died 1506; Rembrandt, Dutch painter, born 1606; and George Bernard Shaw, Irish (or Irish-born English) playwright, born 1856.

Only one man on this list qualifies for Red approval. Bernard Shaw openly declared himself a communist, though not a party member. Publicly sneering at the idea of liberty, he was a genuine totalitarian. He praised, in turn and sometimes simultaneously, Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin. In short, he was on the side of Black, Brown and Red dictatorship.

But how does the Kremlin draw a propaganda dividend from the other names? Here is an example, which directly affects the United States. One of the geniuses on last year's list was the great Polish poet of liberty, Adam Mickiewicz. If alive today, he would be in a Soviet or Red Polish prison or concentration camp, or else in exile, fighting the tyranny that has enslaved his country. Yet all over the world, especially in Poland, the communists played him up as one of their culture heroes.

In our own country the communist Polish embassy conducted a nationwide art competition for the best illustration of poems by Mickiewicz. There were 530 entries. Many of the participating artists, of course, are communists, but not all. Five works won cash prizes of $4000. These and forty-eight others will be shown in museums here and abroad in a Mickiewicz Art Exhibition, to glorify Red Poland and world communism. One of the artists thus limelighted is a lieutenant in the United States Navy.

College students and school children in many countries, from Italy to India, are being persuaded by procommunist teachers to identify the great geniuses of all time with communism. Thus Franklin becomes a communist culture hero, a "progressive" American who, if alive today, would be denouncing our Government.

In truth, if Franklin were alive he would be for counteracting all such Red trickery. Himself a great master of propaganda, he would clearly perceive what the communists are up to. He would see that Stalin established the Stalin prizes in rivalry with the Nobel prizes, so as to identify communism with the culture heroes of today.

In Franklin's spirit, it devolves on us to meet and beat this strategy. Why doesn't some organization such as the World Congress for Cultural Freedom make up an annual list of culture heroes whose anniversaries deserve celebration, making it clear that they were for liberty in thought and politics? Why not broadcast this information to liberty lovers in all countries, so that they may counteract the propaganda of all Red regimes and of the communist fifth columns? Why not rescue for our side the very same great men who have been falsely claimed by the communists?

These are questions which our experts in psychological warfare for peace should be studying, as the wise and practical Franklin would do if he were alive today.

DUFFY'S CARTOON

Don't Overdo it This Year, Please!

The Red Cross Will Need a Raise for 1956

It is our guess that this year the American Red Cross won't get many complaining letters reading: "What did you do with all that money you got last year?" By this time the most skeptical American must be aware of the fact that 1955 was a year of disaster in this country. Floods, hurricanes and tornadoes which struck various parts of the country with destructive force strained the resources of the Red Cross to the limit. Its budgeted disaster-relief funds are gone, as well as $16,000,000 contributed by the American people after the New England floods last summer. Even the $8,000,000 disaster-reserve fund, which the Red Cross does its best to keep for a really rainy day, has all but disappeared.

The money has, of course, been well spent. Houses have been provided for people whose homes were swept away in floods or destroyed by hurricanes. Some 11,000 families and small businessmen, left destitute by flood or storm, are still benefiting from the Red Cross program of long-range rehabilitation, following the work of volunteers who distributed emergency supplies in the hour of disaster. The Red Cross must, of course, be prepared for further natural disasters, while at the same time maintaining its blood-donor program, its services to those in the armed forces throughout the world and its multifarious activities at home, including chores for the families of veterans and servicemen.

In view of all this, it should be no surprise that the Red Cross this year is asking the American people for more money even (Continued on Page 12)

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How good are **your** teeth ?

Only circus performers, like the one shown here, risk life and limb by using their teeth. Nevertheless, good teeth are mighty important to all of us . . . and we should prize them as much as the aerialist whose lofty feats prove how strong and durable the teeth can be.

Your teeth deserve good care for many reasons. They aid in maintaining general health, for unless food is chewed properly, it cannot be easily digested for the body's nourishment. Healthy teeth also make us look more attractive; help us speak clearly and distinctly. Moreover, as anyone who has experienced the pain of a toothache will testify, good teeth contribute a lot to comfort.

Yet, almost none of us escape dental troubles. The magnitude of this problem is shown by these findings from the American Dental Association:

1. Too many Americans have lost half of their natural teeth by age 40.

2. The number of cavities occurring in the teeth of children between 6 and 18 years old runs into the millions—all of which should be treated.

Fortunately, dental discoveries of great value to children have been made in recent years. For instance, authorities believe that direct applications of the chemical sodium fluoride to a child's teeth may prevent as much as 40 percent of the cavities that otherwise would be expected to occur.

Because early dental care is so important, authorities recommend that visits to the dentist should start around age three. While little or no treatment may be needed at this age, it is a good idea simply to let the child become acquainted with the dentist. This is because the first visit, if made pleasant and interesting, can give the child a favorable attitude toward dental care that may last for the rest of his life.

Adults should also see the dentist regularly . . . at least twice a year. His examination, including X-ray studies when necessary, can reveal hidden trouble such as an abscess at the roots of an apparently healthy tooth . . . or a small break, no larger than a pinprick, which can be the start of decay. If these and other unhealthy conditions of the teeth and gums are not treated early, they may lead to premature loss of teeth . . . to say nothing of costly and extensive care.

Today, many dental procedures have been vastly improved. New anesthetics, for instance, are now used to deaden pain and they seldom cause unpleasant after-effects. Even the dental drill has been modernized. The techniques of making and fitting bridges and dentures has also become such a fine art that wearers soon cease to be conscious of them.

The big job of preserving the teeth and gums also depends largely on good daily care, including regular brushing and proper diet. Care of the gums is particularly important because healthy gums affect both general health and good appearance. In fact, good daily care, coupled with regular dental check-ups, can greatly increase the chances of keeping most of one's teeth throughout life.

Metropolitan's booklet, *For Good Teeth,* gives many more facts about dental health for both young and old. Just clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

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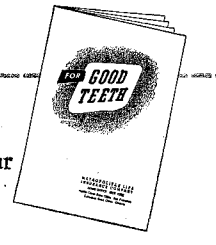
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.



Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please mail me a free copy of your booklet, *For Good Teeth,* 356-E.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ **State**_____

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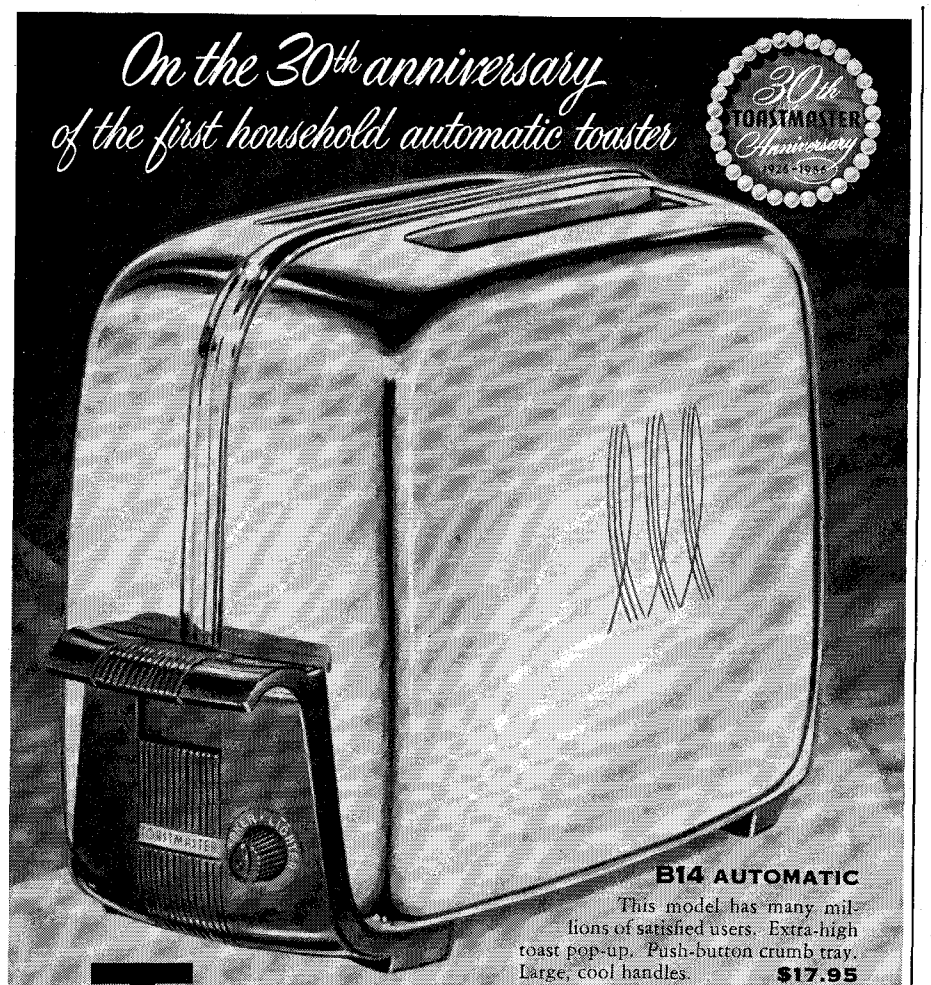

On the 30th anniversary
of the first household automatic toaster
30th
TOASTMASTER
Anniversary
1924-1954
B14 AUTOMATIC
This model has many millions of satisfied users. Extra-high toast pop-up. Push-button crumb tray. Large, cool handles. $17.95
Toastmaster
presents the ultimate in
toasting perfection
Your choice of 5 models...$17.50 to $39.50

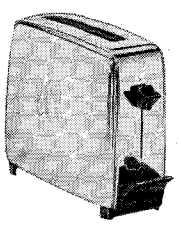
You must get more from Toastmaster. Because more people own Toastmaster Toasters than any other kind.

More experience. Way back in 1926, "Toastmaster"* introduced America's first automatic toaster for home use. It was the finest then. Just as the Toastmaster Toaster is the finest now.

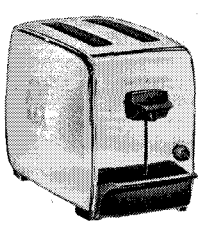
More endurance. Over the years, we have received much comment from satisfied users. One such letter reads, in part: "*My husband gave me a Toastmaster Toaster 26 years ago. It has never been repaired. It still produces the same perfect toast it did the day we received it.*" *Mrs. M. R. Watkins, 1707 Columbia Rd., N.W., Washington, D.C.*

More models. Today, after 30 years and 12 million Toastmaster Toasters, you have your choice not of one model but of *five*. In one-, two-, and three-slice sizes that suit every personal or gift-giving need.

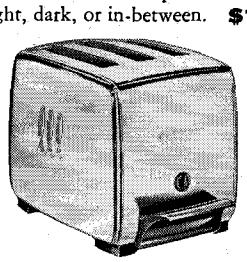
More price choice. Only Toastmaster gives you a price range from $17.50 to $39.50. Everything we have learned in 30 years is yours today in the Toastmaster family of fine toasters. Is there any real advantage in accepting less?



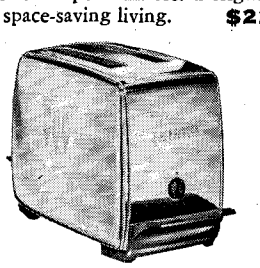
A6 AUTOMATIC—Just right for the small family or the person living alone. Stows away anywhere. Makes one perfect slice every time—light, dark, or in-between. **$17.50**



B18 AUTOMATIC—America's most compact 2-slice toaster. Up to 40% smaller, yet full-size in performance. Designed for modern, space-saving living. **$22.50**



C4 POWERMATIC—Toasts up to *three* slices at one time! Breakfast-rush boon for the "king-size" family. Features Toastmaster's exclusive Power-Action. **$39.50**



B16 POWERMATIC—World's most distinctly different toaster. Power-Action lowers bread automatically, toasts it, and serves it up fast—*all by itself!* **$27.50**

All prices are manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade prices.

*"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of McGraw Electric Co., Elgin, Ill. ©1956. In Canada: Address McGraw Electric Co. (Canada) Ltd., Oakville, Ont.

Editorials (Continued from Page 10)

than they contributed in 1955. The budget this year is estimated at $90,000,000, which is $8,000,000 more than was originally planned, and about $5,000,000 more than was sought last year. The way Nature has been acting up recently, it would be imprudent for the American Red Cross to ask for no more than was found necessary last year. The response of the country will, it is safe to predict, be generous and realistic.

There's a Case for at Least One Single-Room Schoolhouse

By GRANT McCONNELL

There is a lot that's good in American schools today, but it does no harm to recall some of the good things we have left behind.

My children have been attending a one-room log school. Physically it is straight out of the past, with nothing to commend it except that Abraham Lincoln went to one something like it. The floor sags; heat is from a wood stove and the water comes from the creek outside. There is electricity generated by a small, cantankerous, gasoline-driven plant that delivers a maximum of five hundred watts.

It's all very primitive, but when I compare what goes on here with what went on in the large city school which Ann and Jim formerly attended, I'm not sure that all the advantages are on one side.

Perhaps the difference is that in our little mountain community of Stehekin, Washington, education is something we have had to build from the ground up. So it is taken seriously. The valley has made up its mind to support the school. The people of the community have no taste for organizing and little money to spend, but when a school became necessary, it had to be good.

The valley talked it over and argued things out. The result of the election called by the school board was that the voters saddled themselves with a forty-mill levy—the maximum allowed—by unanimous vote.

It would be difficult to say whether the Stehekin school is "progressive" or traditional. Lloyd, the present teacher, found that the state's textbooks in arithmetic were much too elementary for two of the third graders. He dug back in the closet and found some long-outmoded volumes written in 1894, when standards were more exacting. Several of these were geared exactly to the third-grade wizards. But when the school needed an additional bookcase, he assigned the job of building it as the arithmetic lesson for the sixth grade. In both instances Lloyd simply took advantage of what was available to him. Maybe one was progressive and the other was not. At any rate, both were good education.

Of course, the bookcase project could have been done in town, but there it would have had a different flavor. The bookcase would not have been needed! Our valley carpenters were making something that was needed. There's a big difference.

One fetish of modern education is that you must not mix age groups. In Stehekin we have to, and find there are advantages. Not only do the students of different ages have to play together but they frequently have to work together. A baseball game is impossible without the participation of nearly every youngster in the school. A recent geography lesson involved all grades despite the fact that geography is prescribed by the state only for the upper age groups. To decorate the classroom with maps of all the continents took the efforts of everyone. The more difficult jobs went to children in the upper grades, not because they were the older, but because they had the experience to do the job.

Of course, mixing age groups means a loss in teacher efficiency, but it does make possible early recognition of individual ability. A second grader may still be doing first-grade reading, and a third grader may be doing fifth-grade arithmetic. Conformism may be a danger in the large graded school, but it is difficult to come by in the one-room school.

Perhaps the greatest advantage of the one-room school is that things have to make sense. Our children need not be troubled by their parents' "attitude" toward the school. Back in town we found ourselves badgered into going to a PTA meeting, where we listened to a lecture on landscape architecture. It was not necessary to show Ann that we were interested in her school. At Stehekin, Ann knows that we are interested, because we went to the last work day and helped paint the ceiling. If parents are troubled by what is going on, they have lots of chances for casual talk with the teacher. If Lloyd finds he has made a mistake in teaching, he knows that he has to defend himself to a critical audience.

The large consolidated school has many advantages. It can get more money and better facilities. Yet it doesn't give everything that the old one-room log school often gave. Moreover, consolidation does not attract all the good teachers. If there's any doubt about this, try to convince our Jim that Lloyd is not the biggest man in the country.

Editors' Note: Grant McConnell is Assistant Professor of Political Science at the University of California. He no longer lives in Stehekin, but goes back every summer.

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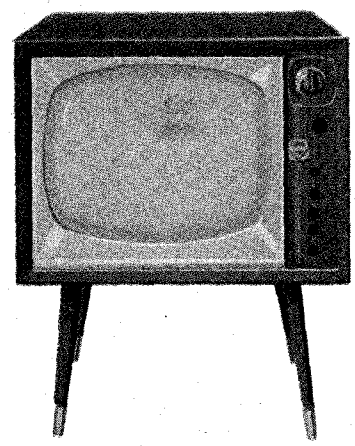

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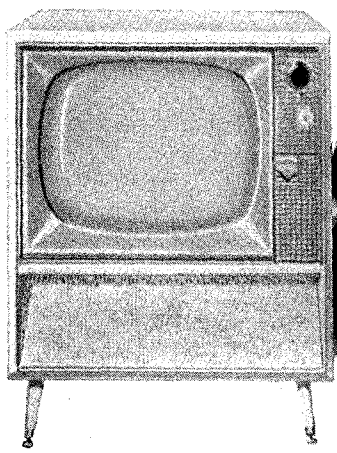

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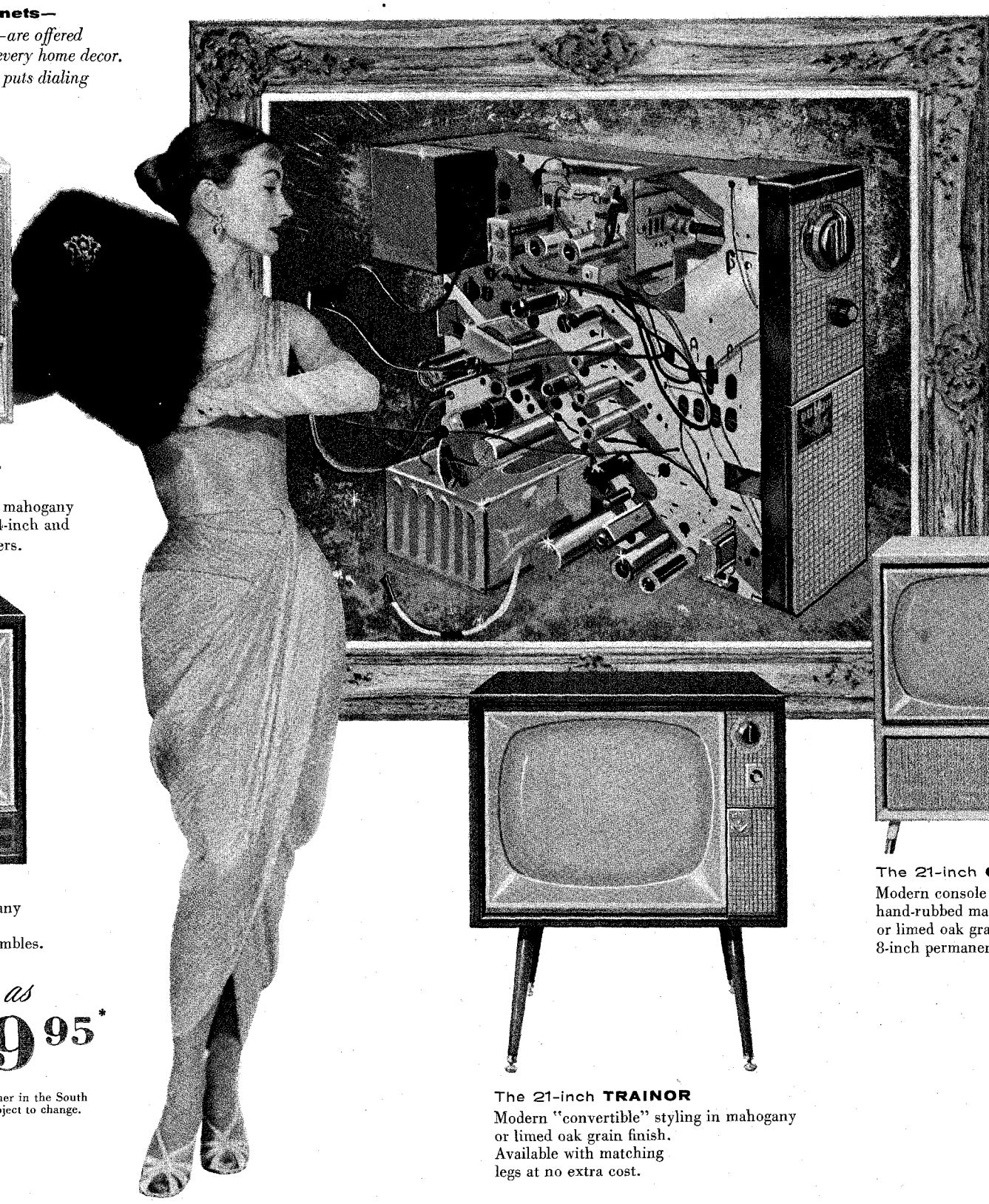

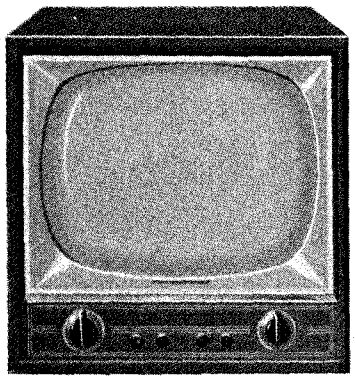

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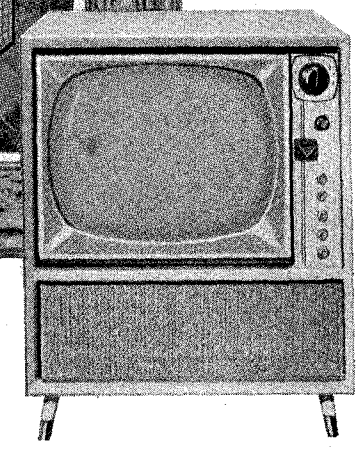

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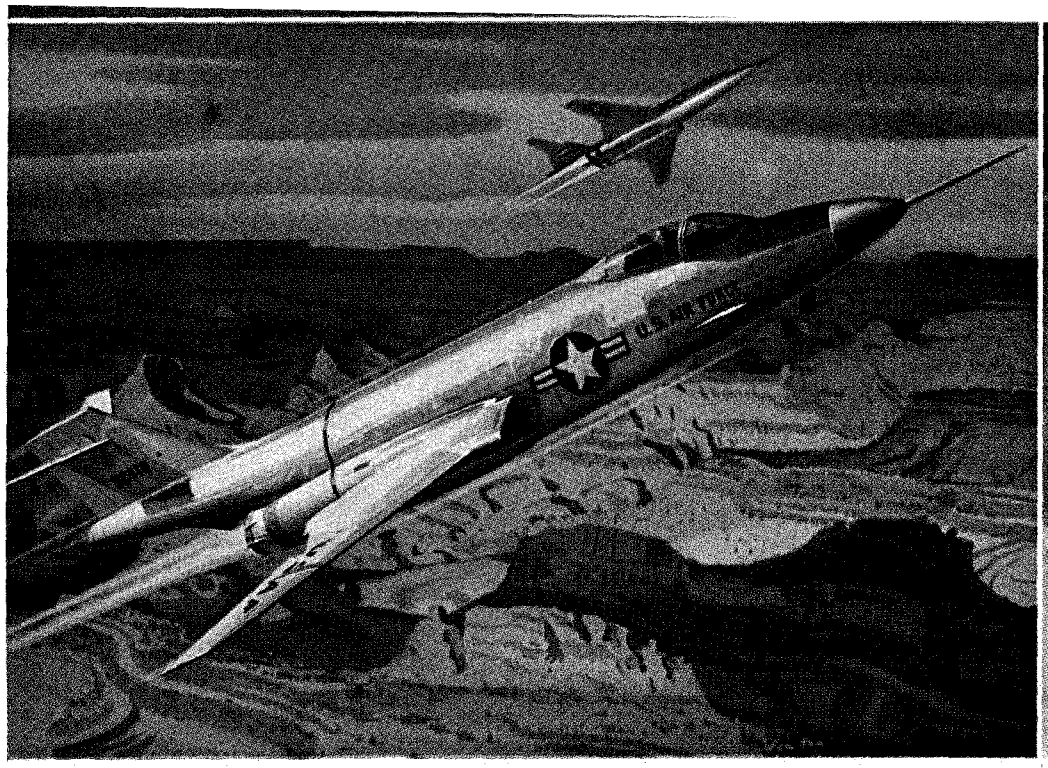

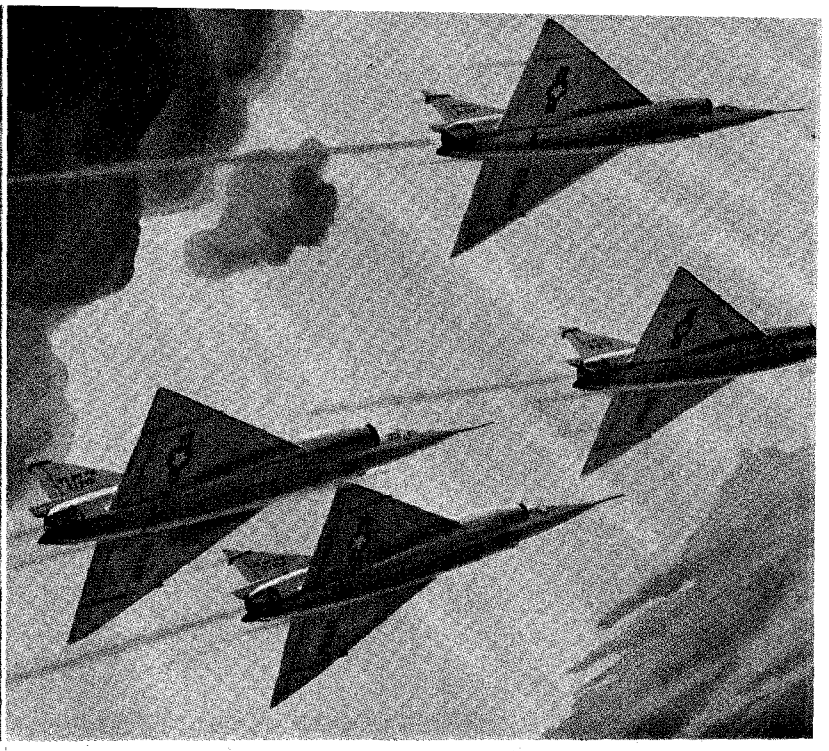

AMONG THE MOST ADVANCED AIR FORCE FIGHTERS now flying are NORTH AMERICAN F-100 air superiority fighter, (top); McDONNELL F-101 escort fighter, (lower left); and CONVAIR F-102 interceptor, (lower right). All three use PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT J-57 jet engines.

How Can America Continue to Have Air Force Aircraft Second to None

Overwhelming strength to retaliate instantly against aggression makes modern Air Power a powerful force for peace, a strong deterrent to war. But in this atomic age, such a force cannot be built *after* aggression strikes. It must be planned and ready beforehand. Its weapons—aircraft in particular—are so complex that years of research, development and production are required to build them.

Today the U.S. Air Force, Navy, Marines and Army have aircraft second to none. Will they hold that leadership tomorrow? Rebuilding American Air Power from the low to which it had fallen before the outbreak of the Korean War in June, 1950, has taken many years. The time required for this task proves again the need for a *continuous* program of aircraft research, development and production if the United States is to continue to exceed the known air progress of other nations.

Just one example of the complexity of the entire Air Power problem is afforded by Air Force aircraft, a few of which are shown on these pages. They are and must be twice as fast as their World War II predecessors. But because of this greater speed and other complex requirements, they are many times harder to produce and their cost is many times greater.

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How Yesterday's Research and Development is Paying Off Today

The complex missions of the Air Force have put heavy requirements on research and development. The ability to control the skies and support ground forces, the power to carry overwhelming retaliation wherever it might be necessary, the defense of the homeland . . . all these vital missions require the fastest, most powerful and efficient aircraft ever built. The F-100 Super Sabre, for instance, flown by the Tactical Air Command, is an "air superiority" fighter which holds the world's speed record of 822 m.p.h. This fighter is built around the Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-57 turbojet, the most powerful engine in quantity production.

The design of the Super Sabre, and other first line aircraft, began from 5 to 10 years ago. They exist today only because of past years of aviation research and development. Despite more than 50 years of aviation experience, *millions* of engineering man-hours in research and development were still required before they could be built in quantity.

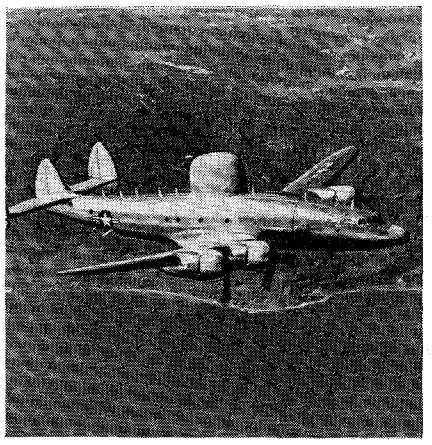
How Today's Research and Development Can Pay Off Tomorrow

Today, the future of American aviation lies in laboratories, on engineers' drawing boards, in engine test cells, and at flight test stations. Here aircraft capable of tremendously increased speed and performance are being developed, such as the Lockheed F-104 and Republic F-105 high performance fighters. Here, even atomic power plants are being designed for aviation.

Throughout the aviation industry, innumerable problems are being met and overcome. For example, in the design of the Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-57, today's foremost jet engine, over 4,000,000 separate problems in many fields of science had to be solved before volume production could begin.

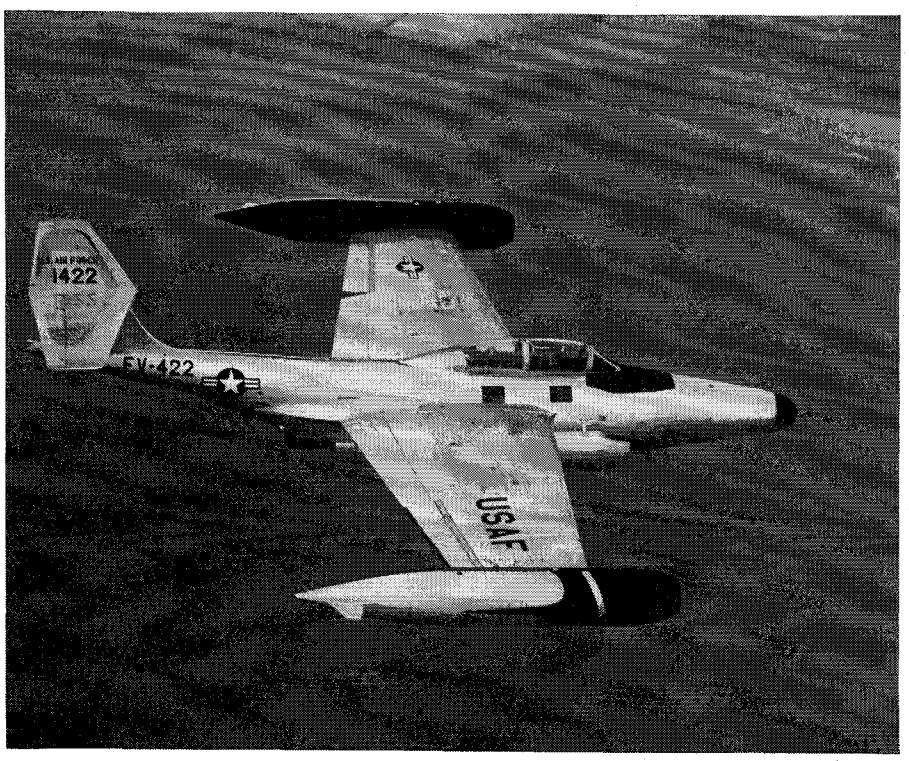
Continuous programs of research, development, and production are essential if America is to remain safe and free.

FINAL ASSEMBLY LINES at Republic's plant show the F-84F fighter-bomber, now in service with the air forces of the U. S. and other nations. The engine is a Wright J-65. The F-84F can carry a heavy load of bombs, rockets, and napalm.



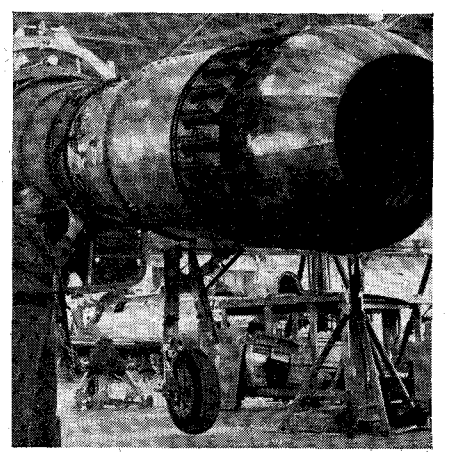
SKY SENTRY can guide jet fighters to hostile bombers. This radar-carrying Lockheed RC-121 extends continental defenses out over the oceans. It has Wright R-3350 engines, Hamilton Standard propellers.

ASSAULT TRANSPORT used for troop carrier operations is the Fairchild C-123B, with two P&WA R-2800 engines. Hamilton Standard reversible propellers help in landings on short, unimproved airstrips.



104 ROCKETS are carried in wing-tip pods by this Northrop F-89D. Two Allison J-35 jet engines power this interceptor, which carries radar observer in addition to a pilot. Electronic gear locates target, then automatically salvoes rockets.

TURBOPROP ENGINES, which harness a propeller to a gas turbine engine, are being studied for use in military transports. Here Pratt & Whitney Aircraft T-34 turboprop engines power a Douglas YC-124B.



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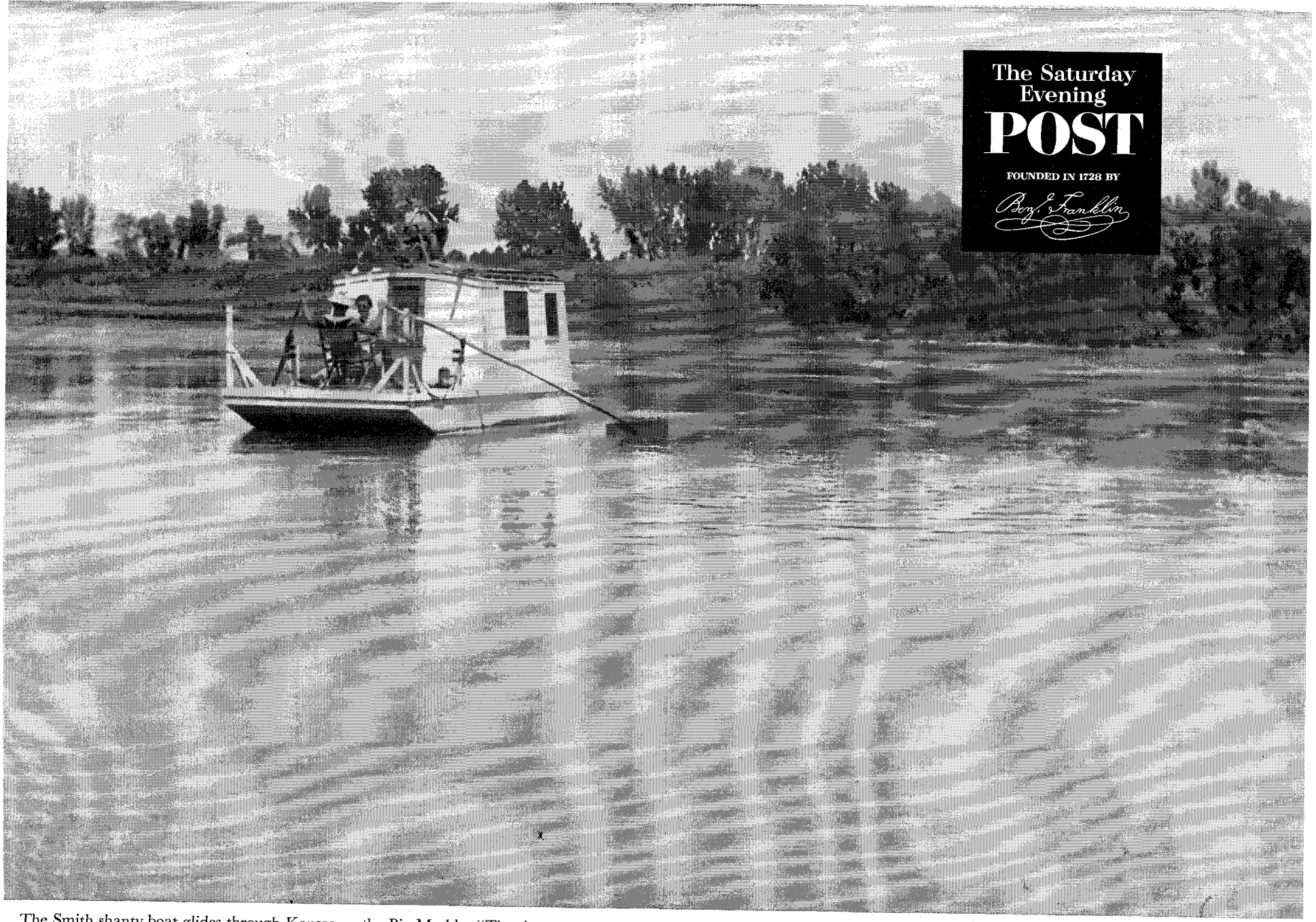

The Smith shanty boat glides through Kansas on the Big Muddy. "The slowness of our speed gave an almost hypnotic fascination to the beauty of vistas opening up ahead."

We Drifted Down the River

In a brave little homemade houseboat this family spends vacations wherever the Missouri takes them. Sometimes it's a dangerous life, but never dull.

By RALPH J. SMITH

Shanty boating on the upper Missouri River has been a thing of the past for many years. At least, it was until we came along. In a home-built craft, launched to the hand wringing of friends made fearful by the river's reputation for treachery, we spent three weeks drifting the 450 miles from Omaha to Boonville, Missouri. The trip, over a reach of river largely blocked off from man by a bordering bottomland jungle of willows and cottonwoods, was one of solitude and a quietness and beauty to treasure.

A shanty boat is a variety of houseboat built to travel. It has no power of its own, but moves by drifting with the river's current. Some shanty boats, ours among them, are steered and handled by means of sweeps, which are simply oversized oars. Others are towed by a johnboat—a square-ended river skiff propelled by either oars or an outboard motor.

While shanty boats are loutish craft, they also have characteristics that we found compelling ones when we came to

Back home in Council Bluffs, Iowa, the author and his "crew"—wife Dorothy, son John, and Tom Green, a young friend—map out their next adventure.

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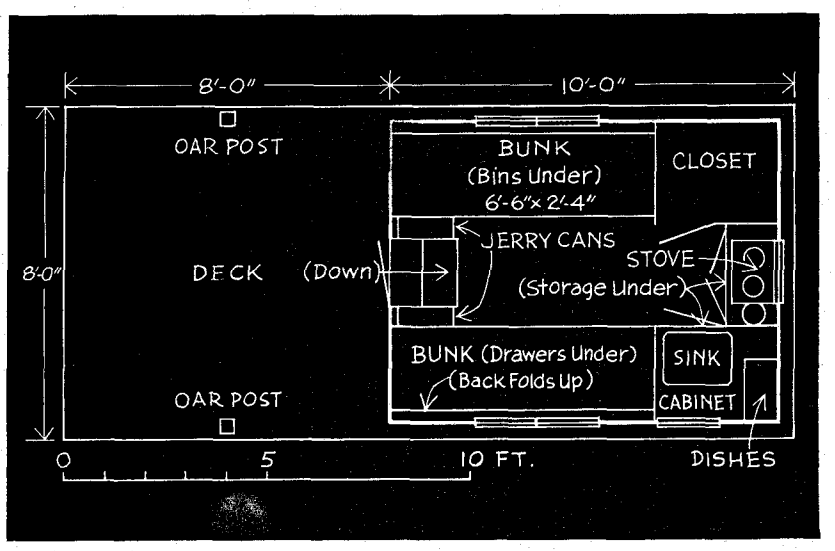
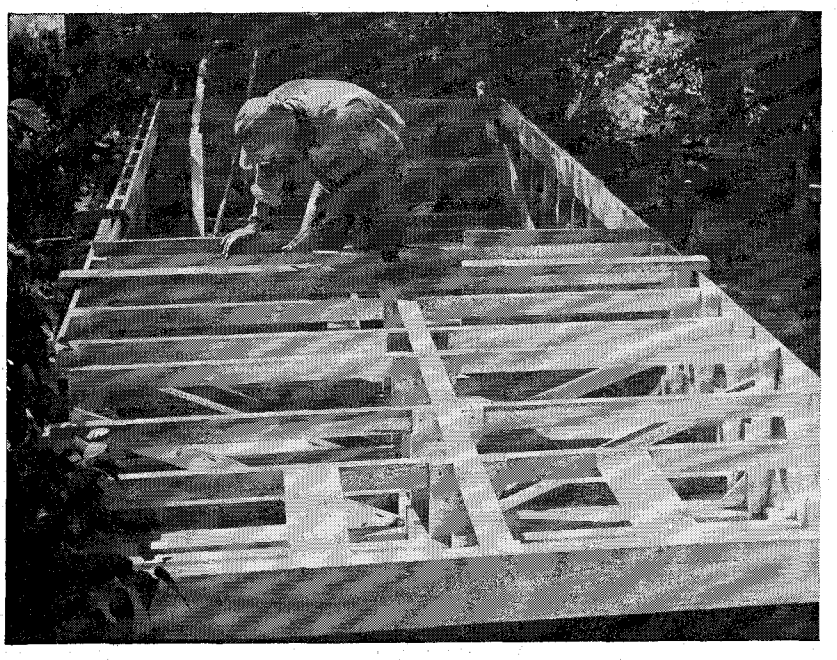
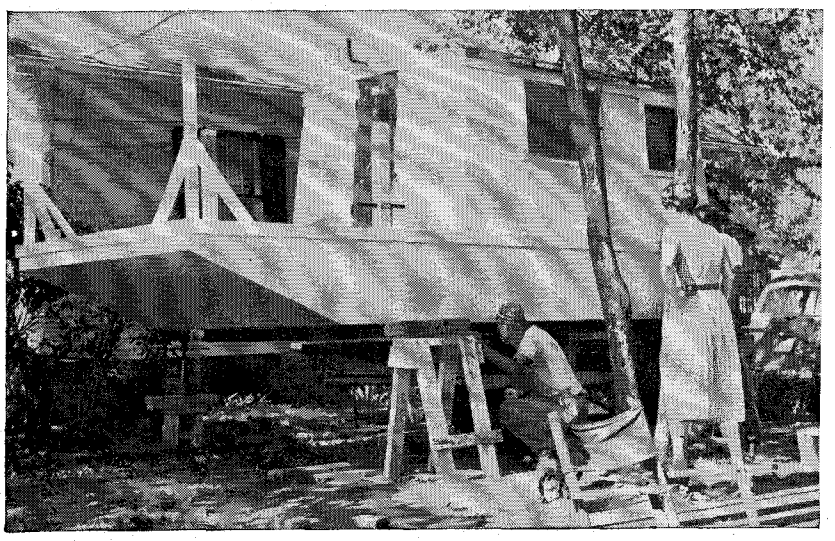


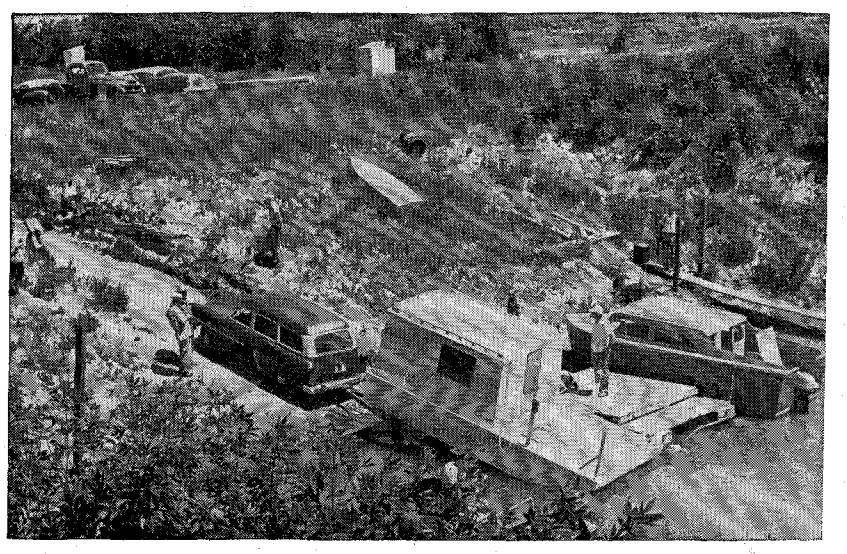
Deck plan of the shanty boat. Its square cabin has an airiness and roominess unknown to conventional boats of equal size.



As the boat took shape, Smith began to suffer pangs of guilt about his "middle-aged reversion to romanticism."



Ed Henkel, who runs the small-boat harbor shown below, helped the Smiths maneuver a trailer under their shanty boat.



The launching. Because his shanty boat is a motorless, one-way craft, Smith decided against having a test run.

build our own boat. Most shanty boats, oversized and heavily built, hang back sullenly when prodded by the oars, yet gallop out of control at the nudging of the slightest breeze. In contrast to these tendencies are their good traits. The square box of a cabin has an airiness and roominess unknown to conventional boats of equal size. And there is no motor to intrude on the river's quiet. By scaling the boat down in size to make it light and maneuverable, we hoped to overcome the mulish qualities of shanty boats while retaining, so far as possible, their favorable attributes.

Function thus determined form and dimension. The hull, built of marine plywood, is eighteen by eight feet. Of the length, ten feet was allocated to the cabin. The interior arrangement is conventional. Two long benches which provide sitting space by day have backs that swing up to form double bunks by night. With air mattresses, this arrangement provides sleeping space for four. There are kitchen cabinets equipped with a small sink, and a two-burner kerosene stove, an ice chest and a closet that houses certain conveniences and serves as a hanging space for clothes. Two five-gallon cans purchased at an Army-surplus store carry our water supply, and bins and drawers tucked here and there provide adequate storage space. Six windows make the cabin an airy one, while screens guard against insects.

The boat, begun in a burst of enthusiasm, was slowed at mid-point in its construction by more sober reflection. As the geometric angularity of the craft took shape against the soft whiteness of the spiraea bushes, I found myself wondering if I was unfairly forcing my "crew" to share in what I suspected was a middle-aged reversion to romanticism. There is an inescapable element of crudity to river travel, while privacy is difficult to achieve on a small boat. Although my wife, Dorothy, has demonstrated a remarkable adaptability to my enthusiasms in the past, I wondered if I was asking her to take part in an experience that might be an affront to her inherent femininity. I debated, too, whether my nine-year-old son, John, might not find that being confined to 144 square feet of space spelled imprisonment rather than adventure. The person I worried about least was Tom Green, a sixteen-year-old farm lad who came along to help handle the boat. I knew him to be even of disposition, possessed of an instinctive water savvy that came from growing up alongside the river, and equipped with a farm youth's levelheadedness. Yet closeness of living can do strange things.

My worries were compounded by concern for our safety. Towboat pilots and Army Engineers of my acquaintance had warned me that the Missouri, a hazardous river at best, is particularly dangerous for a small boat without a motor to pull it to safety in moments of emergency. The catalogue of hazards is a lengthy one. It includes wind, pile dikes, the danger of being swept into a bridge pier by the current, the snags and sand bars that make up a lurid part of the Missouri's tradition, and the threat of meeting a big tow in a tight bend. Of these, the worst are the pile dikes, the principal tool used by Army Engineers to control the Missouri. These are wide-spaced fences of piling driven out into the river. In places they line the banks like the teeth of a comb. Small boats swept into the piling and pinned there by a

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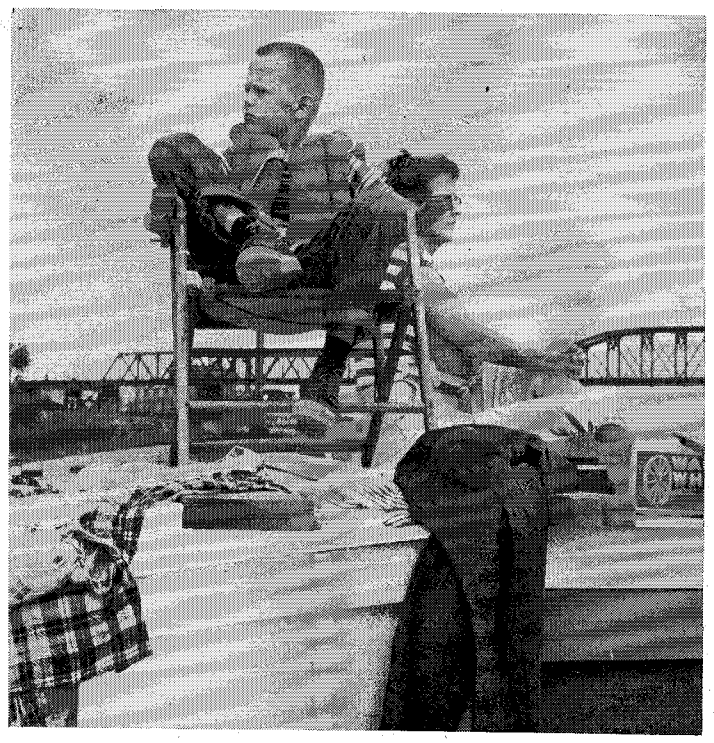
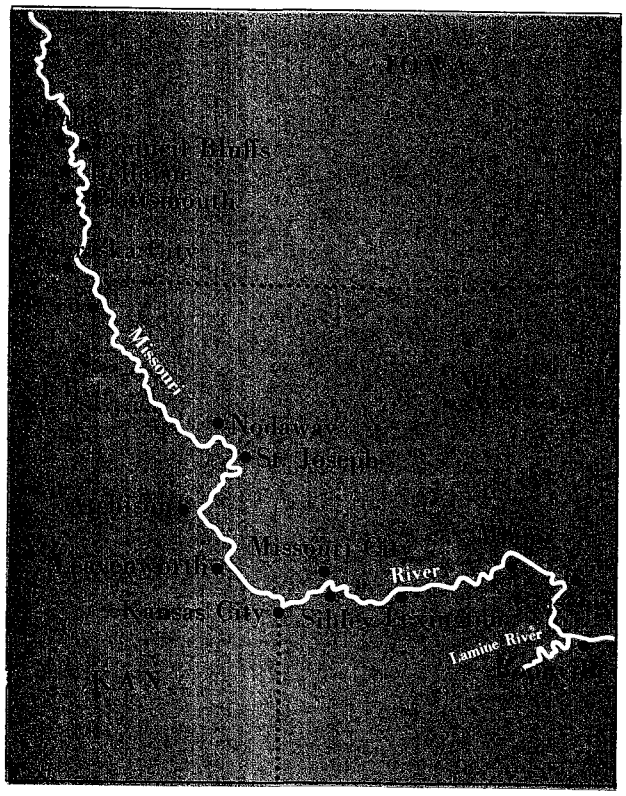
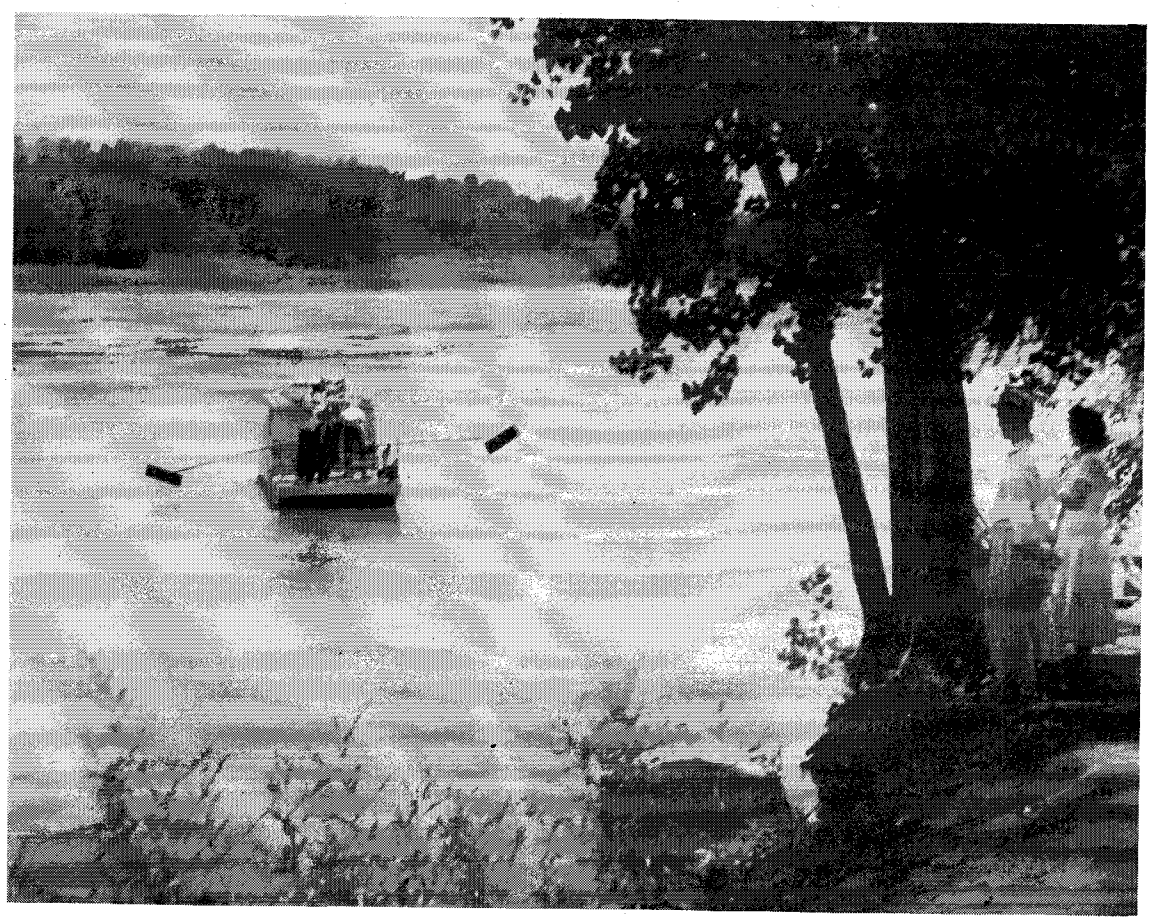
On the first day, Tom and the author stayed at the sweeps. Later, the river did much of the work.



Drifting out of Omaha. Dorothy insisted that the changing scenery made housework "no chore."



The boat was snugged down for the winter on the Lamine River. Next summer—on to New Orleans!



"We were immersed in peace, in contentment and in tranquillity, and we felt the better for it. Serenity, we discovered, is a human need. . . ."

stiff current are almost invariably capsized and their occupants drowned. On our reach of the Missouri, where a brute of a river always did limit their numbers, shanty boats disappeared altogether at about the time pile dikes came into use. I came to wonder if I was endangering my family to satisfy a whim.

I polled the crew. The manner of their response revealed an eagerness that matched my own. So, with a resolution always to be careful, we dunked the boat at a small-boat harbor north of Omaha and prepared to set out.

The night before our departure we came to the harbor by moonlight to find a surprise party arranged for us by our fellow boatowners. We dumped armloads of bedding, clothes and blankets on the foredeck and hurried two blocks to the cottage of the harbor's operator, Ed Henkel, where our hosts were waiting.

No one noticed the thunderstorm, typically Midwestern in its suddenness and intensity, until it exploded. We dashed for the boat, where our belongings lay unprotected. Before we had gone a dozen paces we were soaked; by the time we reached the boat we were dripping. So was our gear. We pitched it inside by the armload and followed it into the cabin. Drenched and shivering, and with no dry clothing to change into, we could only fish the blankets out of the mess and crawl into our bunks. Wool, we had read, is warm even when wet.

It isn't. We spent a night of misery, and it was a relief when day finally came and we could leave our bunks. On deck we found a dawn hush as quiet as the bottom of a well. In the stillness we could hear the muted mutter of the river, swollen by the night's rain. We found ourselves speaking guardedly as we untied and poled the boat to the harbor entrance. The river was littered with drift racing by. As we left the (Continued on Page 42)

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"I'd like to give you a present," Wade said. "I'd like to think that sometimes you wore it."

Too Late for Love

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Only after she married someone else did he realize how much he needed her . . .

Wade Russell had not consciously thought of Sally James in years. Now, in his office eighteen floors above the August-hot sidewalks of Manhattan, the memory of Sally was as vivid as though it were projected on one of his own screens. Wade Russell, Inc., produced documentary films, how to do it, how not to do it. Films for the Army and Navy, for corporations and charities, universities and churches, factual films reflecting things as they are.

He looked across his pale gumwood desk at the man who had just given him a fifteen-thousand-dollar order, and said, "I spent a week in Hendonport, eight years ago. With people named James."

His client said, "Howard James? Their summer place is about half a mile from ours."

"I went to Harvard with Howard, Junior," Wade told him. "He had a sister, Sally."

"Sally Pendleton," said his client. "She's there now, visiting her parents."

Eight years ago she had been sixteen. So she was twenty-four, and married.

"She was the most enchanting girl I ever met," Wade said.

"She's still enchanting. Shall I tell her that I saw you?"

Wade picked up a pencil. "I'll send her a note." He wrote quickly, "A man named Wade Russell blinks his lights to you in the fog." "Will you give her this?"

He walked to the elevator with his client, shook hands, smiling. The copper door closed, the indicator above it flashed the numbers of the passing floors. Sixteen, fourteen, twelve. He was still standing there when the numbers reversed their order, and it was only when the door to the elevator slid open again that he stepped out of the way and returned to his office. 1955, '50, '47 ——

He had been in his senior year of college in '47, a serious, dedicated young man, with neither time nor inclination for play. His mother already had the beginning of the disease from which she had died, though not before he had given her five years of comfort and happiness. He had accepted Howie James' invitation because it was just before their final examinations, and he knew that he needed to relax.

"We won't have to do a thing but bask in the sun and maybe go fishing," Howie told him. "Mother and dad are still in Europe, and the summer crowd isn't there yet."

They drove down from Cambridge in Howie's car, and when they stopped before the front door of the large Victorian house, Sally James was sitting on the steps, her chin resting in the palm of her hand.

"Good grief!" cried Howie. "What are you doing here?"

She looked up at him solemnly. "Don't you recognize the posture of thought when you see it?" she asked. "I am thinking, Howie. Like Rodin's Penseur, only I can think with my clothes on."

She was wearing jeans and a white sweat shirt that was too (Continued on Page 103)

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

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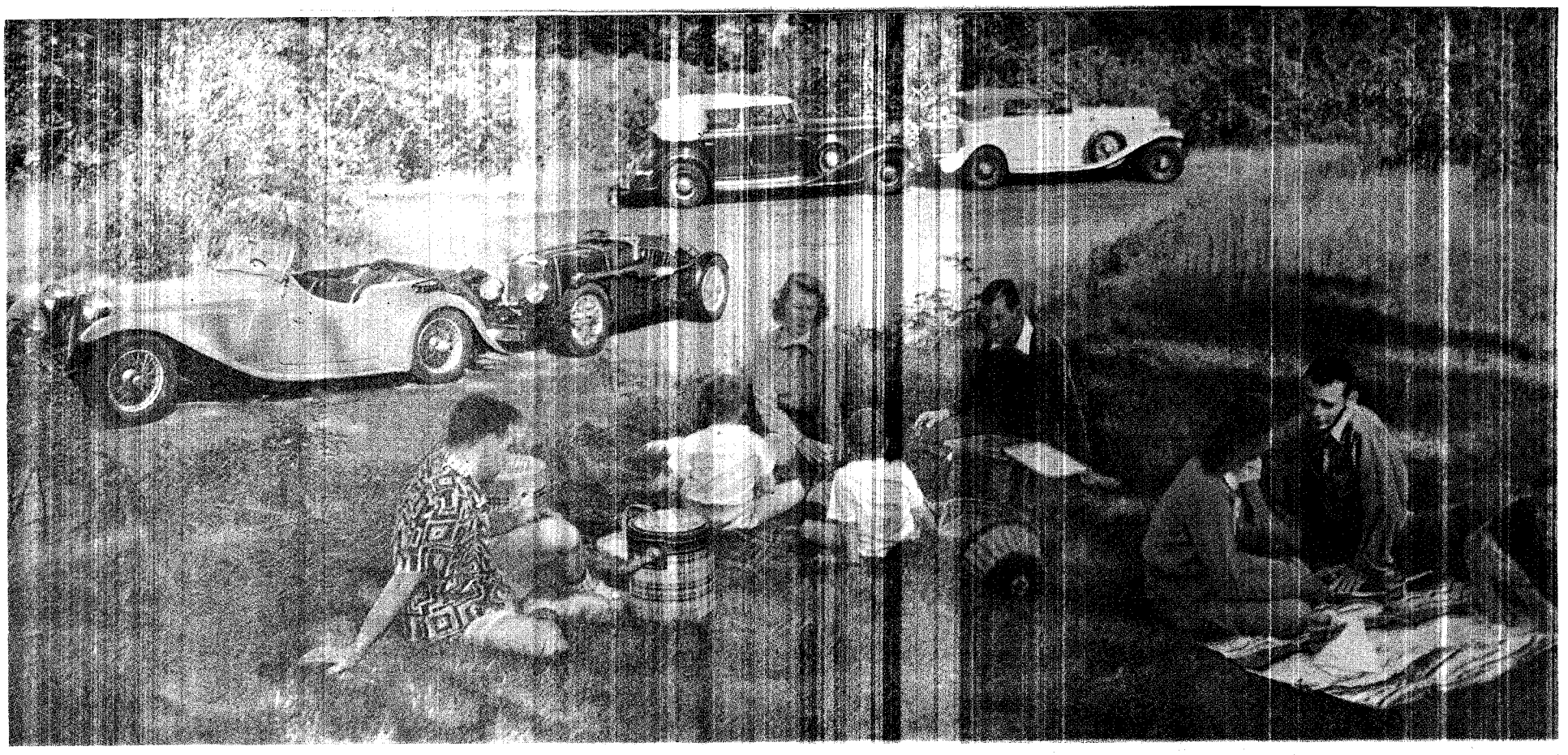
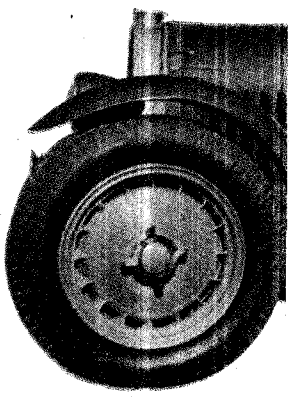
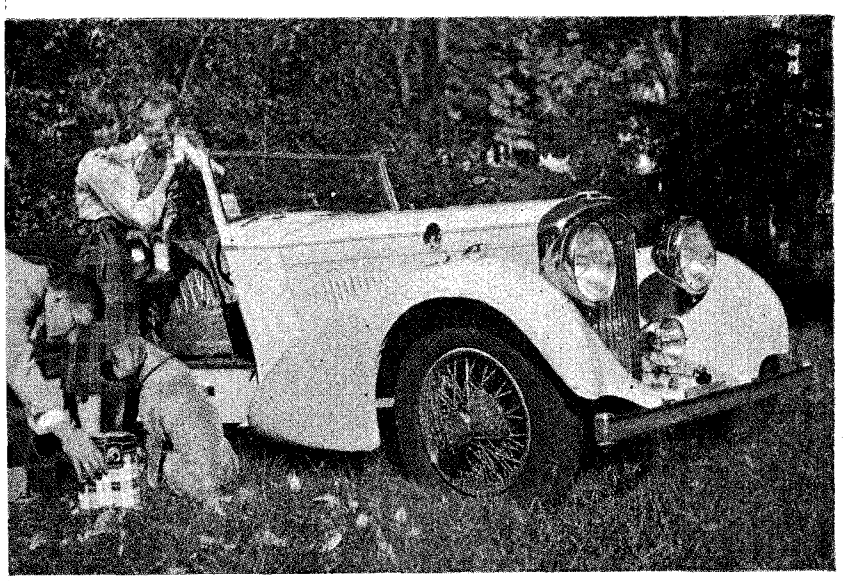


Fitchburg, Massachusetts: Motoring picnic in the classic style. The beauties in the background are a 1935 Jaguar, 1934 Aston-Martin, 1933 Cadillac and 1932 Auburn.

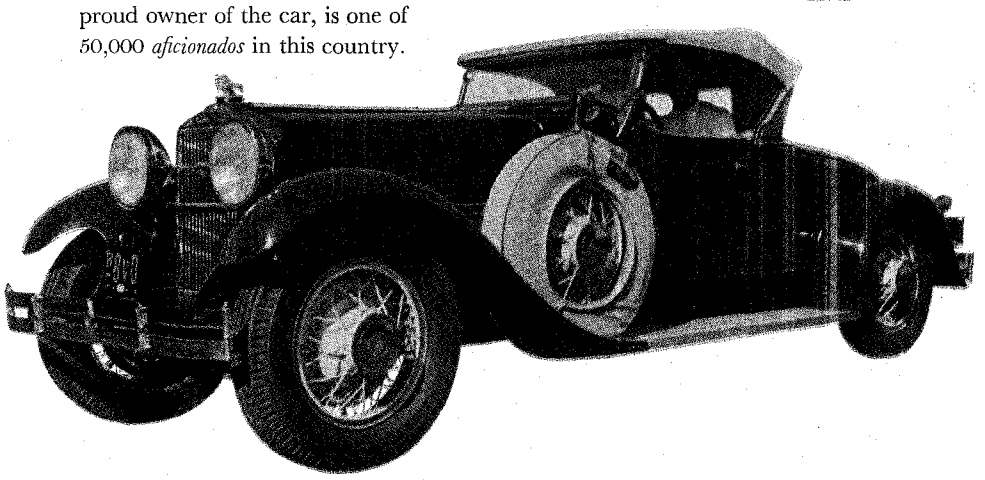
NEW CRAZE FOR OLD CARS

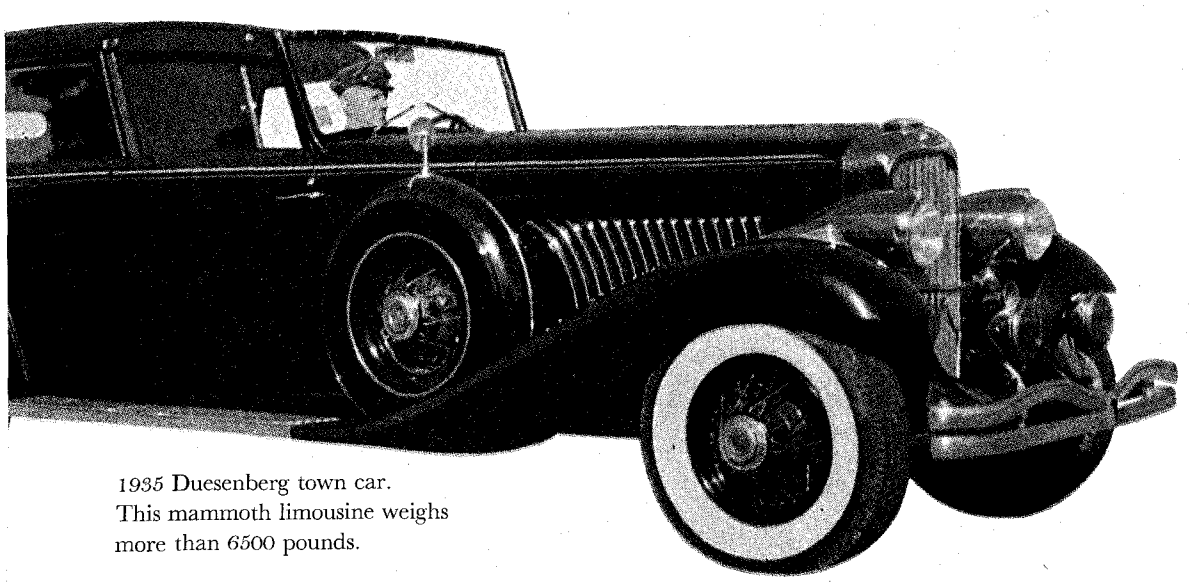


In the true "classicist" spirit, Jesse Nalle regards his 1937 Bentley as a means of superior transportation, not a mere museum piece.

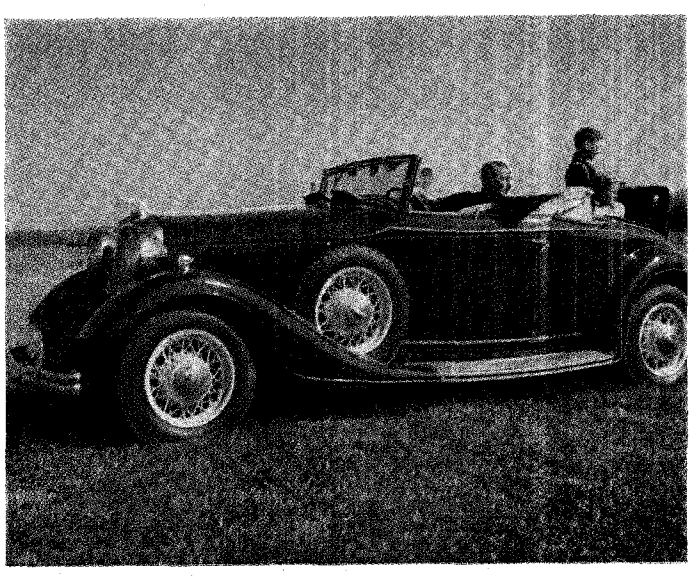


1930 Stutz speedster. James Groendyk, proud owner of the car, is one of 50,000 *aficionados* in this country.





1935 Duesenberg town car. This mammoth limousine weighs more than 6500 pounds.



1932 Lincoln convertible. Fewer than 3,000,000 "classics" were ever produced, and only a small fraction of them survive.

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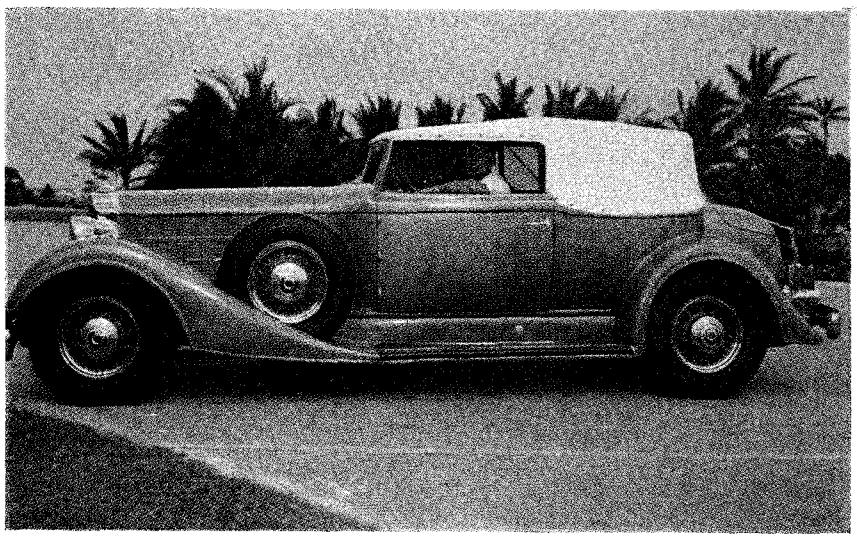
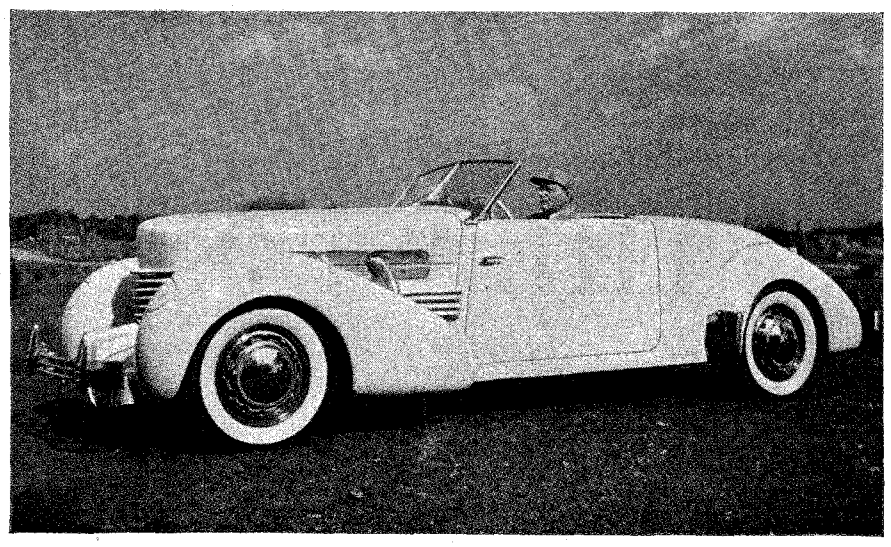
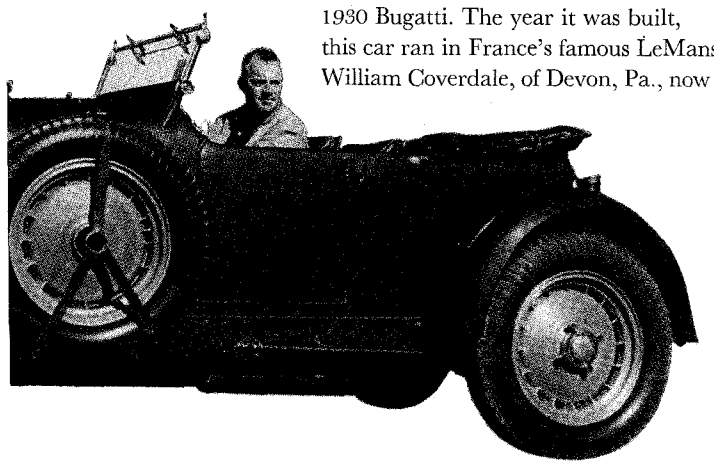


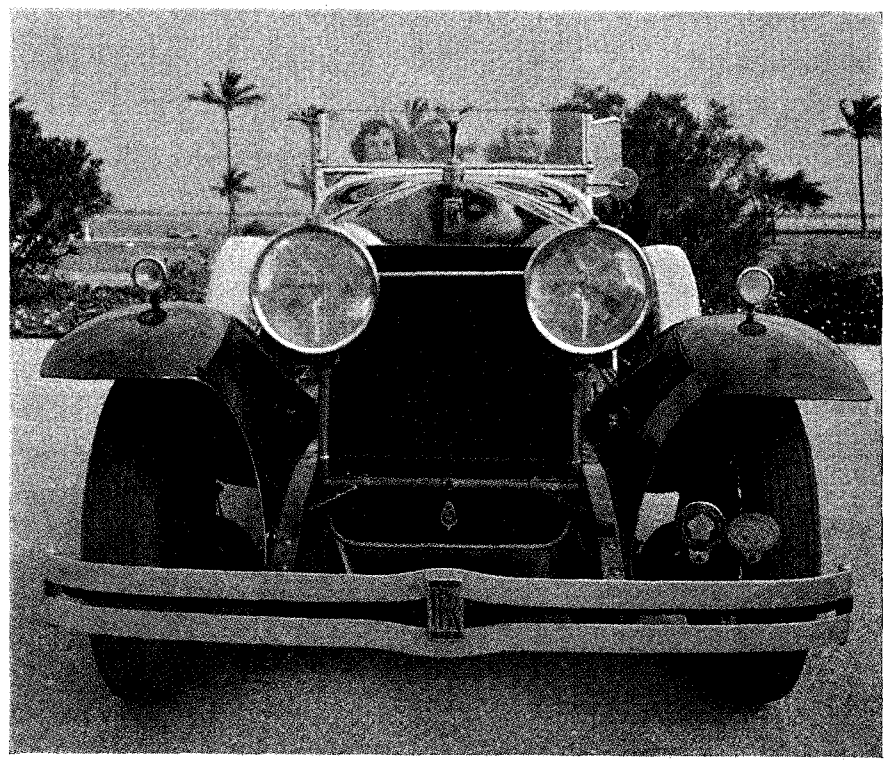
:4 Packard. "A true classic," say the experts, "must embody luxury, utility and a ›rting spirit." This beautifully restored convertible belongs to Ray Doud, Miami, Fla.



1937 Cord. Dr. Anthony Simeone spent over 1000 hours restoring this supercharged convertible. Many owners devote two or three years to putting cars in mint condition.



1930 Bugatti. The year it was built, this car ran in France's famous LeMans race. William Coverdale, of Devon, Pa., now owns it.



1929 Rolls-Royce Phantom I. Most fans frankly admit that their eye-catching cars are good for the ego. "When you drive up in one of them, you're the center of attraction."

The wondrous cars of the automobile's golden age are staging a surprising comeback with people who prefer "classics" to efficiency.

By GEORGE H. WALTZ, JR.

The next time you see a well-kept but pre-war Rolls-Royce, Cadillac, Packard or Cord roll down the road, or hear a throaty roar as a long Duesenberg flashes by, take a good look at the driver. He—or it may well be she—is one of a relatively new breed of hobby-ist, a member of a rapidly expanding fraternity of automobile enthusiasts and collectors.

He is a fanatic about cars, but he is entirely different from the common varieties of car fanciers as we know them. He likes neither antique cars nor modern cars. What he dotes on is cars that are medium rare. As far as he is concerned, no automobile has ever been built that can compare with the luxury models that were turned out between 1925 and 1942. He refers to that era as The Golden Age of the Automobile, and to him, to own, care for and drive a well-restored car of that vintage is the tops in motoring and the ultimate in car ownership. What's (Continued on Page 94)

1930 Duesenberg phaeton. This aristocrat took second prize in last year's National Grand Classic, the most important exhibition. Owner of the car is C. Richard Bell.

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The mothers of the neighborhood were up in arms.

Their sons were being exposed to

THE WRONG KIND OF GIRL

By WILLIAM BRANDON

At sunrise on the first day of summer Nancy Clintick awoke to the sound of a very heavy airplane tethered outside her window. Pink light filled the room, and the bedside clock said a quarter to five.

Her first thought was one of alarm at these strange things. It was replaced almost instantly by indignation when she saw that her husband, Matthew, was still sleeping peacefully in his tangle of blankets in the other twin bed. The very heavy airplane was roaring and grinding its teeth and no one should be able to sleep through it. The whole room was vibrating. Nancy jumped out of bed and ran to the window.

A scarlet moving van was backing into the drive next door. A pickup truck was parked beside the curb. A long-legged girl in shorts ran across the yard waving what appeared to be a butterfly net. A man wearing a baseball cap followed her in a series of flip-flops, like a circus acrobat. The truck came to a stop and the very heavy airplane was silenced.

Nancy, going back to bed, remembered somebody saying that the new people were to move in next door at the beginning of summer, and this was indeed the beginning of summer, right on the minute. But surely no self-respecting family of the Walnut Club Estates sort would come equipped with butterfly nets and flip-flops or would even be up at this hour of the morning.

Matthew had rolled a little farther out of bed. He looked like a sleeping sloth, although a long and thin and hungry one, clinging to a tree limb. Nancy was tempted to get up again and go tug his blanket free so he would fall to the floor. If he bounced long enough, it might wake him up. She could tell that she was not going to be able to get any more sleep, and it seemed base and unfair of Matthew to go on stuffing himself with sleep when she couldn't have any.

The pink light in the room had changed to a flood of gold. Presently this paled into ordinary sunlit daylight. Nancy heard her son, Rodney, running the shower, but not long enough to have used soap. Only a few minutes afterward the front door slammed; apparently he hadn't taken time to eat any breakfast at all. He and Marblehead were determined to get to the club early enough this morning to capture the first court. Rather, Marblehead was (Continued on Page 108)

Rodney and Marblehead had one thing in common. Her name was Jumps.

BOB HILBERT

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Booby trap in Moscow: Bulganin wrings from Adenauer an agreement to establish diplomatic ties, in exchange for the return of war prisoners to Germany.

Can dismembered Germany ever be put together again?

What price would Russia demand to reunite the Reich?

A Post editor reports from Bonn on the

Timebomb in Germany

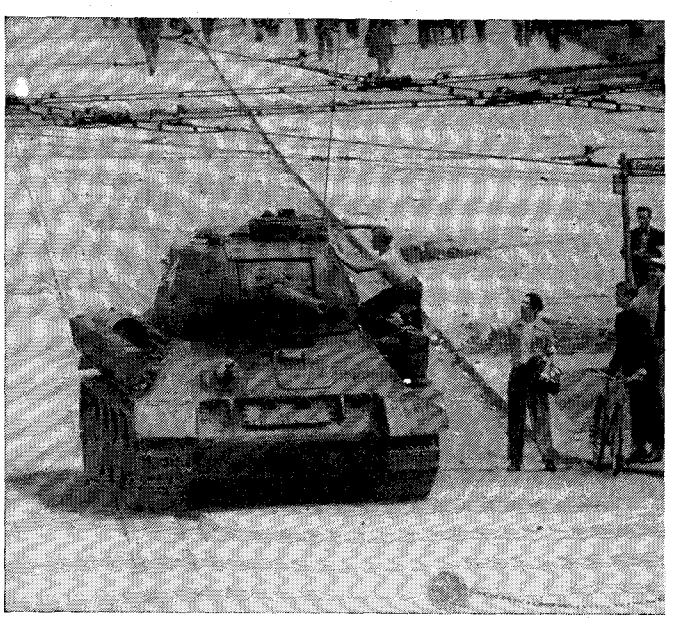
By JAMES P. O'DONNELL

BONN, GERMANY.

Most visitors today to the West German capital come down the Rhine River and pass, about an hour south of Bonn, the fabled rock of the Lorelei. In this Rhineland valley of a thousand post-card panoramas, this is perhaps the most majestic, always worth a good look. The brooding Lorelei itself, a high and massive cliff that juts menacingly into the sharpest bend of the winding river, beetles down on a moving scene in the gorge below. There skillful bargemen, aided by a tricky series of semaphore signals from both shores, manage always to maneuver long trains of barges through this narrow, turbulent, most dangerous channel in the Rhine.

Better known than the rock itself is the haunting tale that goes with it. Once there was a distraught Rhine maiden, full of unrequited love, who threw herself and her despair into the Rhine River. The fates turned her into a river witch and, ever since, this damsel sits atop the Lorelei. She wears golden bracelets and trinkets, combs her golden hair with a golden comb, and all the time she sings a siren song. The careless Rhine skiffer, overcome by the mighty melody, peers up when he should be looking straight ahead, and there he is on the rocks.

The ultimate, most worrisome question that the world always asks about the Germans, the fairest and yet the most devastating, concerns their notorious Lorelei complex. Why is it that this mighty, modern and seeming-sober people, usually content to sail in the deep and sensible channels of trade and commerce, can sometimes so suddenly drop the pilot in favor of some ranting and inspired idiot who hears voices, and is capable only of steering the ship of state onto the shoals of catastrophe? The Lorelei music is back in German politics, this time disguised in the fair and dulcet tones of "German unity." (Continued on Page 112)



The bloody East German workers' revolt of 1953 showed the Reds they dare not risk free elections.

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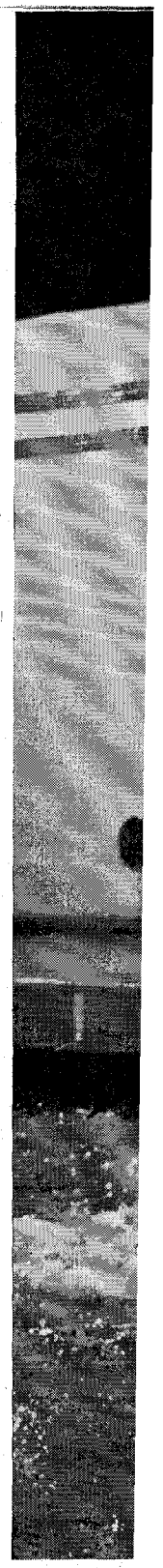
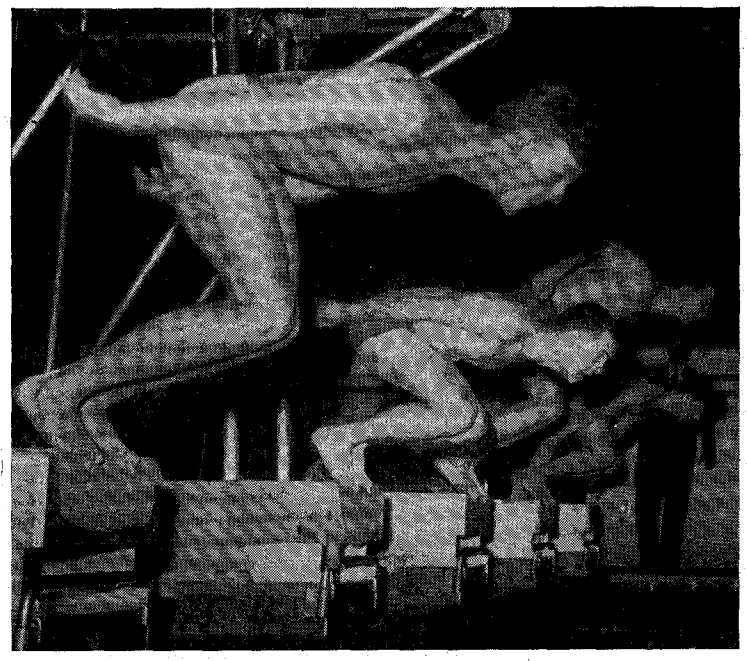


Clad in his red-flannel underwear, coach Bob Kiphuth shouts instructions to Jiro Nagasawa, a Japanese citizen who holds the world's 200-meter butterfly record.

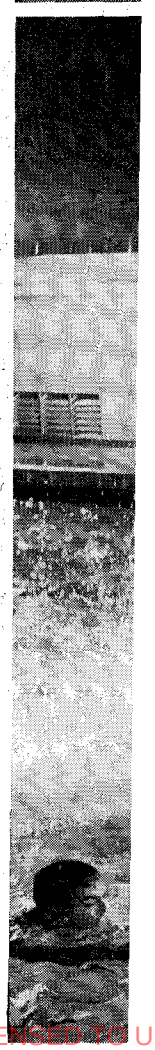
How to Make Champions

Yale coach Bob Kiphuth revolutionized competitive swimming with his unique body-building program.

By JOHN·KNOWLES



Yale and Cornell swimmers take off in a 440-yard free-style race. Kiphuth's men won the race and the meet, their 131st consecutive victory in dual meets.



As his swimmers work out with "flutter-boards," Kiphuth stalks around the pool with a long pole, ready to whack the rump of anyone he sees lagging.

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For years it was an open question in the athletic world whether Bob Kiphuth could swim. Since the Yale team he coached was accumulating the longest string of victories in the history of swimming, the question got more provocative every year. Everyone knew Kiphuth could teach others to swim like startled trout, but no one could be sure whether he himself could even tread water.

A few years ago, at the spectacular annual Swimming Carnival at Yale, Kiphuth at last took the plunge. In sight of several thousand spectators, he entered the pool and set off across it in a strange but workable version of the Australian crawl, emerging safely on the other side.

None of his pupils would have been surprised if he had sunk like a stone. Moving through the water is almost an afterthought in Kiphuth's conception of swimming. Most of his basic coaching is done on dry land, before his swimmers touch the water. You feel during this period of training that the aim is to turn you into an accomplished gymnast or a Mr. America candidate.

Later, of course, when he leads you to the pool and tells you to swim a half mile with your ankles tied together, you know you're supposed to be a swimmer.

I swam for Kiphuth during my first two years at Yale, just after World War II, as a respectable, middling member of this squad of stars. Records were being broken all around me, and shortly before I retired from swimming I broke one myself—a world record at that. Of course, it was an unimportant record, the one-mile free-style relay, and there were seventeen others who broke it with me. But I did break it.

This athletic career began a few days after I enrolled, when Kiphuth summoned me to his office. I found him sitting amid confusion and Currier and Ives sporting prints, wearing a pair of shorts. With him was Alan Ford, the great Yale free-styler who had just broken Johnny Weissmuller's world record for the 100-yard dash. I said that I wanted to try out for the swimming team, and Kiphuth immediately launched into a discussion of "body building," which seemed off the point to me. "Throw medicine balls!" he shouted. This baffled me, but finally, slowly, it became clear that a long time would pass before I reached the pool.

Kiphuth led Ford and me down stairways and along corridors, told us to undress and took us into the steam room. I gave up any attempt to speak and concentrated on trying to breathe. "Put a towel over your mouth," ordered Kiphuth. Filtering the steam solved the problem of breathing, but with my mouth full of Turkish towel I couldn't say a word.

That didn't matter. Kiphuth talked, his short, tough-muscled body hunched on a bench, his big head floating in clouds of steam.

Finally I took the towel out of my mouth for a moment and asked, "Do you think swimmers are born or made, Mr. Kiphuth?" (The "Mr. Kiphuth" was my first mistake; everyone calls him "Bob.")

He looked at me with his level gaze for a while and then turned to Ford. "Stand up, Alan," he said.

Ford stood up. "Would you say he was born or made?" Kiphuth asked.

I pulled the towel out, murmured "Both" and thrust it hastily back in.

Ford looked as close to being a human fish as anyone I had ever seen. His legs tapered down from powerful thighs to "overextended" knees—knees which bend a little in the opposite direction from the joint—then past strong calves to ankles which had plenty of play. Legs like these—undulating pistons of power—gave him a tremendous thrust in the water.

Kiphuth agreed that the legs were good. So were the arms. But it was the trunk which made the difference. "The real strength," he said, "the great mover in all physical exertion, is in the big trunk muscles. Alan's got his long back muscles, his hip-joint flexors and the others very well developed. That's what really counts." He looked at my not-so-big trunk muscles and exclaimed, "Body building!

"Of course, most of all you've got to have the will to be a great swimmer," he went on. "I've seen a lot of big boys with all the muscles but they didn't get far because they didn't have the will power." I felt that he was sizing up my own will power, and frowned determinedly over the top of the towel.

The steam had been thickening all this time, and for me, who had never been in a steam bath before, the heat was now unbelievable. Kiphuth and Ford chatted affably, as though they found 200 degrees or whatever it was a comfortable temperature. Rather than stagger for the door, I opened my mouth, gasped in a searing jet of steam and whispered hoarsely that it got pretty hot in steam baths, didn't it?

"Get into the steam-bath habit," Kiphuth ordered. (Continued on Page 87)

1948: Allan Stack was just another backstroker until Kiphuth got hold of him, whereupon he proceeded to rewrite the record book.

1944: Kiphuth with one of his all-time greats, **Alan Ford, a record-breaking free-styler.**

1951: John Marshall, holder of several distance-swimming marks, came all the way from Australia to swim for Kiphuth.

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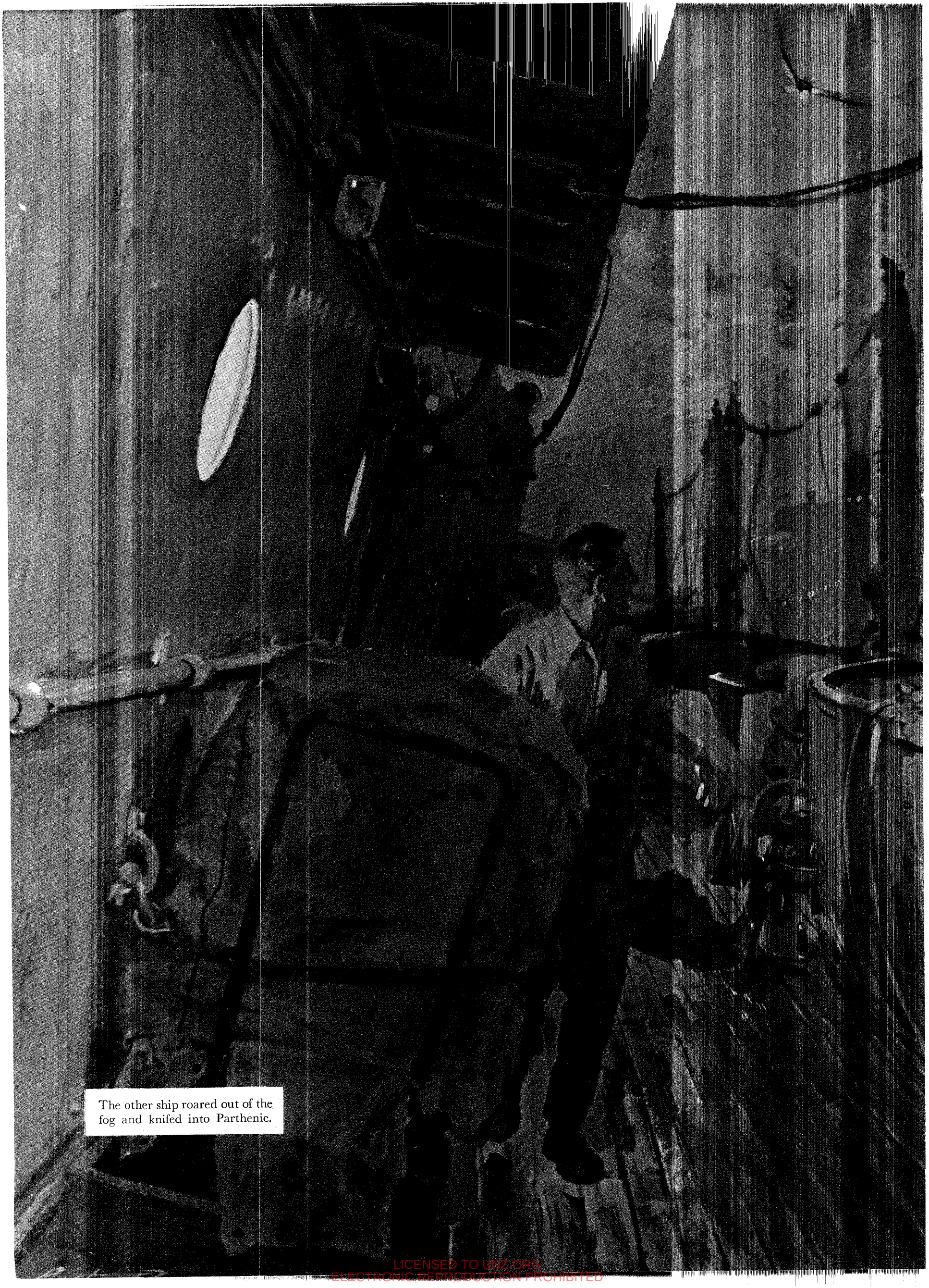

The other ship roared out of the fog and knifed into Parthenic.

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The sea lifted two ships and slammed them together. They were sinking now—and help was twelve hours away.

Collision Alarm!

By JOHN WALLACE

Jeff Clayton joined the ship Parthenic in New York as third assistant engineer. He presented his letter to Mr. Hansen, the chief engineer. The chief was a big man with a rough face.

He looked through Jeff's papers and said, "You were in Myra K when she foundered. You're the one she pulled down, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," Jeff said. "I lost my taste for water sports."

The chief shot him a look from under his eyebrows. "A long time ago," he said, "and you've been in plenty of ships since. Four since you got this license. You like to jump around, mister?"

"It's experience, sir," Jeff said. "Different ships."

"Ah," the chief said. "Experience." He seemed to ponder this, and to ponder his new third. Jeff Clayton was a tall young man, nearly slender, but hard-packed about the shoulders. There was a latent hardness in his pleasant-featured face, and a latent vulnerability too. "I suppose," the chief said, with a kind of slamming suddenness—"with all this ship jumping, you think you know all the answers."

"Well, sir," Jeff said, "I'd be surprised if ——"

"Don't be," Mr. Hansen said. "If there's anything I hate, it's a surprised engineer. You report below to the first now. I want you to learn this ship thoroughly. I'll expect a drawing from you of all her lines and valves before this trip is over." The chief stood up, massive, and thrust out a hand. "All right," he said; "welcome aboard, Mr. Clayton. Bear in mind that this is a passenger ship. You have certain privileges in the public rooms. We like officers to be friendly and we don't like the kind that need restricting. No nonsense with women!"

Parthenic was old, but, going below, Jeff saw that her engine room was spotless. Her brasswork gleamed. Painted surfaces shone, unblistered and in perfect bond. Even her bilges were clean, Jeff saw when he ducked under a condenser; and the enormous pipe of her cooling-water inlet was burnished to a coppery glow.

She was a twin-screw turbine with a closed fireroom: at the forward end of the engine room a bulkhead sealed her boiler space into an airtight and watertight compartment. All steam and service pipes passing between the two compartments were flanged at the bulkhead. At the floor-plate level a double-doored air lock gave access to the pressurized atmosphere of the fireroom.

A spare, bald-headed man was at the log desk. He looked up and put out his hand. "Reedey," he said, "first assistant. The chief just phoned down about you. How do you like her, third?"

"Clean," Jeff said. "I've never seen anything like it."

"You know how to compliment the first," the first assistant said dryly. He added, "You're just in time to bear a hand. I want Number Two Boiler closed up."

"The chief told me to sketch the lines," Jeff said.

"I know," Mr. Reedey said. "But that's education, third. You do that on your own time or when I can't find work for you."

Mr. Reedey found plenty of work for the new third assistant during the next few days, and the chief kept a sharp eye on Jeff. Most chiefs are resented if they come below too often, but Mr. Hansen's engineers expected it. They were a smooth team. Jeff had little feeling of belonging to the team; he had less after he requested permission to go ashore the night before sailing.

"No," said the chief. "I don't want you below tomorrow all tired out and probably with a hang-over. Besides, what about that drawing of the lines? It can't possibly be finished."

Jeff said, "I've been bilge diving for four nights. And I've drawn up the lube-oil system and the feed lines."

"You want medals for doing your job?"

"I want the privilege of a night ashore, sir. That's all."

"Next trip, mister."

"Maybe one trip'll be enough for me," Jeff said hotly.

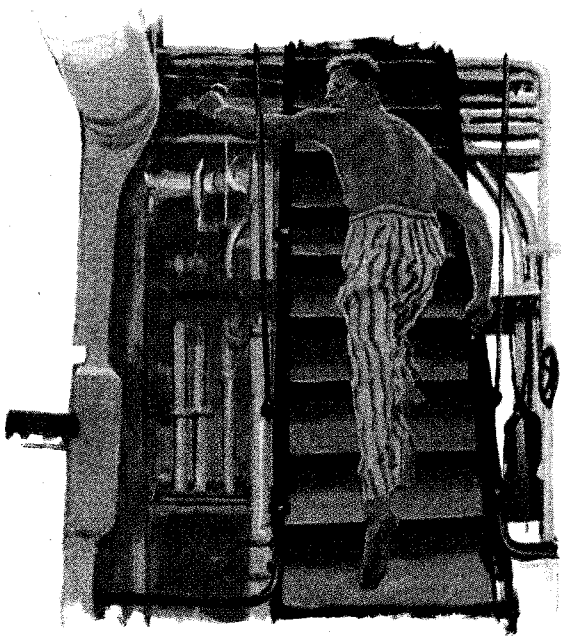
"Listen, mister," the chief said, "I had a little talk with them at the office about you. They think you'll be an asset to the company. You're a smart boy with a slide rule and you've got some almighty ideas about yourself." The chief stood up. He was huge, and he knew it. "Well, I'm not smart," he said, "and the only almighty ideas I have are about this ship. She's over thirty years old. I went wiper on her maiden voyage and I've been with her ever since. I know her guts better than I know my own and I demand the same of every engineer under me. When I tell you to draw every line and valve, I mean exactly that. Show me how to spit down the sound pipe of Number Ten Tank and make it come out in the swimming pool. Then we'll talk privilege."

Parthenic backed into the stream the next day with Third Assistant Jeff Clayton sweating at the port throttle. Mr. Hansen was breathing against the back of his neck. The telegraphs chimed their signals and the juniors swung their replies and jotted the shorthand of the signals in their bellbooks; and Jeff, his feet spread, turned the big brass throttle wheel and kept his eyes glued to the gauges.

When the maneuvering was over, Mr. Hansen grunted in Jeff's ear, "Well, you didn't rip the blades out of her, anyway," and walked away.

Jeff felt a spurt of anger, and his anger mounted, several hours later, when the chief came below for Jeff's first sea watch. The big man leaned against (Continued on Page 80)

Illustrated by Austin Briggs



Jeff pushed ahead of the fear-stricken men. "Let's go!" he yelled.

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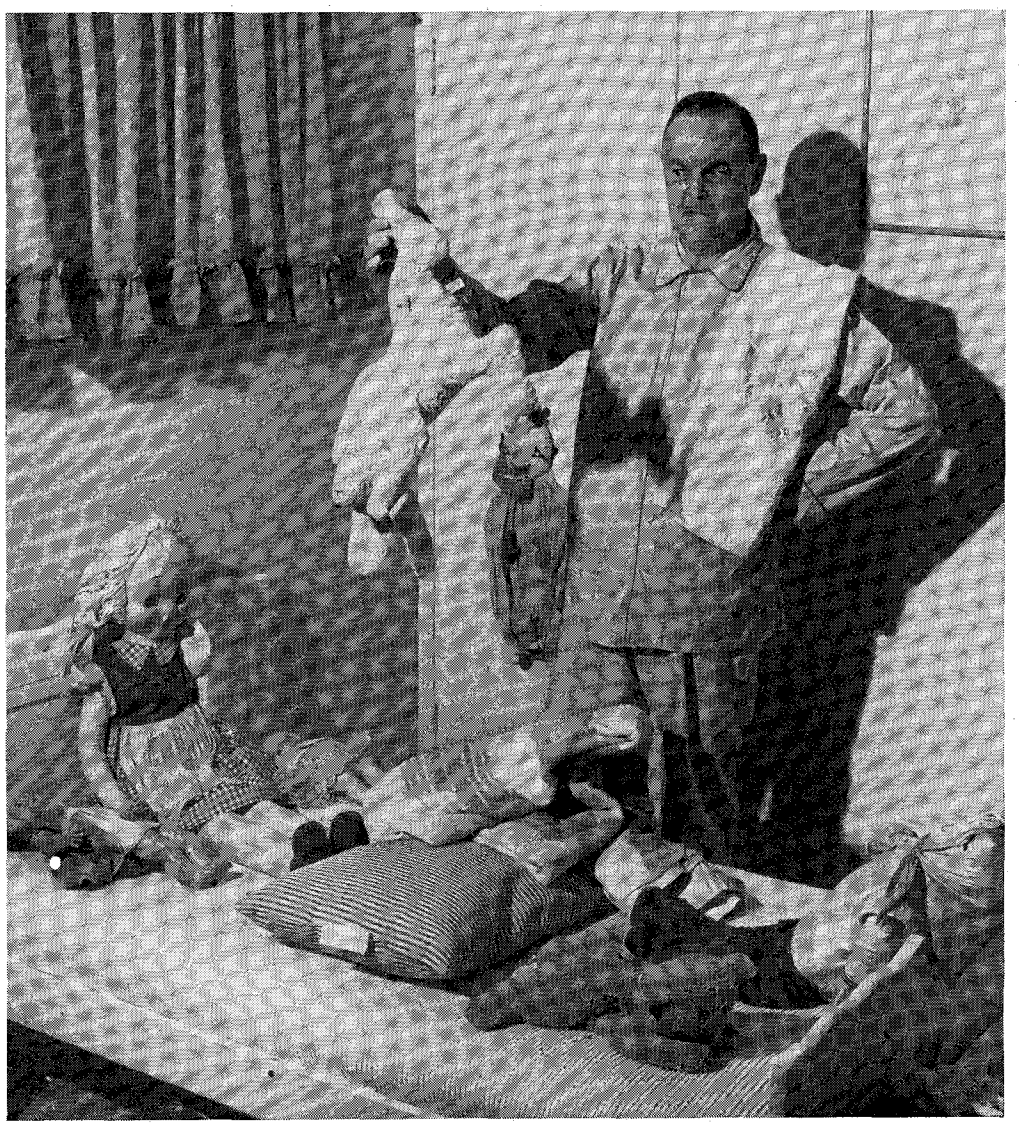
I Hate Weekends!

The author describes his sufferings at the hands of such hostesses as the organizer, the collector and the matchmaker.

By COREY FORD

The author has worked out a simple formula for what to take on a weekend: pack everything, you never know what might come in handy.



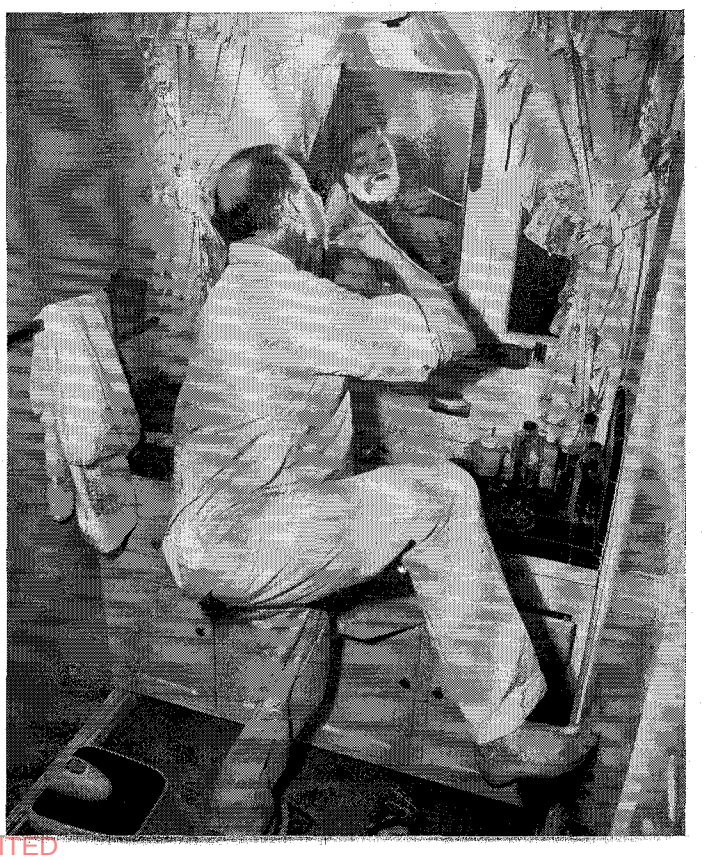
Unfortunately, you can't have the spare bedroom because last weekend's guests haven't departed. And you draw the bed of a four-foot girl who insists that her dolls be left undisturbed.

Nowadays a weekend begins on Thursday, so you can get ahead of all the Friday traffic, and ends the following Tuesday, so you can miss all the Monday traffic. This gives you the whole day Wednesday to unpack your bag, shake the wrinkles out of your tweed jacket, and start packing again for next weekend.

Deciding what to take along on a country weekend is like assembling an outfit for an African safari, except that in Africa you have all those native boys to carry it. The best plan is to pack everything, on your wife's theory that we might as well bring it so we'll have it if we need it.

Your knees buckle slightly as you carry your suitcases out to the car, and you have an uneasy feeling that the Hostetters will suspect you are moving in for the winter.

The next problem is to find the Hostetters. Your wife wrote down the directions on the back of an envelope which she left on the hall table, but all you have to do is keep on Route 72A until you come to East Weston or West Easton, she isn't sure which, and then turn left on a little dirt (Continued on Page 92)



If there's no lock on the door of the community bathroom, you can always secure it with your foot.

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Pursuit of a Princess

Making money came easy to Kirk. Finding happiness was a harder task.

By GEORGE LOVERIDGE

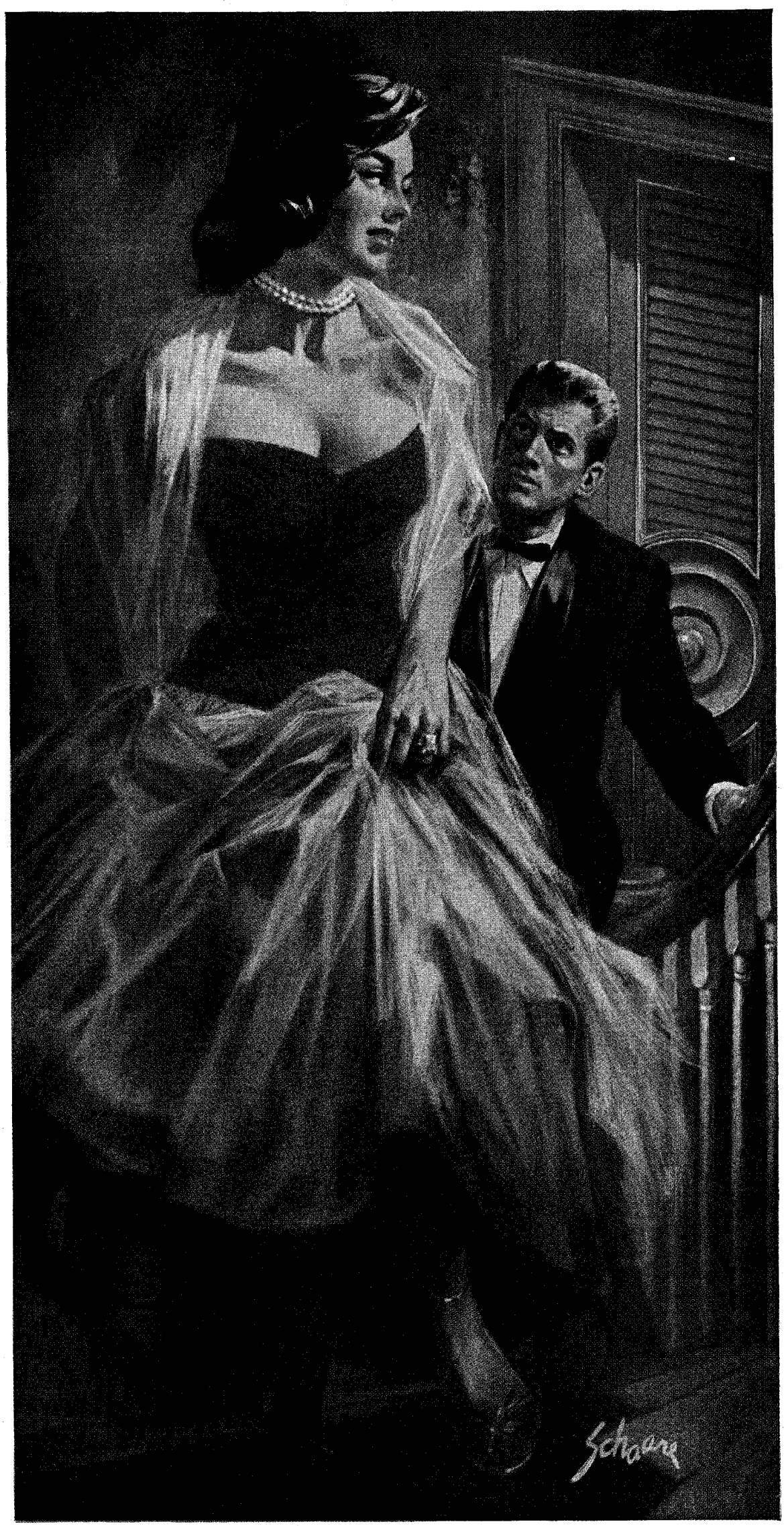
What was it, many have wondered, that caused John Kirk and Hartley Ollendorf to become such vindictive enemies? And who was Princess Liz, and why did these eminent citizens fight hand-to-hand about her in the snow? The answers will titillate the curious, surprise the sober and, very likely, touch the tender of heart.

In the sea of business, Kirk and Ollendorf are leviathans of the lower depths. They and their fierce, adherent schools of lawyers do battle beyond the range of ordinary sight, effecting mergers, dissolving one business and creating another, waylaying and abducting Opportunity before she has so much as raised her hand to knock. Of this, the general public, as opposed to the world of commerce, is little informed; though now and then, in newspapers and magazines, the names Kirk and Ollendorf pop to the surface, perhaps in the oil fields of Iran, perhaps on the innocent beaches of Florida, perhaps in industrial centers like Detroit, New York or the Ruhr.

In one respect, the antagonists are alike: Both have achieved power while still in their thirties. Their beginnings, however, were different, Kirk having entered the business arena with only his bare hands, after childhood in an orphanage, while Ollendorf was armed and armored with wealth and social position.

It was, in fact, from certain deficiencies in Kirk's background that the trouble arose. When he became wealthy, Kirk married Audrey van S. Tuttle, daughter of an elegant but impoverished family, and once a sweetheart of Ollendorf's. Ollendorf was not a particularly kindly man (a business associate once said of him that had he been Stonewall Jackson, he "would have cut off Barbara Frietchie's head with his own sword and cleaned the blade on her petticoat"), but he and his wife, for Audrey's sake,

(Continued on Page 99)



"Sometimes I do wish you knew something about something besides money," complained Audrey.

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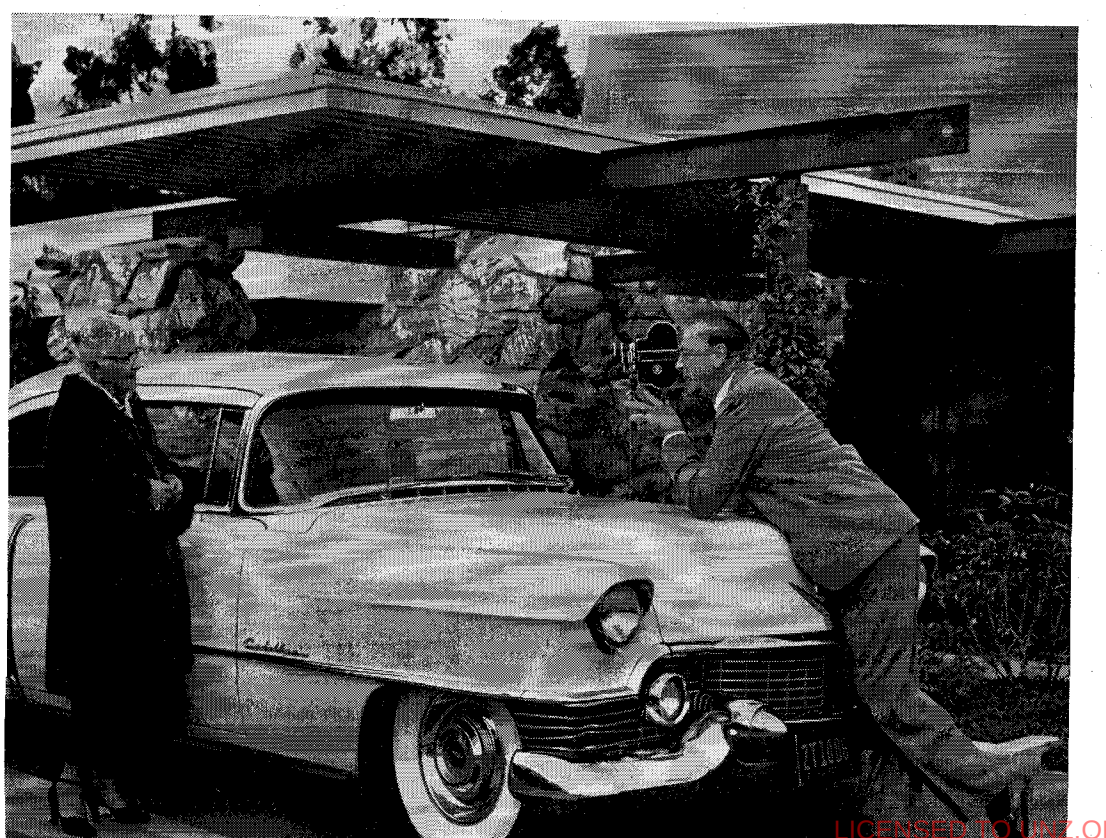
"Having a daughter is the thing I'm proudest of," says Gary. Daughter Maria (center), shown with her parents at home.

Well, It Was This Way

The lady agent took a look at skinny Frank Cooper and said, "I think we can cure everything by changing your name." Whereupon the cowboy struck it rich.

By GARY COOPER, as told to George Scullin



Mrs. Charles H. Cooper, who lives in Hollywood, calls on her son in Holmby Hills, Calif. "Looking at mother nowadays," says Gary, "it is difficult to believe I once saw her swinging an ax at 20 below zero."

PART THREE

It was after my third year at Grinnell College in Iowa that I discovered that I was twenty-three years old, and nothing done yet. Nothing done! It was time to get going, I decided, before the world passed me by. To return for a final year of college seemed a waste of time.

The previous year dad had resigned from the Montana State Supreme Court and returned to private practice. He had also taken an active leadership in the state Republican Party, and I had helped him by drawing political cartoons for several Montana newspapers. The cartoons had been well received, encouraging me to hope that I could make good as a professional. The question was: Were my

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Copyright 1956 by Gary Cooper

Gary and Veronica Balfe were married in 1933 at her mother's Park Avenue home (left). At right they are shown together 22 years later at Southampton, L.I.

ideas and abilities as good as I thought they were? I had to find out.

In the fall of 1924, dad and mother were in California, where dad was trying to untangle an estate case for a Montana client. He wrote me that since he might be stuck in San Diego and Los Angeles for months, it would be a good idea for me to ease down that way and let mother see how her growing boy was doing. I eased on down. In the back of my mind was the idea that some Los Angeles newspaper could use a good cartoonist like me.

Los Angeles editors didn't seem to think so. The cartoonists they had were young, eager and unwilling to retire. The best I could get was a job in a newspaper advertising department drawing up display ads, to sell on commission, if I could. The ad manager gave me a list of merchants, patent-medicine manufacturers, tattoo artists and others who had never advertised in the paper before, and congratulated me on having a new field to myself.

"All you have to do," he said, "is design an ad so attractive that your client can't resist buying it. When your ad doubles his business, he'll want more, and your commissions will mount up. You make him rich, and he makes you rich, and the town prospers and grows as a result. We expect a population of a million here, you know, and we're letting you in on the ground floor."

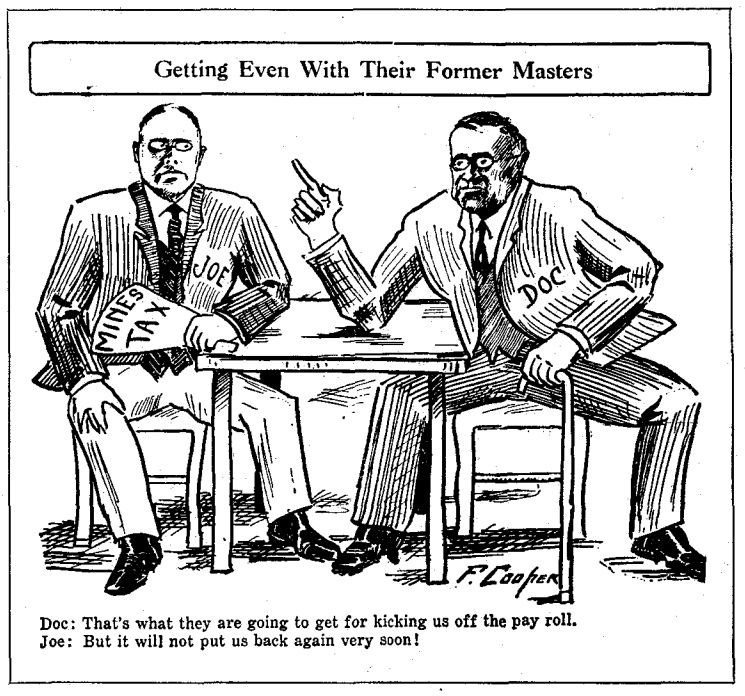
He was so right. But something was wrong — either my sales talk or my display ads. No sales, no commissions. Six weeks later, I had another sure thing. A photographer saw that while the population of California was being swelled by immigration from Iowa and other points, there was also remarkable activity in the production of native sons and daughters.

"We can't lose," he gloated. "The whole world can change, but the pride of a mother in her baby goes on forever. Here's the pitch: 'Intimate portraits of your own child in your own home.' It's sure-fire. Take this album of samples and start punching doorbells. As soon as you've made a few appointments for me, the mothers will pass the word around amongst themselves. Why, this thing can snowball until all you do is answer the phone and take orders. And we split fifty-fifty!"

No sales. We split fifty-fifty of nothing. Three weeks later, I became a theatrical scene painter, and in a (Continued on Page 50)

NEXT WEEK

Cooper tells about The Winning of Barbara Worth, and how his "death" in a stirring scene saved him from oblivion.


Getting Even With Their Former Masters
MINES TAX
JOE
DOC
F. Cooper
Doc: That's what they are going to get for kicking us off the pay roll.
Joe: But it will not put us back again very soon!

Frank Cooper, political cartoonist, wisely gave up art to become Gary Cooper, film cowboy. This 1924 drawing is from the Helena (Mont.) Independent.

"I was probably the tallest, thinnest extra who ever swung into the saddle. Leading ladies resented playing scenes with me."

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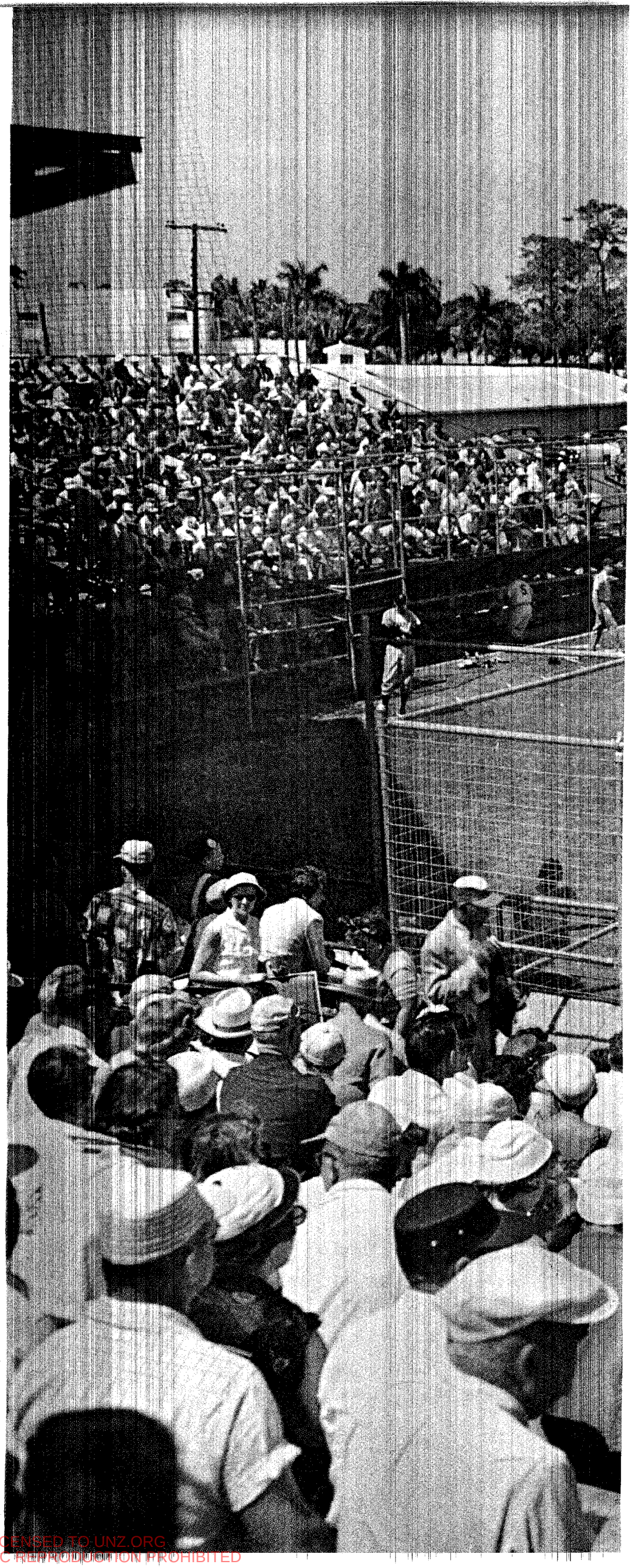
The Face of AMERICA

Rites of Spring

What's this? Surely not baseball? It is, indeed, that time of year again. Nowadays baseball starts in March to the accompaniment of tropical breezes and waving palm trees, and pretty soon the players move northward. The rites of spring training, first performed in the 1880's, have become as much a part of baseball as night games and Sunday double-headers. Most clubs pitch their training camps in Florida, and happy, indeed, is the town that has a team to attract the thousands of baseball-starved fans who come to look upon the players during their preseason unlimbering. Here you see the Chicago White Sox in a workout at Fort Myers, Florida, shortly before they took on the Pittsburgh Pirates one day last March. The Pirates, who train at Fort Myers, won 7–6, and went on to top the whole "Grapefruit League"—a very hot team, it seemed. But, alas, it didn't mean a thing. When the season ended in September the Pirates had sunk to the bottom of the National League, as almost everybody had predicted. ● Photograph by Frank Ross



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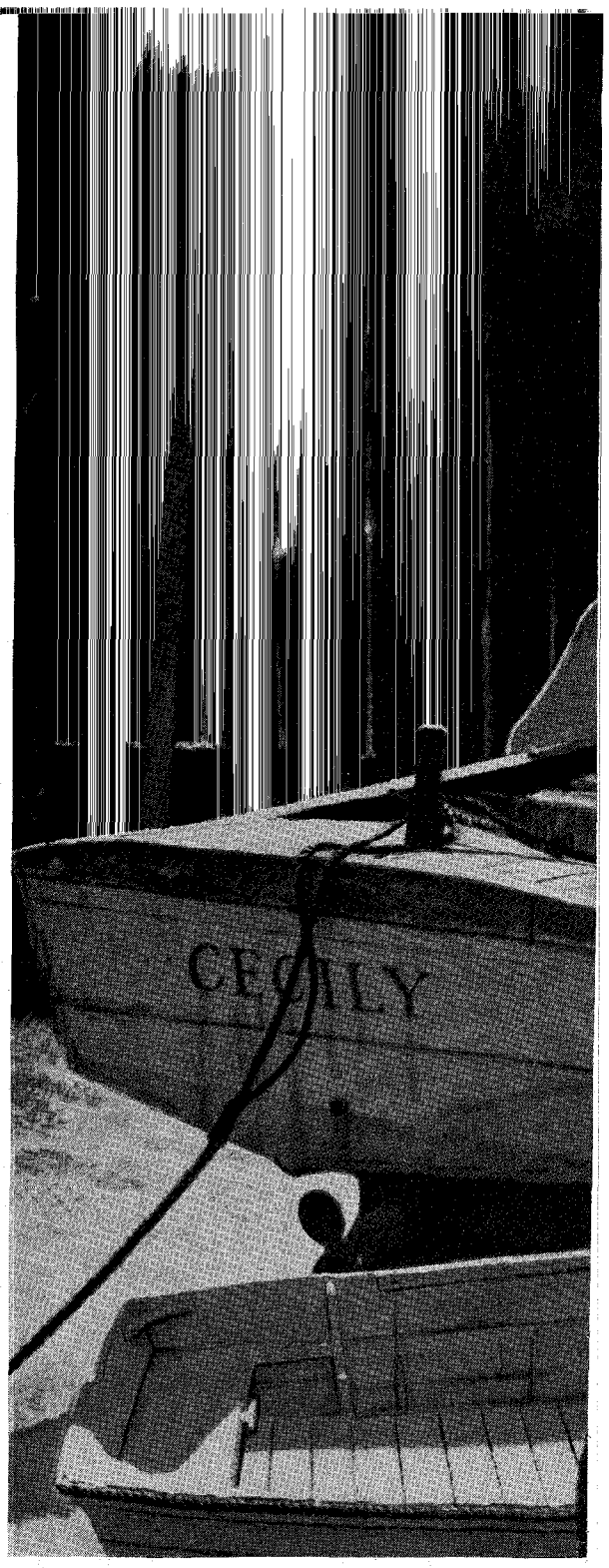
Raphael stood to inherit a fortune–

if he took care of the blackmailer.

MURDER IN DISGUISE

By NANCY RUTLEDGE



Raphael mounted the great curving staircase of Amelia Dooley's mansion. He stood for a moment looking down with a profound sense of possession. This house, everything, would shortly belong to him if he could make Miss Amelia believe he was her nephew—and if he could avoid being arrested for murder.

On the train yesterday a man had accosted Raphael and offered to give his new suit for Raphael's old one. After the exchange was made, the stranger started to pull a gun. Raphael grabbed him and, in the fight that followed, knocked him off the train. Then, afraid he would be convicted of murder, Raphael decided to disappear.

Once Raphael had been a star trapeze artist, but he had given up his career when his partner, Lynne, was killed. Raphael then got a job in Mynnelu Schultz's juggling act. He was traveling with Mynnelu at the time of his fight, but decided that now was a good time to give her the slip.

Benjy Neils, the man whom Raphael had killed, was an impostor who planned to defraud Mrs. Amelia Dooley by posing as her missing nephew. Raphael read the correspondence between Benjy and Miss Amelia and decided to move in on Benjy's act.

Miss Amelia seemed convinced that Raphael really was her missing heir. Kathi, her secretary, insisted Raphael was a fraud. Ichabod Carr, Miss Amelia's lawyer, and Wes Olson, her farm manager, wanted to give Raphael a chance to prove himself.

Raphael wasn't sure that trying to grab Miss Amelia's fortune was worth the risk of being caught as a murderer. He made up his mind to run when he met the new maid that Folly, Miss Amelia's housekeeper, hired. The maid was Mynnelu.

Mynnelu stopped Raphael when he tried to escape. She expected to share any fortune that he inherited. Mynnelu warned Raphael to continue to carry on his act. Otherwise she would turn him in to the police as a murderer.

III

The next afternoon, Kathi walked beside Wes down the gray second-floor corridor of the Waurika Memorial Hospital. Her curly red-gold hair barely came to his big shoulder, though she was a rather tall girl. She wore a loose-flowing dark blue cotton, tight only around her tiny waist, with a great stand-up white collar which framed her cheerful young countenance.

She smiled at Wes, but he, in his neat brown summer suit, strode beside her without noticing. He seemed to be miles away, though several times he glanced to the side, looking into the hospital rooms. Once he hesitated before the room of a child, a little girl who lay with her leg in traction. She was sobbing. But a nurse entered the room and Wes went on, his face set, his eyes straight ahead.

Kathi watched him thoughtfully, trying to read the unhappiness in his gray eyes. For once she was silent. Wes had never spoken to her or to anyone else about his injured arm, and she did not feel she could intrude on an obviously private grief. She told herself that it was natural for Wes to show special unhappiness here, after what had undoubtedly been long months of suffering in hospitals, following the crash of the Army helicopter. She wished she knew more of the story. Perhaps someday Wes would tell her. What he had been before, what it was that had hurt him so much more than the physical pain of his injuries. Wes was not a too-proud man. It was not the possible stigma of having a crippled arm that bothered him. It was what he had wanted to do with the arm, and now could not, Kathi was sure. Though he was remarkably ingenious about doing things with one arm, and completely matter-of-fact about having to. But the hurt remained, down deep.

She tried to pull back a little, but only a little. Then his lips were on hers.

Kathi moved impulsively to put her hand on his. But his face under his healthy outdoor tan was grim and his lips formed in a stern straight line. She walked beside him quietly, not touching him.

When he spoke, his voice was patient, as always. He smiled with his lips, though not with his eyes. "Remember, Kathi. Ichabod

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

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said we were not to discuss Raphael at all with Father Tim."

"I know."

"Ichabod wants to be absolutely fair about all this. He's leaning over backwards to be," Wes explained.

"Yes. Sometimes during the questioning this morning I almost thought he was Raphael's lawyer, not Miss Amelia's."

"Be just, Kathi. Whether we like him or not, Raphael's entitled to an impartial hearing."

"He got it."

Wes stopped and put his finger under Kathi's chin, lifting her face to his. "You'll give me your word that you'll not discuss the matter with Father Tim after I leave?"

Kathi flushed. "I promised Ichabod. Don't you think I keep a promise?"

Wes touched her cheek with his hand. "You'd keep a promise if it killed you, probably. But you still don't believe Raphael, do you?"

Kathi turned her eyes from his. "Do you?"

"I can't honestly say I like Raphael. But Ichabod hammered at him all morning, question after question. And he answered them all. Ichabod said that if the facts check out on investigation, like the Michigan orphanage, he can't see where there's any discrepancy. Ichabod's one of the best cross-examiners in the state. He was fair but he tried everything. He couldn't shake Raphael's story."

"I was there," said Kathi. "I took it down in shorthand. I had to, because Raphael wouldn't go into Ichabod's office in Waurika. He didn't even want to come here to the hospital, on the outskirts. He seemed almost panicky about it. Why shouldn't he go into Waurika?"

"Well, after all, he was sick last night and he hurt his ankle."

"That was another funny thing. How did he hurt his ankle, if he was sick in bed?"

"He said he got up and stumbled in the darkness. It could have happened."

"It could have. But I don't think it did. I don't think he told the truth about that or about why he didn't want to go into town. Maybe if we could find out why ——"

"Did you see any discrepancies in his story?"

"No discrepancies. Just an awful lot he didn't tell. Especially about the time since he got out of the orphanage. He gave the full details about his childhood, and about applying to get into the services. He must have done all that, I think. But then, all he gave was facts about the towns he had been in. No people. No addresses. Nothing that could be traced. He knows Ichabod will check the details he gave about the towns, so they were probably all right. He must have been in those towns, to know them so well. And he must have moved about a lot to know so many towns. But what was he doing? Not to be able to give the names of the people he worked for, or where he lived, or when."

"It could be true," said Wes. "After growing up in that orphanage, he would be a man without roots. With the doctors telling him to rest and be out of doors, he might have just drifted, working as he needed to, especially if he wanted to write about it someday. Lots of writers have done that and used the material later."

"I don't believe he wants to be a writer."

"Why not?"

Kathi flushed. "I can't tell you. You'd disapprove."

"Ought I to disapprove?"

"I suppose so." Kathi was troubled. "I know it was wrong and yet I was only doing it to protect Miss Amelia. You do understand that?"

(Continued on Page 60)

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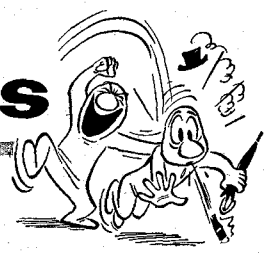
Post Scripts



Hurry Up and Get Well!

"Cheer up, Bill! You're really over the hump, now that they've taken the stitches out. That's the part that's really murder, getting those stitches out. . . . Oh. They haven't taken them out yet? Oh. I thought somebody said —— Well ——"

"Gosh, Bill, how some of these hospitals get away with it, charging thirty bucks a day for a broom closet like this! . . . What? You mean you've been lying here all this time thinking 521A was a sixteen-dollar room? Reason I know is, my brother had this room, and was he mad when ——"

"I certainly have to hand it to your wife, Bill! I happened to be driving down Broadway yesterday when she backed into that dairy truck, and she didn't even turn a hair when —— Oh. She didn't tell you about it? Gosh, no, it's nothing to worry about. After all, you'll just have to pay the first fifty and the insurance will handle the rest —— Oh. You don't carry any collision insurance? Well ——"

"Really, Bill, it's no wonder you ended up here, the work they've been piling on your back at the office! Ted Smithers is handling your stuff while you're gone, you know, and I'm amazed at what goes through your department. Of course, he's handling the whole nuts-and-bolts division at the same time, but as J.W. says, he's a younger man, and, after all ——"

"Honestly, Bill, modern medical science is wonderful! My brother-in-law had exactly the same deal you've got, and he says every six months when he goes back into the hospital —— Oh, sure, they never really get it licked, you know. Why, the doctor has come up with some new wonder drug or gimmick or something, and ——"

PAT MC QUESTEN

"Oh, stop teasing her, George! Give her back the tray."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Don't Call Us (And We Won't Call You)

I've always considered myself a man of more than a few words—until I get on the phone in a strange town to call a friend of a friend.

You arrive in St. Louis, say, with instructions to be sure and call Harry Humber because "he's one of the finest guys in the world, anywhere."

You put it off as long as you can, but finally the time comes when you have to dial his number.

"Hello," you say to the voice on the other end. "Is this Harry? Harry Humber?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"Well, you don't know me, but I'm a very good friend of Birney Blair. You know Birney!"

"Who?"

"Birney Blair. I guess you two went to school together or were in the same Army or something. Birney talks about you all the time. Said I should call you."

"I'm sorry we won't be home tonight, so I couldn't ——"

"Oh, no, we can't come out. I just wanted to call and say hello."

"Yes."

"So—hello."

"Oh, hello to you."

"I don't want to take too much of your time. Just wanted to say hello for Birney."

"Be sure to tell him hello for me."

"Sure will. Anything else?"

"No, just hello."

"O.K. I'll tell him hello for you, and if he ever asks you about it, be sure and tell him I called to say hello for him."

"I will."

"Well, if you're going out you probably are pretty busy. I just wanted to say hello for Birney. Good-by."

"Good-by. And tell Birney hello for me."

"I will. Good-by."

Then, while the conversation is still fresh in my memory, I hurry to find a piece of paper so I can write down what Harry wanted me to be sure and tell Birney. What was it again? Oh, yes—hello.

PAUL C. LAW

Self-Help Books

Heaven knows
It isn't those
Who need 'em
Who read 'em!

THOMAS USK

Great Stories of the Composers

Wolfgang von Wienerschnitzel

Speaking of musical prodigies, Wolfgang von Wienerschnitzel was only six the first time he saw a zither.

"What's dat, mamma?" he said.

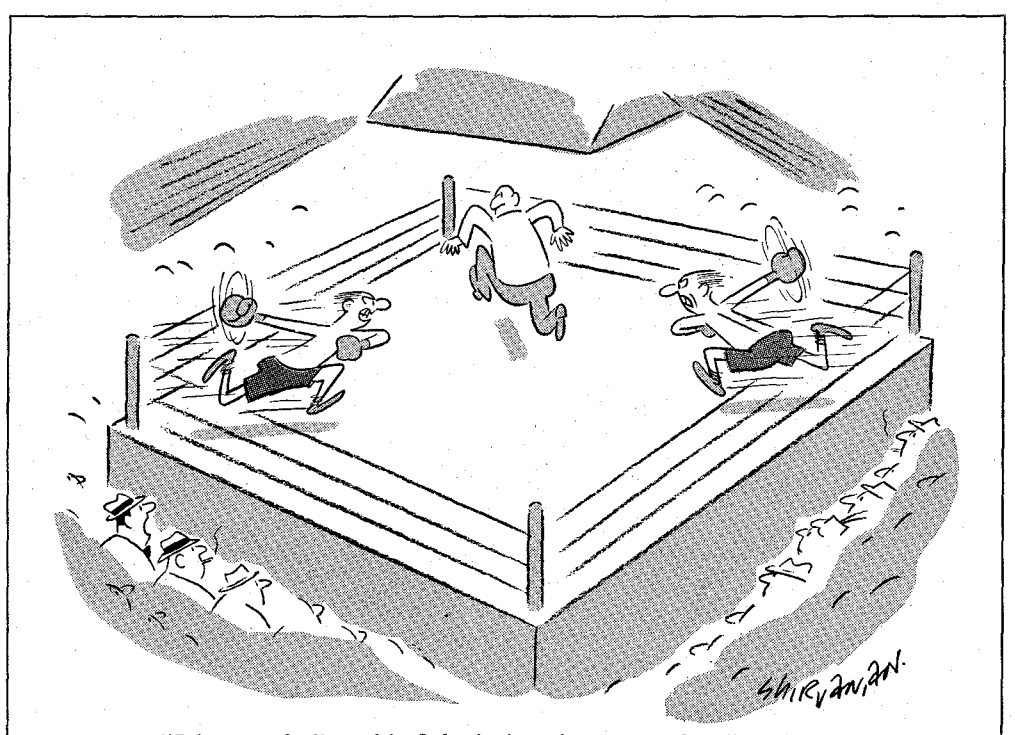
However, the youthful Wolfgang was not destined to play the zither: for, unfortunately, the mother did not hear the child's question.

Years passed, during which the youthful Wolfgang's musical education seemed at a standstill. The Wienerschnitzels were too poor to afford a clavichord.

But there was a *klangboden*, or fifteenth-century banjo, in the attic, and often, when the family was asleep, young Wolfgang used to sneak up into the attic and look at the *klangboden*. He wondered what it was. It had no strings and he found it too heavy for him to lift, anyway.

By the time he was nine, Wolfgang didn't know one note from another.

Meanwhile Johann Sebastian Bach had accepted the *organmeistersheep* at the Lutheran church in Weissenfessen. The Wienerschnitzels attended a different church, but one night as Wolfgang was walking home with his father they heard Bach playing the organ.



"I have a feeling this fight isn't going to go the distance."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What's dat, papa?" said Wolfgang.

"Some guy playing the organ," said his father. "After eleven o'clock too. Somebody ought to call the police."

Wolfgang was not yet ready for the concert stage. He had not studied a musical instrument and he still didn't know one note from another.

However, when he was twelve, young Wolfgang attended the Conservatory in Paris. After three years at the Conservatory he felt that he had made but little progress with his music. He could not think what the trouble was and sought an interview with the director.

"Isn't this a conservatory?" asked Wolfgang.

"Yes," replied the director. "We raise flowers."

Discouraged, Wolfgang returned to Weissenfessen where he secured a position with Bach, pumping the organ.

Unfortunately, not much is known of Wolfgang's later life. He composed several études for the *klangboden*, but in recent years his work has fallen into neglect. Outside of his native Weissenfessen one hears only the haunting Oonder de Lilacs, the exquisite Vot Iss?, and occasionally—when anybody can manage to get three glockenspiels together at the same time—his Sonata for Three Glockenspiels.

JOHN BAILEY

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FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OWNED BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Tonight–for a change!

IF YOU'RE looking for variety in your meals (and what good cook isn't these days)—here's an item for your recipe book.

This is FRANCO-AMERICAN Macaroni—one of the most enticing casseroles that ever came bubbling out of your kitchen. Here's all you do:

Simply put our Macaroni in a casserole. Top with buttered bread crumbs, and bake in a hot oven for about 20 minutes.

You'll be proud to serve our Macaroni any time. Try it this "baked" way. Or, merely place the contents of the can in a saucepan and heat it. Either way, the good "home" taste is there.

The reason for that is the careful way we choose the ingredients that go into our Macaroni. It has butter and milk in it, fresh from the farm. Genuine aged Cheddar cheese. The same sort of ingredients *you* would select.

Another thing, Mothers: There's actually more protein in a serving of Franco-American Macaroni than you get in a farm-fresh egg! And all for about *nine cents a serving*. Wouldn't it be a good idea to try it—tonight?

Macaroni
with Cheese Sauce
by Franco-American

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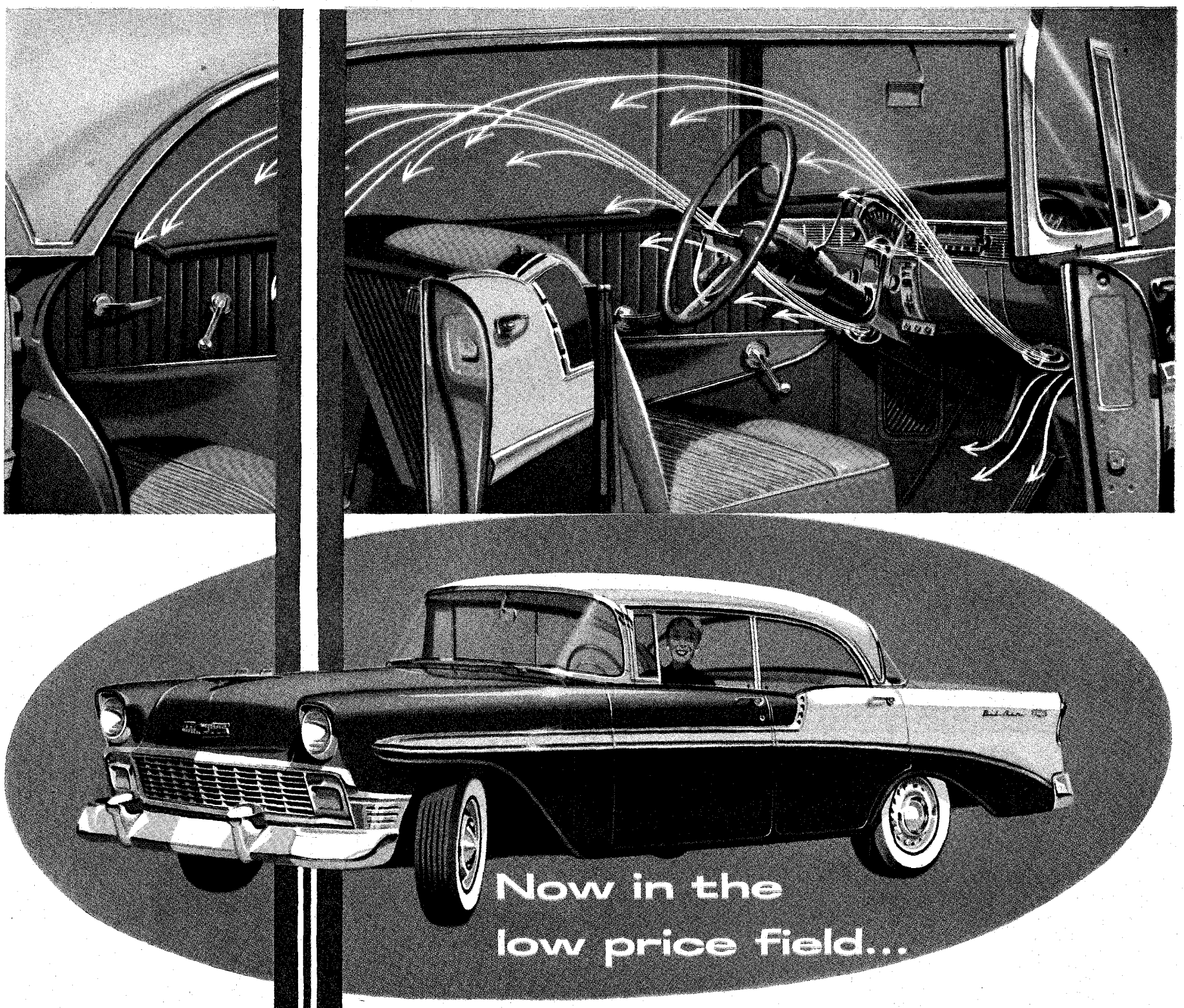
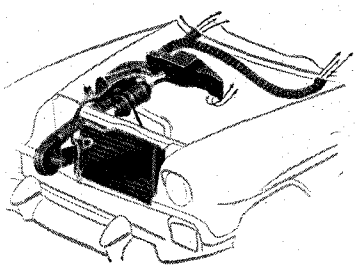


NEW HARRISON AIR CONDITIONING!



All components are located "up front" . . . out of sight and out of the way! Harrison air conditioning is available on four great GM cars—Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile and Buick.

Now you can afford it . . . can't afford to be without it! Now Harrison brings you cool conditioned air . . . fresh, refreshing air for your new Chevrolet! No more dreading to drive on hot days! No more wind, dust or noise. Harrison air conditioning keeps your personal car as cool and clean, as quiet and comfortable, as the most luxurious club car or lounge.

A flick of your finger directs a stream of cool, healthful air *where you want it.* Fresh, pure, invigorating air—conditioned to your taste—circulates throughout the car! Remember—you do most of your driving during the air conditioning season. See your Chevrolet dealer *now!* Ask about Harrison air conditioning . . . made by the world's largest manufacturer of temperature control equipment for automobiles!

HARRISON RADIATOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORP., LOCKPORT, N. Y.

HARRISON

TEMPERATURES MADE TO ORDER

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Donavan refused to shoot the murderer. He wanted to kill him in a more primitive way.

THE FLOODS OF FEAR

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

"You're not a murderer!" cried Elizabeth Matthews. "You —— Oh, Lord," she said helplessly, "I've never wanted to scratch a man's face so much in all my life." But Elizabeth's pleas were in vain. Bruce Donavan would not change his mind. He was going to kill Jack Murphy.

Murphy was once Donavan's partner in a construction firm. He had killed his wife and framed Donavan for the murder. Donavan had been in prison six years when he was recruited with a gang of convicts to fight a flood. He escaped when the dike on which he was working was overrun.

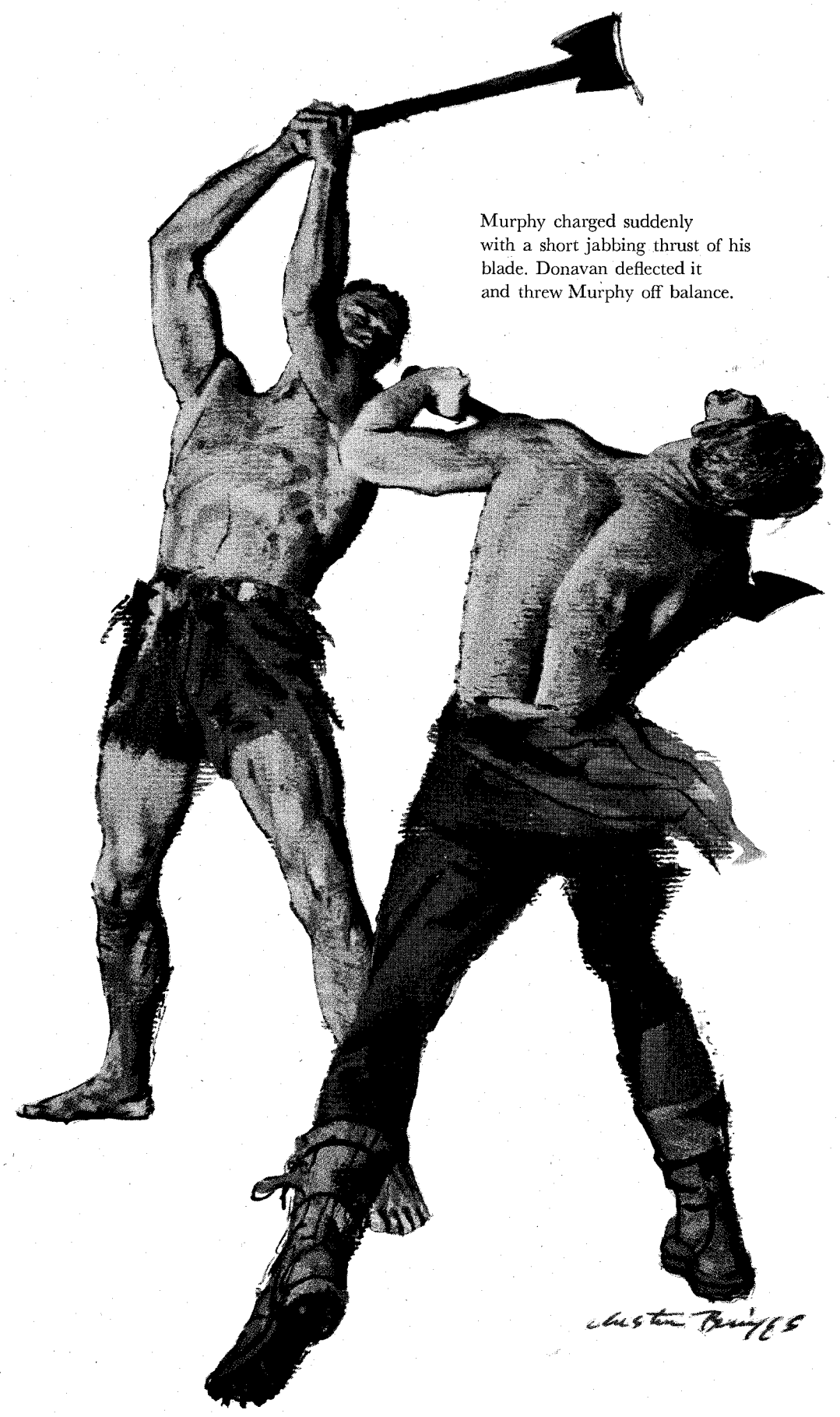
Elizabeth was caught in the flood too. Donavan risked his freedom to rescue her. He also saved the lives of Peebles, a fellow convict; and Tom Sharkey, a prison guard.

Donavan set Sharkey free on a small raft. He took Elizabeth and Peebles along with him in a rowboat he found. Donavan dumped Peebles overboard when he discovered that Peebles had stolen some jewelry from a dead woman in an abandoned house at which they stopped.

Before that, in an effort to persuade Elizabeth to help him and Donavan escape, Peebles told her how Murphy framed Donavan, and revealed that Donavan planned to kill Murphy. Elizabeth told Donavan she loved him and tried to persuade him not to commit murder. Donavan was adamant.

He set Elizabeth ashore and continued on his mission. She went immediately to the nearest police station, where she found Sharkey. She told him what Donavan intended to do. Sharkey took a gun and started for Murphy's moorage. He refused to let Elizabeth come with him, but, afraid for Donavan's life, Elizabeth decided to follow Sharkey.

Murphy had been driving his men unmercifully to save the business he had acquired from Donavan. The men rebelled and deserted Murphy. Now, as Donavan drifted downstream, Murphy waited, alone and unsuspecting.



Murphy charged suddenly with a short jabbing thrust of his blade. Donavan deflected it and threw Murphy off balance.

CONCLUSION

In the early evening of Friday, June seventeenth, the river gauges at Greenfield showed a drop in the flood level of one and six-tenths feet. To the thousands of homeless in the area, to the hundreds of men who had fought the river, to all the workers of the relief and disaster units, this was the long-awaited moment—the crest of the flood had passed them. No new damage would be done; the fall of the river would be rapid and constant. All that remained for the people in this area was the rebuilding, the searching out of the living and the burial of the dead.

With the crest clearly in the main stream, the river forecasters could make their predictions with confidence. The current moved at a speed of six to eight knots, the crest (Continued on Page 68)

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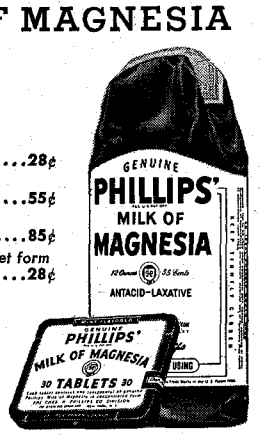
My constipation worries are over!

Milk of Magnesia gives more complete relief than single-purpose laxatives which have no effect on the acid indigestion that usually accompanies constipation. For Milk of Magnesia relieves *both* conditions. Two to four tablespoonfuls taken at bedtime work leisurely—without embarrassing urgency. So, when morning comes, you start the day feeling wonderful. Get Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the best laxative money can buy.

PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA

Liquid or Tablets

The convenient 4-OUNCE SIZE.....28¢
The economical 12-OUNCE SIZE.....55¢
The money-saving 26-OUNCE SIZE.....85¢
Also available in tablet form 30 TABLETS.....28¢



We Drifted Down the River

(Continued from Page 19)

harbor mouth the current caught at the boat with a force that caused it to lurch. We were twisted around and carried downstream. Across our course, the water boiling through its openings, stretched a pile dike.

Tom and I laid into the oars with a desperation that caused the ash sweeps, stout as they were, to bend. The boat eased into midstream and into the clear. When it was finally obvious that we would miss the dike, we looked back. The banks had moved in to block off the harbor entrance. We were on a strange stretch of river—and on our own.

It was a moment of triumph for us all when we skirted that first pile dike. Since a shanty boat is a one-way craft incapable of retracing ground already covered, a test run beforehand had been impossible. Not until the first dike was cleared and we were actually under way did we know whether we could make the voyage at all.

When we came to the next dike we worked just as hard at the oars, but without the lash of desperation. The boat avoided it easily. At the third dike Tom took the oars alone. He had no trouble. The boat was proving to be what I had hoped—maneuverable and easy to handle under oars.

At this discovery we relaxed, but not for long. The bend ahead unfolded to reveal the trusswork of the Mormon Pioneer Memorial Bridge. Bridges, we had been warned, were second only to the dikes as major hazards.

The closer we got, the more formidable the bridge looked. The river, galloping from the night's rise, flung itself against the pier which we had to clear. Topaz against the river's amber, a wave flung up by its sharp edge told of the current's violence. I found myself gripping the sweep so tightly that my muscles rebelled, and I suspect Tom was equally tense.

River crises usually are marked by their inevitability rather than their suddenness. We stood with oars poised, ready to try to grab the boat should it start flinging itself at the pier. It drifted true and straight. The closer we got, the greater the danger seemed. Our attention was riveted so intently on the ax-sharp edge of the pier that we didn't realize our closeness to the bridge until the foredeck was shadowed and we were under the span. Seconds later we were safe on the other side. Never was anticlimax more welcome.

For us, the pleasure of the trip dated from that moment. Apprehension was behind us and, with the sun warming us, so was physical discomfort. The rest of the day we ran with an exhilaration that was almost intoxication.

It was when we tied up, after covering twenty-nine miles, that reaction set in. Almost too tired to eat, we went to bed before it was dark enough to light the propane-gas lantern.

Possibly the misery of our start made the following days seem more idyllic. The sun, back-lighting the willows into shimmering gold, was barely up when we awakened. Tom and I rowed out of the slack water, the current gathered us up and the banks started marching past. The morning coolness nibbled at us deliciously. Presently the aroma of coffee wafted up from the cabin. The moment was a magic one.

The first day it had been enough that we were able to travel the river at all. The constant work with the oars had been beside the point. Now, with the boat's capability demonstrated, we sought to lessen the physical demand on ourselves. We set out to learn the fine art of drifting, which is manipulating a boat in such a manner that the river does the work.

To use the river, one has to know the river. This is more complex than it might seem. The Missouri is actually two rivers. There is, of course, the stream itself. But within this, where a concentrated flow produces the greatest depth and the swiftest current, there is the channel. Wiggling around within the bank lines and following its own course, the channel only coincidentally follows the direction of the river itself. We have found twenty feet of water four feet off the bank at places, while a sand bar would come up for air in the exact center of the stream.

Staying in the channel would be easy could a boat be guided visually. It can't. Oar blades can't be seen two inches below the surface of the Big Muddy. Boat pilots have an exact mental picture of the river's underwater contours, gained by long apprenticeship. They bulwark this by an ability to "read" the river, detecting hidden hazards by such surface indicators as riffles, eddies and slicks. The action of a boat—engines labor in shallow water, while a boat will fight its rudder under certain conditions—tells them much. Since we were birds of passage, these skills were too subtle for us to hope to acquire.

Yet we did learn rudimentary techniques that were sufficient for our purpose. Our guide became the river itself. In the curves, centrifugal force throws the water into the bend, putting the channel right against the bank line. When adjacent bends curve in opposite directions, the channel moves from one side of the river to the other in a "crossing." No two crossings are alike. Some are "square," some "easy," and still others are "double," requiring a boat to start across, double back and then go over to the other side. Crossings are the amateur navigator's downfall.

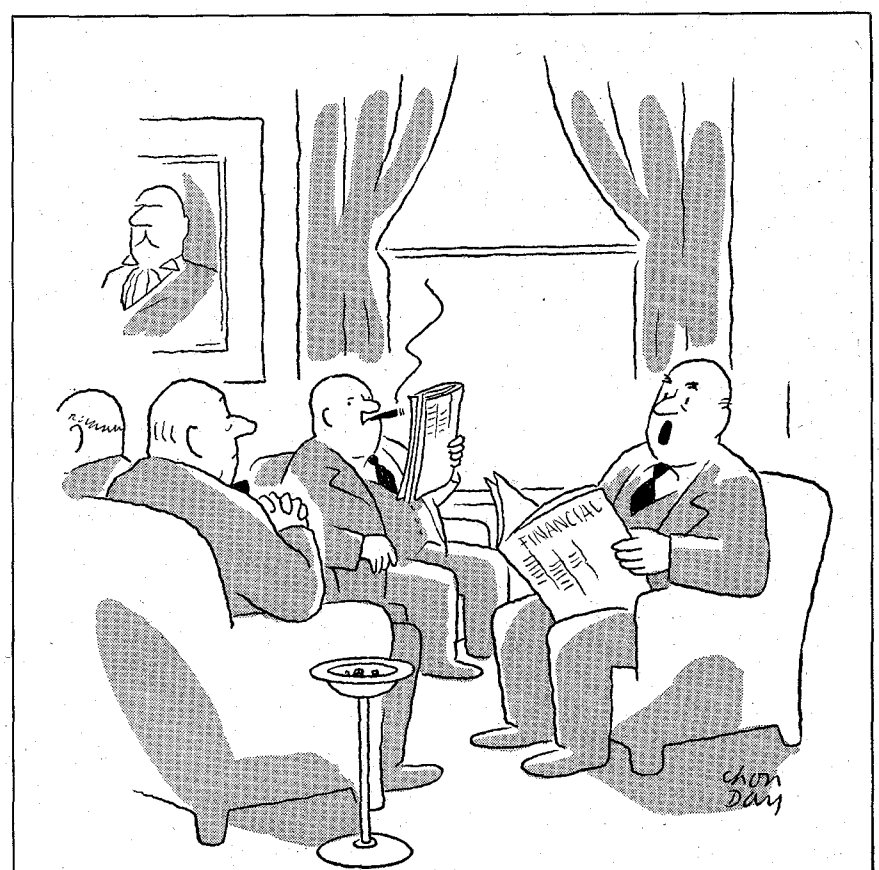
Fortunately we found the crossings all so well marked with buoys that we had little difficulty. Only once did we "get out of the river." Shortly after the trip's start, just below the Illinois Central bridge at Council Bluffs, we came into a place where the river was being moved around by Army Engineers. Confused, we wandered into slack water and had to row nearly a mile to get into the current again. The boat felt as though we were pulling it through sirup. The labor involved in that mistake made us alert not to repeat it—and we didn't.

Just as we learned the characteristics of the river by experimentation, so did we work out the technique for handling the boat. The first day we had been constantly at the oars. By the time we reached Plattsmouth, thirty-seven miles downstream, we had started letting the boat find its own way.

This it insisted on doing in its own fashion. Left to itself, the boat demonstrated that it floated best going broadside to the current. Most of our trip was made in this position. Occasionally the interplay of current and wind sent it downstream in lazy circles, taking a half mile or so to complete a revolution. On other occasions it quartered or drifted stern to. Never did it voluntarily go bow on.

We let it run as it would, using the oars only to keep on course. It was first a source of amazement and then of satisfaction to discover how little control the boat required when there was no wind. In the bends the turbulence of the water piling against the bank acted as a sort of cushion to hold the boat off. On crossings, where the current did not always follow the line of buoys, we might be called upon to row for intervals of five minutes or so to get the boat back in line. Tom and I, on our alternate watches of one hour each, spent most of the time in a deck chair. Eventually we reached the point of feeling imposed upon if we had to take more than a few strokes. The boat once went as far as five miles—nearly two hours' time—without our touching an oar to water. During this interval, it rounded portions of two bends and made a crossing, all without guidance.

By the time we passed Nebraska City, sixty-five miles (*Continued on Page 46*)



"Cutler, must I remind you of the by-law on knuckle-cracking?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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General Electric's new kind of light bulb gives your home a quick beauty treatment for only 27¢

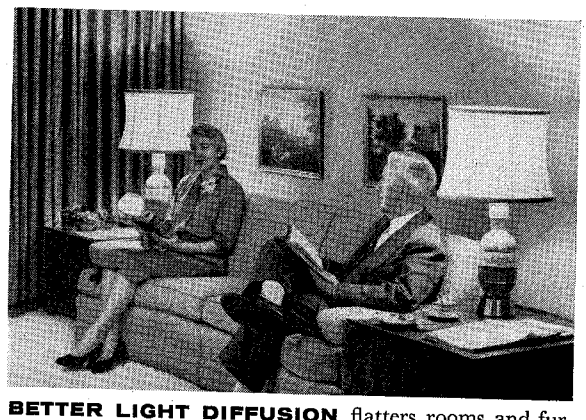
G-E DELUXE WHITE BULB HAS MILK-WHITE COLOR. SOFTENS SHADOWS, FLATTERS ROOMS AND FURNISHINGS

You'll be pleasantly surprised at how much decorating you can do with *only* 27¢—the price of a new 100-watt General Electric DeLuxe WHITE Bulb—in bedrooms, living room, bathrooms, hallways, throughout the house. Shadows are softened, glare is lessened, giving rooms and furnishings a flattering luxurious effect.

This new bulb is different. It's white—*milk* white. Unlike ordinary frosted bulbs, the G-E DeLuxe WHITE Bulb has a silica powder, "Q" coat, *over* the standard frosted finish. This coating, developed by General Electric, breaks up and diffuses the light from the filament so it's easier on your eyes. Yet *all* the light comes through.

Decorating with light is an easy, inexpensive way to give your home a new look. You can start at once by buying some new General Electric DeLuxe WHITE Bulbs, in the popular 60-watt, 100-watt and 3-lite sizes. Look for the name on the package: *G-E WHITE BULBS.*

G-E DELUXE WHITE BULBS in boudoir lamps soften facial shadows. Applying make-up is easier—you see better—look better.



BETTER LIGHT DIFFUSION flatters rooms and furnishings—means new DeLuxe G-E WHITE Bulbs are easier on the eyes. For reading be sure to use G-E 100-200-300-watt 3-lite DeLuxe WHITE bulbs.

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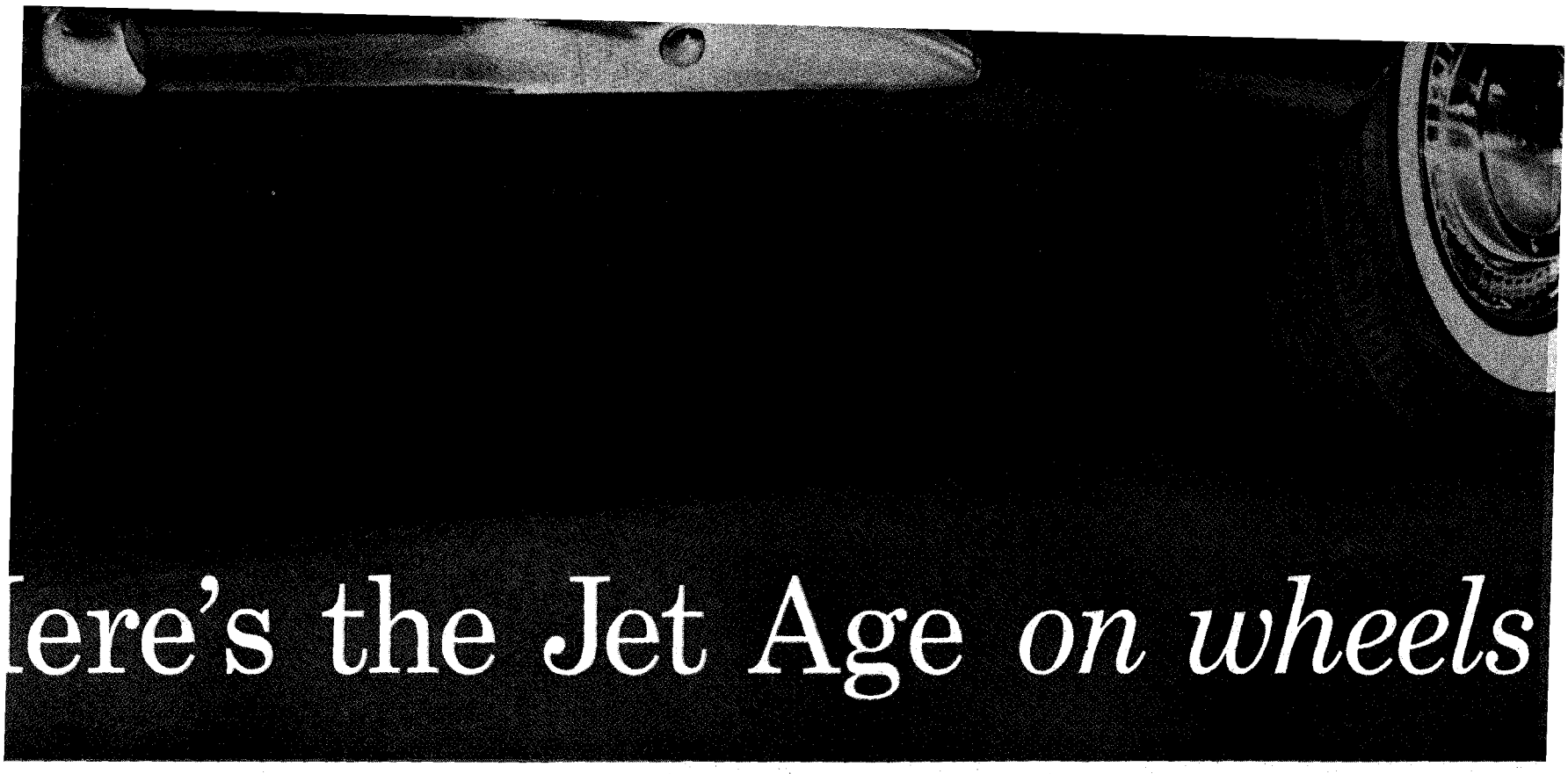

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Plymouth Belvedere 4-door Hardtop Sedan. 28 other all-new models, including exciting new Suburban station wagons.

Now, there's a new and *easy* way for *you* to own a fabulous all-new Plymouth '56! Your Plymouth dealer has a *new kind of money-saving deal* waiting for you right now!

You simply can't match this deal anywhere else in the field. Your dealer is out to sell more cars . . . and that means giving you a better deal on each! Get *your* deal on exactly the model *you* want. Pick from 29 jet-age beauties priced for every pocketbook. Enjoy:

Biggest, longest car of the low-price 3! Most leg room front and rear . . . widest front seat . . . with *tomorrow's* styling today!

New $50,000,000 engine. A sensational new Hy-Fire V-8 . . . giving you up to 200 hp . . . so far advanced in instant response and eager power that it could come only from Plymouth's new $50,000,000 Qualimatic engine plant! Or the brilliantly smooth, economical new PowerFlow 6—up to 131 hp.

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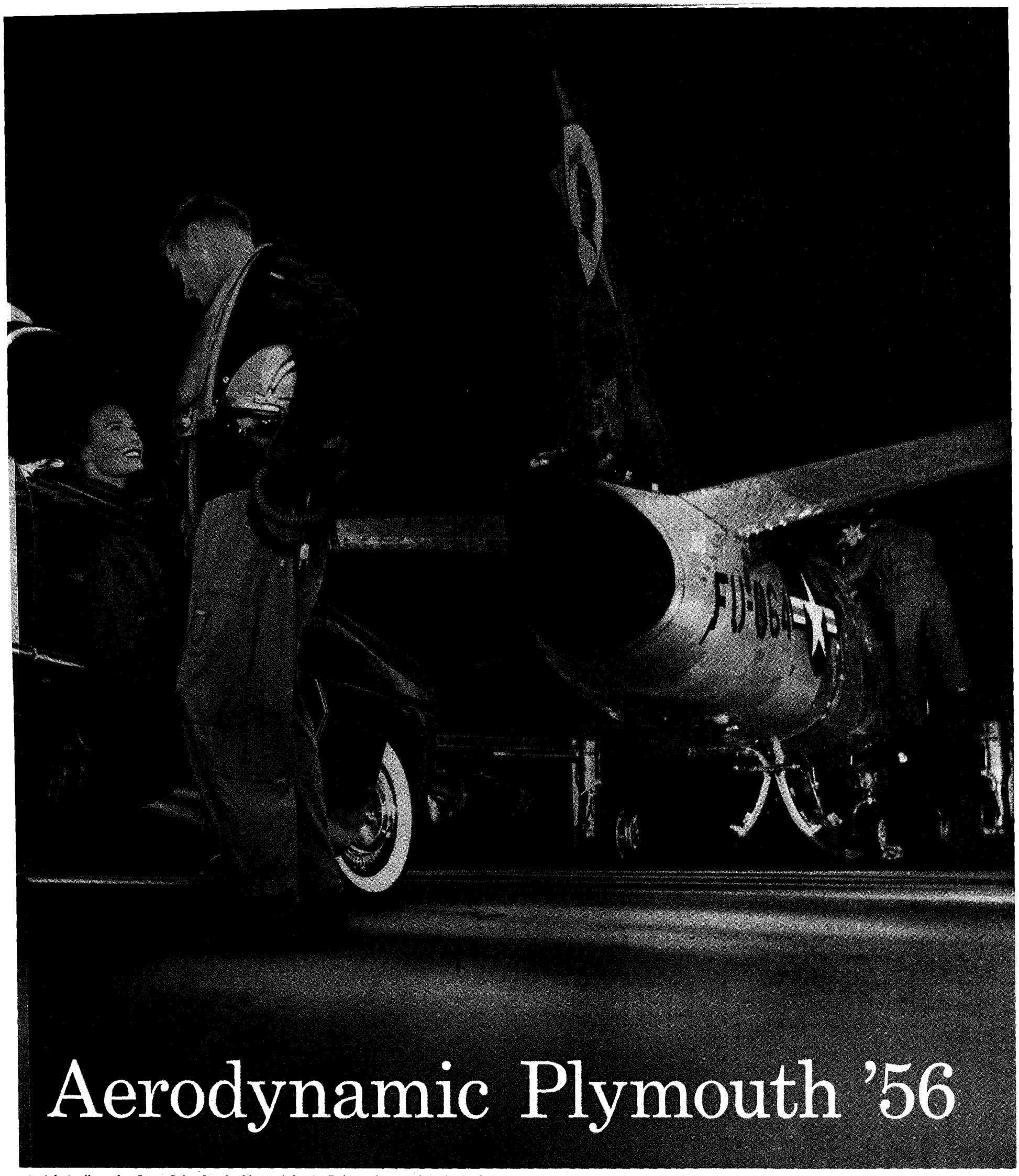

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'op thrust at take-off! No other low-price car offers you so much torque for breakaway and passing power in *all* models. You pass safely in split-seconds . . . *all* driving is safer with exclusive 90-90 TURBO-TORQUE plus POWERFLITE fully automatic transmission.

Push-Button Driving. A new Plymouth exclusive in the field . . . another Plymouth engineering "first." This motoring miracle has already revolutionized America's driving habits. A finger-tip touch on a button selects your driving range. Easy as touching a light switch. Women call it the greatest advance ever put on a motor car.

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(*Continued from Page 42*) downriver, our daily routine had pretty much fallen into a pattern. Its preliminary came each morning when Tom and I arose to shove off the boat and jointly row it out of the slack water. When we reached the current and it gathered us up for the day's run, the coffee would be boiling on the stove below. Tom took over the oars while I had my morning cup on the cabin roof, savoring the fresh newness of the day along with the brew.

When the successive emergence of John and Dorothy signaled an end to slumber, I went below to stow bedding in the bins and get the boat ready for the day. Not until the bunks were folded could breakfast preparations begin. To have the functions of living, eating and sleeping concentrated in an eight-by-ten-foot space imposed its own necessity for orderliness. Even John temporarily became tidy.

Each of us found activities to occupy his time. On the theory that a housewife needs a vacation, too, we adults had volunteered—and John was under orders—to help with the kitchen tasks. However, there simply wasn't room for more than one person at a time in our tiny galley. My wife salved consciences by insisting that the chore of housework, when carried on before a window with a constantly unfolding change in scenery, was no chore at all.

When I was at the oars, Tom and John were apt to be droning at harmonicas with teach-yourself-to-play manuals propped in front of them. On my off time I puttered away at odd jobs that somehow always needed doing. None of our activities were demanding, and we always were ready to interrupt them. Interruptions were frequent, because there was almost always something to see. The quietness of our going carried us upon wildlife undetected, while the slowness of our speed gave an almost hypnotic fascination to the beauty of a vista opening up ahead.

Upstream from Peru we went into the bank early, tying up beneath the limestone ledges on the Nebraska side for shade. As we sat on the foredeck with our after-dinner coffee, a fisherman and his ten-year-old son came alongside in their johnboat. They had a woodland shyness that captivated us. We invited them to look our outfit over. In turn, the fisherman, on leaving, pressed upon us the catfish and two carp that lay in the bottom of his boat. We accepted for fear of giving offense, although the fish perhaps represented the man's entire day's income.

The incident was typical of the friendliness that was one of the most pleasant facts of our trip. A stop at a farmhouse to make a phone call home invariably was followed by a visit and a parting present of tomatoes and cucumbers. One woman volunteered to drive seven miles to get a spare tray of ice cubes from her refrigerator because we were unable to find ice for sale. When towns lay back from the river we were prepared to pack our supplies to the boat, but almost always we were given rides. Whenever it was possible for them to do so, boat pilots cut their motors to spare us from being banged around in their wave wash.

When we commented on the friendliness as unusual, people along the way said it was nothing of the kind. Many river folk, they explained, have gravitated to the willows because, noncompetitive and basically gentle, they are fugitives from the combative aspects of life. If these are qualities that limit many to a marginal existence, they also are characteristics that warm the welcome of strangers.

While the attitude of river people was constant, that of townsfolk along the way seemed to be keyed to geography. Degree of friendliness, we found, was proportional to the softness of accent. To us, Southern hospitality is a demonstrated fact.

The crew made its own contribution. My wife enjoys people with a genuineness that cannot be diminished by the occasional weird experiences that result. John, with his love for the outdoors, showed a raccoon's curiosity in ferreting out details of river life. Tom automatically gravitated to the drugstore, the teen-age social center of any village, and within ten minutes was accepted as one of the group. With such uninhibited gregariousness on the part of my traveling companions, my own tendency toward diffidence proved no barrier, as it usually does, to meeting people. I confess that I enjoyed the experience.

And so we moved. When the boat passed the mouth of the Nodaway, we recalled that it was the point from which Wilson P. Hunt and his Overland Astorians began the keelboat race with Manuel Lisa upstream to the Arikara nation. Since our craft was a lineal descendant of the old keelboats, we tried to capture a feeling of identification as we moved past. We couldn't. Physical accomplishment contrasted too greatly for any feeling of mutuality. Lisa's crew, in what stands as an achievement of endurance and determination, averaged eighteen miles a day upstream with a loaded boat. At best, benefiting from the swift water in the bends that lifted our speed briefly to as much as seven miles an hour, we made no more than thirty-seven miles a day. And once, bucking a headwind, it took us four hours to travel four miles.

But our purpose was fun and not speed. Our success in achieving it was measured

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by the way the river captivated us. When we went on shore, we found an element grown alien. The towns closed in on us and their heat weighted us down. We found ourselves hurrying through our shopping to get back to the boat and the peace of the river.

At first we thought that the river's fascination was born of novelty and inexperience. We found that it is shared by all who come on the Missouri. It was put into words by G. J. Yocum, a timber drifter who makes his living by nosing his boat among wrack heaps to salvage piling that has come loose and planking from bridges washed out by rises on the tributaries. Mr. Yocum picked us up above St. Joseph, towed us to the bank for our nooning and chatted through the meal.

"The most peaceful place in the world, this river," he said. "You can get all knotted up and mean-feeling inside, and come out here and in a little while you're not mad at anyone."

That evening, six days and 184 miles after our start, we reached St. Joseph. We lay at a sand-and-gravel-company plant until the following noon while we replenished supplies and made an overdue visit to a laundry. After our nights in the quiet of the willows, the throbbing undertone of the city and the jangle of activity in the nearby railroad yards made sleep slow to come.

Sleeplessness paid a dividend. The night watchman, seeing a light still burning at midnight, came to the boat to invite us to use the employees' shower at the gravel plant. That the offer occurred to the man marked him as a person of sensibility. After being limited to a bucket with water measured out by the teacupful, the shower, with its hot, soapy and extravagantly abundant water, was luxury indeed.

Below St. Joseph the river grew progressively bigger. The stream was unchanged in character or in muscularity, but mere size made it easier to deal with. We had a thoroughfare rather than an alley in which to maneuver the boat.

We also had a change in the weather. Temperatures, which had been unseasonably cool, turned abnormally hot. At Atchison and Leavenworth and other towns along the way the temperature consistently stood above the 100-degree mark. While the river blunted the heat somewhat, the weight of the sun and the glare off the water revealed that the lack of an awning was a major shortcoming. The weather was bearable and even pleasant during the forenoons and early-evening hours. But the afternoons, we discovered, were the price we paid for our mornings and evenings on the river.

Along with the heat came the wind. There seemed to be a thermal relationship. The wind came up about 10:30 each morning, reached peak velocity about noon and then held steady until it tapered off about 3:00 o'clock. Almost always it was a head wind.

The hours of lazing at the oars ended when the march of riffles across the water marked the approach of the breeze. The boat's three-inch draft gave the hull only a slight bite on the water while its sides reached up into the wind like a sail. The slightest breeze whipped the craft around like a tumbleweed. Only by steady labor at the sweeps could it be held in place.

As best we could, we developed wrinkles to cope with the wind. On bends we pulled in as close to the shore as we dared to gain the shelter of the banks. When the wind held us back and the drift went speeding by, we dropped an oar alongside as a leeboard against which the current could exert a solid push. We even used the cabin sides as sails, holding the boat at a tacking angle to try to make the wind take it where we wanted to go.

These devices eased but did not eliminate the problem of the wind. As a result, we presently adopted a new schedule. Each noon, when the breeze reached its peak, we tied up in the shade of a big tree overhanging the water. There we would laze until after two o'clock, when the wind was due to begin tapering off. To compensate for the interval of idleness, we started in the first grayness of day and ran late in the summer twilight.

This weather-enforced schedule brought its own delights. The early hours were the beautiful ones on the river. Dawn turned the morning fog to the pink of carnival cotton candy, while herons waded in the still-shadowed shallows. Navigating was at its most leisurely in the quiet coolness and our best mileage was run up in those hours. The noon stops were the high point of the day for John, who barely took time to complete his standing assignment of making the mooring line fast before he was off exploring an always new territory or catching frogs and netting minnows for the night's fishing. Evenings, when the river turned to molten silver and the headlands to black velvet, were the time of fulfillment.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Do you have a younger one? This one keeps saying, 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too.'"

This coffee tells you it's fresher

It greets you with a louder *whoosh* and the livelier aroma that forecasts fresher, fuller-flavored coffee in each satisfying cup. Why? Because Chase & Sanborn Coffee is the *only* leading brand that's *pressure* packed. And pressure packing preserves coffee freshness and flavor better than any vacuum can or bag.

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From the time we set this new pattern of drifting, we varied it only once. That was the day when, our water gone, we elected to run through the midday period without stopping to reach Kansas City, an even 250 miles from our starting point. The sun was more unrelenting and the wind even more savage than usual. By two o'clock we were wilted and dead beat. As our reserves of resistance and strength scraped bottom, the Gasconade, an Army Engineers' boat, came along and offered us a tow. Never was a lift better timed. The airy shade of the pilot house was luxurious, while the boat brought us in early enough so that we could look over Kansas City, which is always fascinating in its masculine huskiness.

While we had tentatively planned to lay over here for a day, our phobia for towns seized us and we untied soon after awakening. For once the wind lay still and a perfect day of drifting followed. At noon we went ashore at Missouri City, whose wooden awnings and false fronts make it look like a movie set. Toward day's end we came to Jackass and Sibley bends, which we went into with some apprehension. The navigation charts warn that both have treacherous currents; it was at Sibley that the steamer Minnesota four years ago rammed the bridge pier and sank. Although Jackass has a hairpin shape and the channel comes under the bridge at Sibley at an angle that must age towboat pilots, our boat found its way around both with only an occasional assist from the sweeps. We tied up for the night below the Sibley bridge, dutifully grateful for our safety but feeling a little let down that the experience had been so uneventful.

The day we left Lexington, with the 300-mile mark well behind us, the sky clouded over in midafternoon, mercifully tempering the oppressiveness of the heat. We were so grateful for the clouds, piling up in ever-darkening masses, that we didn't notice how ominous they looked. We only wondered idly at the actions of a boatload of fishermen we came upon. They were hastily stowing their gear and cranking their outboard. They went full tilt across the river, veering toward us to shout what we later realized was a warning. Their words were lost in the first rustle of a breeze across the water. At the moment their boat reached the shelter of the opposite shore, a thunderstorm broke with a whoop. With it came the wind.

Our boat started a mad stampede for the rock-studded shore, pitching crazily in the steep waves that formed almost instantly. Tom and I jumped to the oars. We were able to claw the boat off, but only barely.

As our strength frayed and we wondered how long we could keep up the effort, we spotted a break in the line of stone revetment, offering a mud bank as a refuge. We let the boat scoot in and made it fast. The wind rose another notch to whip the rain horizontally and tear the tops off the waves. It was impossible to tell where the rain left off and the river began. The crown of the tree to which we were tied snapped off. Other trees crashed around us. Fortunately the wind toppled them away from us. Tom, with a fine obliviousness of what was going on, got a bar of soap and went on deck for a shower in the rain. On the Missouri, one bathes as he can.

In half an hour the storm stopped as suddenly as it began.

Past Sheepnose, Crooked River, Tabo, Cranberry and Tamerlane bends. Past Hamlet Lower, Gumbo Point, Buckhorn Mine and John Silver lights. Tied up at night in the willows as usual, we chanced to look up at an overhanging cottonwood to see a pair of eyes glowing in the moonlight. Tom went, "Kre-e-ee." The animal answered. They conversed in amity and seeming understanding for several minutes. Then John pointed his flashlight aloft. The beam revealed a raccoon, a bandit's mask of black across its eyes, looking us over. The animal retreated before the light, but leisurely and without sign of undue fright. When we went to bed we laid a bowl of pears on the deck. In the morning the dish was empty.

It was after we passed Miami and were reaching toward the 400-mile mark that we had the experience, which we had dreaded since our start, of meeting the towboat Lachlan Macleay. Although the Kansas City, itself no pigmy, had twice passed us without mishap, our apprehension had not lessened. The Macleay was a special case. With its 3600 horsepower and its four propellers and ten rudders under the stern, it is the most powerful boat on the river. We were warned that as it went past it sucked as much as three feet of water out of the river to pile it up in angry pyramids in its wake.

The passing came after we had tied up temporarily late one afternoon while I went to a farmhouse to make a phone call. Then we had decided to lie there overnight when the farm's occupants came to share our after-dinner coffee. As we sat on the warm sand talking, we noticed downstream the first faint glow in the sky that could only be the lights of the Macleay. The boat was so far away we had ample time to reflect that we were poorly prepared for what was to come. Thinking to stop only for minutes, we had pulled our boat in against a bank of sharp rock; although we were technically out of the channel, the Macleay would go by within a matter of feet.

The meeting took place with all of the river's slow deliberateness. The boat's glow intensified until the cottonwoods downstream were individually silhouetted in its glare. The running lights of the head barge, seeming to span the entire width of the river, came into sight while the towboat, pushing its load from behind, was still hidden behind the bend. Then, the hammering of the diesels audible even at that distance, the towboat marched into view. Its searchlight nervously fingered back and forth in the darkness, feeling for marker boards and probing for dangers. The light brushed across our boat, halted and then came back to focus on the stern. The white end of our boat seemed to blaze up in the intensity of the beam. We could all but hear the pilot—Leonard Thompson, I imagine—exclaim, "Well, I'll be goldurned!"

The farmer, Tom and I grasped spars and sounding poles to hold the boat off the rocks. The head of the tow moved silently past, a deep V furrow reaching back from its front to rock our boat slightly. Nine hundred feet of barges slid by and then the towboat was upon us, its diesels pounding with a din that hurt ears grown attuned to the river's quiet. The deck hands waved a greeting, but only our womenfolk responded. We had our hands full. The suction laid bare the bottom where before there had been two feet of water. Then the Macleay was past and the water came rushing back, seething and confused. The boat jumped around for a few minutes and then settled down. It wasn't so bad as we had expected.

It was ironic that when a passing boat did give us a rough time, it should be one of the smallest craft we met. The happening took place a day or two later when we came upon the workboat Cole on a windlashed reach of river as, traveling fast and kicking up a good wake, it pushed an empty barge upstream.

The reach was too narrow to get very far out of the Cole's way. The wind picked up the waves of its wake and pushed them upstream, building them up as they traveled. By the time they reached us they were breaking. Our boat went crazy as I headed the bow into the waves. Down below, lanterns banged back and forth while the frying pan turned into a mad pendulum as it swung on its hook. The wind kept the water from settling down, and it was a good half hour before we quit jumping around. One wave splashed over our bow during the experience. It was the only river water we took on deck throughout the trip.

Under way for more than two weeks now, drifting had become as much of a routine as navigating the Missouri could ever be. In planning the trip, we had anticipated that when novelty wore off, boredom might follow. We had sought to safeguard ourselves against this by bringing books that had gone unread during the months of building the boat and getting ready.

The novelty did wear off, of course, but the boredom never came. Our enjoyment continued undiminished. The books went unopened, save for Huck Finn. This I read to John as we drifted, and surely the setting was one to bring the book alive.

We enjoyed ourselves so much that it came to worry us. The happenings of each day individually were so small that it seemed incredible for them to add up to the pleasure that was their aggregate. We were fearful that, with too much ease and too few challenges, we had turned lazy and slothful. Yet we had no feeling of dullness. Instead, we were aware of a constant sensitivity to the scene through which we moved. We were immersed in peace, in contentment and in tranquillity, and we felt the better for it. Serenity, we discovered, is a human need.

It was in this reflective mood that we came to Glasgow, an old steamboat town that is of and by the river. Located on high bluffs lifting up from the river, it has a storybook appearance when seen from a boat, while the town is so laid out that it commands a magnificent view of the Missouri sweeping by in a huge curve. The town so fascinated us and the people were so pleasant that we laid over half a day.

Below Glasgow we went into the willows for our final camp on the Missouri. Ten miles farther on, a short distance above Boonville, was the Lamine River. We planned to go five miles up the tributary stream and there, at the Lamine River Boating Club, beach out our boat until next summer's installment of a voyage that will continue each year until, eventually, we reach New Orleans and then continue on until we run out of river at the Passes.

Our final stopping place on the Missouri was fittingly attractive, with a broad shelf of bank carpeted with greenery and a backdrop of cottonwoods that rustled pleasantly. The moon had come full. There was enough breeze to keep off the mosquitoes. We sat on deck until late, reluctant to close our eyes for the last time on the beauty with which we had lived for three weeks.

The next morning we dawdled at getting under way, and then let the boat run as it would, hoping it would stretch out the remaining miles we had to spend on the Missouri. Perversely, it moved at a good clip and in a scant three hours we reached the Lamine.

At the river's mouth we found a little cove overhung by trees and pulled in for a coffee break. It was a silent interval while we sat looking out at the river as, flexing tawny muscles always, it moved past the opening toward the sea.

We had thought to find a commercial fisherman living nearby from whom we could hire a tow. There was none. Tom and I rigged a 200-foot towline and began hauling the boat upstream from the bank. In the keelboat days, the ratio was one crewman to each ton of boat. We were pulling a little more than one fourth of this load, but we found it a burden that quickly tired us. Apparently we are not the men that our predecessors were.

As we were commiserating each other on what looked like a long, hard day, two men came along in a johnboat. The pair, Archie Sears and Troy Klatt, were Boonville residents who had come out for a Saturday of fishing. They took in our plight at a glance and, making fast, towed us upstream to the boat club.

It was when we were snugging down the boat and tidying the interior for our leave-taking that it hit us with full force how basic a part of us the river had become.

"The Missouri sneaks up on you," a pilot had told us on the way down. "Once it has you, you can never get away."

How right he was. It was with a feeling of emptiness that we came home. Now that we have returned, we are constantly aware of an element of incompletion in the pattern of our daily life. We know that we shall continue to feel that way until we can come back again. The river has us in its spell. THE END

"Guess what, Mom? Peggy's learned to undress herself!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Motor Transportation Is the Lifeblood of America's Economy. The Highways Are Its Arteries— We Cannot Let Them Harden!

Let's stop marking time-
AND GET THE DIRT FLYING!

Everybody knows that America needs a nationwide network of super roads to keep our expanding economy on the move.

Highways are jammed today with more than sixty-million motor vehicles. They carry most Americans to and from their jobs—transport 77% of the nation's freight—and the jam is getting tighter every year.

We must start building a national superhighway system now – or resign ourselves to the inchworm travel that is costing the public nearly *ten billion dollars* every year in lost time, wasted fuel and accidents.

We have the tools ready for the job. America's road-building industry is equipped with legions of amazing machines—bull-dozers, scrapers, shovels, cranes, graders and trucks all mounted on giant rubber tires – that can lay down modern multi-lane highways in one-tenth the time it took to build the inadequate roads of yesterday.

Your representatives in Congress are now weighing this problem in all its many aspects. All of us who use the roads—and that's just about everybody—have full confidence that they will bring forth legislation that will enable our road system to catch up with our automotive progress. But the road system is far behind and we'll have to build like mad for the next few years to catch up.

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American Trucking Industry
Washington, D. C.

ATA FOUNDATION INC.

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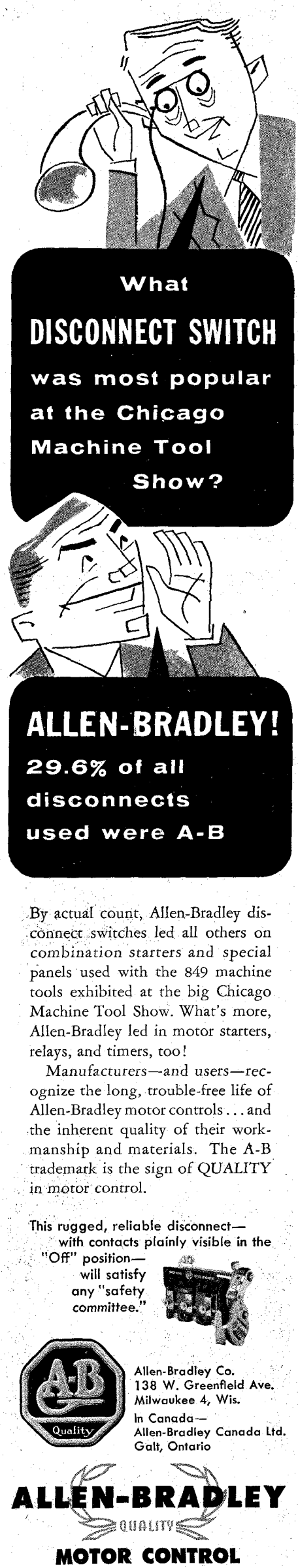

By actual count, Allen-Bradley disconnect switches led all others on combination starters and special panels used with the 849 machine tools exhibited at the big Chicago Machine Tool Show. What's more, Allen-Bradley led in motor starters, relays, and timers, too!

Manufacturers—and users—recognize the long, trouble-free life of Allen-Bradley motor controls . . . and the inherent quality of their workmanship and materials. The A-B trademark is the sign of QUALITY in motor control.

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ALLEN-BRADLEY
QUALITY
MOTOR CONTROL
The Preferred Line

Well, It Was This Way

(Continued from Page 33)

unique field. I apprenticed myself to a back-drop artist who was a master of bold coloring. In his youth he had done some striking pastel work on the mirrors behind bars, but with the coming of Prohibition he had gone in for vaudeville and burlesque-theater curtains. You may remember them being lowered between acts. One corner might advertise Schmidt's Butcher shop, and include an appetizing painting of a sliced ham. Hank's Friendly Tonsorial Parlor might be dramatized in the next panel with a funny cartoon of a customer being lathered. And you could usually count on some enterprising merchant to take a panel advertising a two-pair-of-pants suit for $17.50. When business was good, we could crowd as many as twenty ad panels to a curtain. The odd thing was that I no sooner entered this field than it folded all over the country. I try to make myself believe it was already on the way out.

A few years later, when I became enough of a figure in the movies to rate interviews with the press, the writers viewed this phase of my life with tears in their eyes: Broke, starving to death, a failure. How wonderful of you, Mr. Cooper, to rise above such circumstances.

Yup, sure was. I think my starvation diet at the time ran to less than a dozen eggs a day, a couple loaves of bread, a platter of bacon, a few quarts of milk, and just enough pork chops between meals to keep me going until I could get home to supper. Mother always made up for any deficiencies in my diet. I never bothered to deny any of the wild stories of my poverty, nor the wilder ones that were to follow, but as long as I am telling my side of the story, you might as well have it straight.

In December of 1924 I was a tall, vigorous, reasonably well-educated kid who was trying out his wings while living high on the hog at home. Far from being a failure, I hadn't even started. I had my pride on certain points, of course. Having worked my way through college, I insisted upon paying my own way with no financial help from dad. On the other hand, my pride saw no objection to a little free board and room, and the use of my mother's flatiron to keep my pants pressed.

The shortage of cash, however, kept me worried. I had saved up about $400. It had been my hope to add to this sum by picking up a few jobs here and there until I had enough money to finance a professional art course in Chicago. What I had not counted on was the reverse twist. Instead of my jobs financing me, I'd had to finance my jobs. So now, on a fine December day in 1924, as I walked down Hollywood Boulevard toward nowhere in particular, I was down to that essential starting place for all actors. I was broke.

Near Vine Street I saw coming toward me a couple of sorry-looking cowboys. They were beat up. They looked as though they had raced a stampede and lost, but seeing me they brightened up.

"Boy, howdy," said one. "If it isn't Slim!"

"You sure look gaunt, fellah," said the other. "Could it be, my friend, that you are not eating regular?"

It was plain that they were speaking to me. But it wasn't a panhandle job; the voices were familiar. I looked over the bruised cheekbones, the black eyes, the torn clothes and the cowboy hats that would never be the same again. Yeah. I knew 'em. Jimmy Galen and Jimmy Calloway. Boyhood friends from Montana. Lawyers' sons, same as me. They could write home for more money than I could. I remember that we pawed one another for a time, and pedestrians seeing me in my walk-a-mile-and-save-a-dollar suit thought I was being attacked by Kansas jayhawkers. We got that official greeting over and slid into a convenient hash house.

Then it came out that they had found what amounted to a gold mine. "You remember Slim Talbot?" asked Galen.

I remembered Slim Talbot well. He was one of my boyhood heroes. We used to follow the progress of our favorite rodeo stars with the same worshipful admiration kids now give to baseball and football heroes, and Slim, though only a few years older than I was, was one of the best. He had been born Jay Talbot on a ranch about twenty miles northeast of Helena, and had learned to ride before he could walk. And how he could ride! He was winning rodeo contests from grown men before he was sixteen, and by the time he was eighteen he was one of the best riders, ropers and bulldoggers in the West. He had an easy style. When a horse left the ground pitching, twisting and sunfishing, Slim just seemed to loaf around up there waiting for the beast to land. When it did, he was right there, firm in the saddle. In bulldogging a rampaging steer he didn't pounce from his saddle over the tossing horns. He would swoop in almost gently, cuddle an armful of horns, and then swing his long legs from the saddle as though the steer were helping him dismount. The crash as 1500 pounds of beef hit the dirt was always a surprise. It didn't seem that Slim had done a thing. The steer must have tripped.

Slim showed the same remarkable coordination in riding anything that walked, rolled or flew. When he became a pilot during World War I, he just approached his flying machine as he would a horse, and took off. After the war he added barnstorming to rodeoing, making a sure thing out of either side of the corral. At county fairs or rodeos Slim would pick up nice fees for his aerial exhibition and passenger hopping, and then fly off with most of the rodeo prize money too. I wondered what had brought him to Hollywood.

Galen enlightened me. "When the rodeo Jimmy and I were traveling with went broke, we wrote to Slim, figuring he would know what was going on if anybody would. He told us about this racket, and here we are. It's a cinch. Instead of getting paid for sticking on horses, we get paid for falling off. Instead of wrestling steers, we get paid for letting steers wrestle us. And when we drive a stagecoach, we get paid for tipping it over. What a snap!"

By this time I had gathered that they were in the chips, and were going to pick up the check. I was busy spooning in the chili, and only vaguely heard Calloway say, "And all we gotta do, Slim, is do this in front of a camera: When she rips, fall off and let her go. Ten bucks a day, and if you bust a leg, they pay for it."

I paused in my spooning, suddenly alert and suspicious. "You guys aren't—you wouldn't be—movie actors?" I smiled as I said it. To us Montana boys, "actors" was a fighting word.

The suggestion horrified them. All they did was ride horses past cameras and shoot a few blanks.

I was not completely reassured. All of us had some favorite Western movie actors—William S. Hart, Hoot Gibson, Tom Mix—who could do no wrong, but the rest of the Hollywood cowboys were held in contempt by us Western boys. They stuck in the saddle, we thought, with the help of a reliable glue.

"If you aren't movie actors," I asked bluntly, "then what are you?"

"Cowboy extras," they announced proudly, "at ten bucks a day."

There are arguments, and there are arguments, but you can't beat ten bucks a day. And as Galen was saying, "Get it straight, Slim, they got their own guys who wear lipstick, powder their faces and put mascara (*Continued on Page 52*)

"May I say, I've never seen a finer exhibition of hanging on to a buck."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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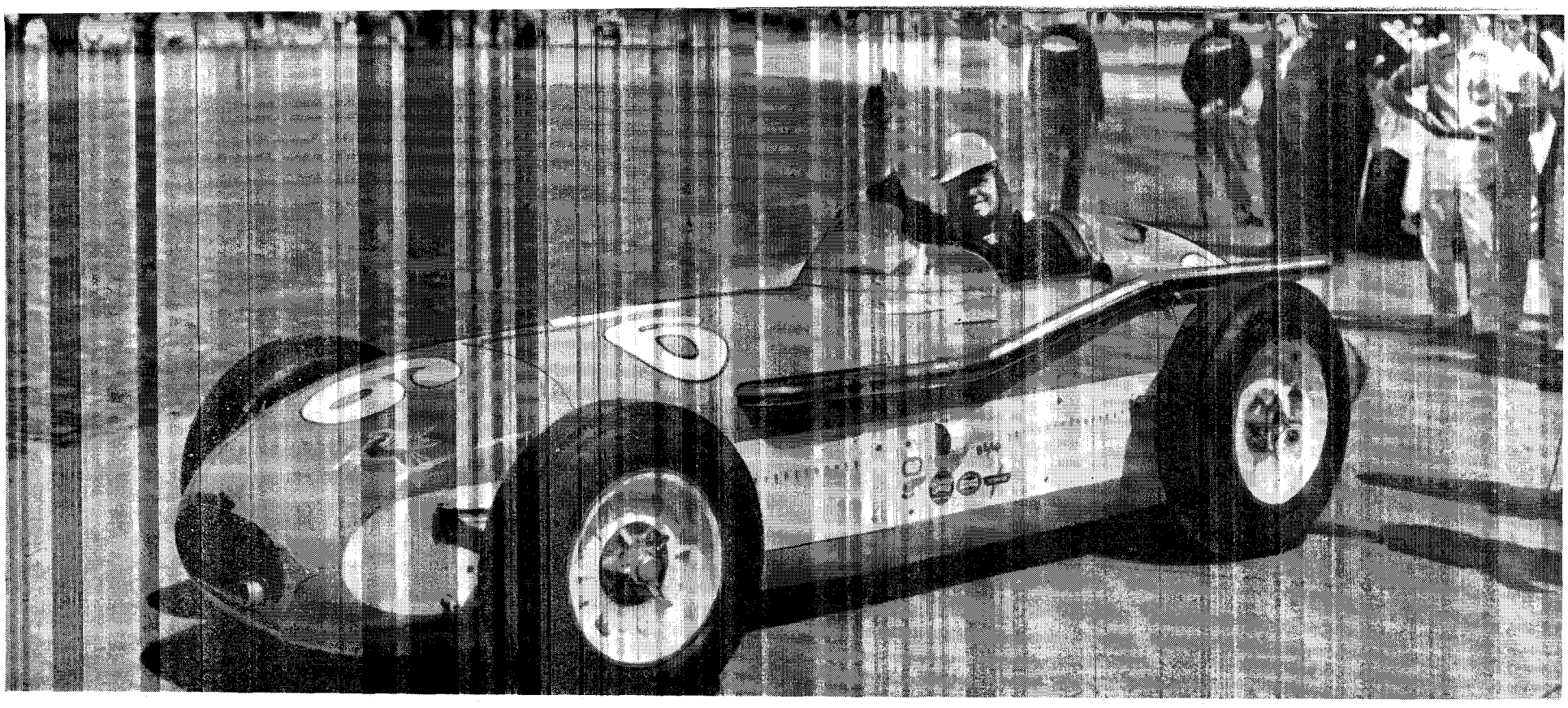

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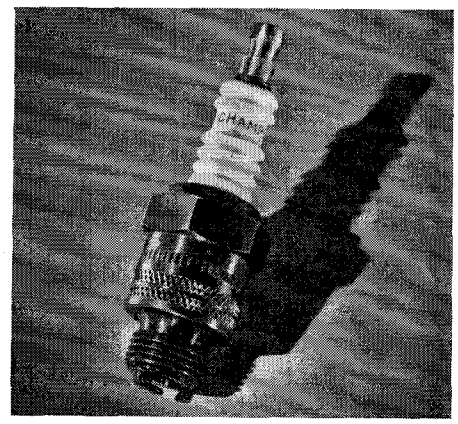

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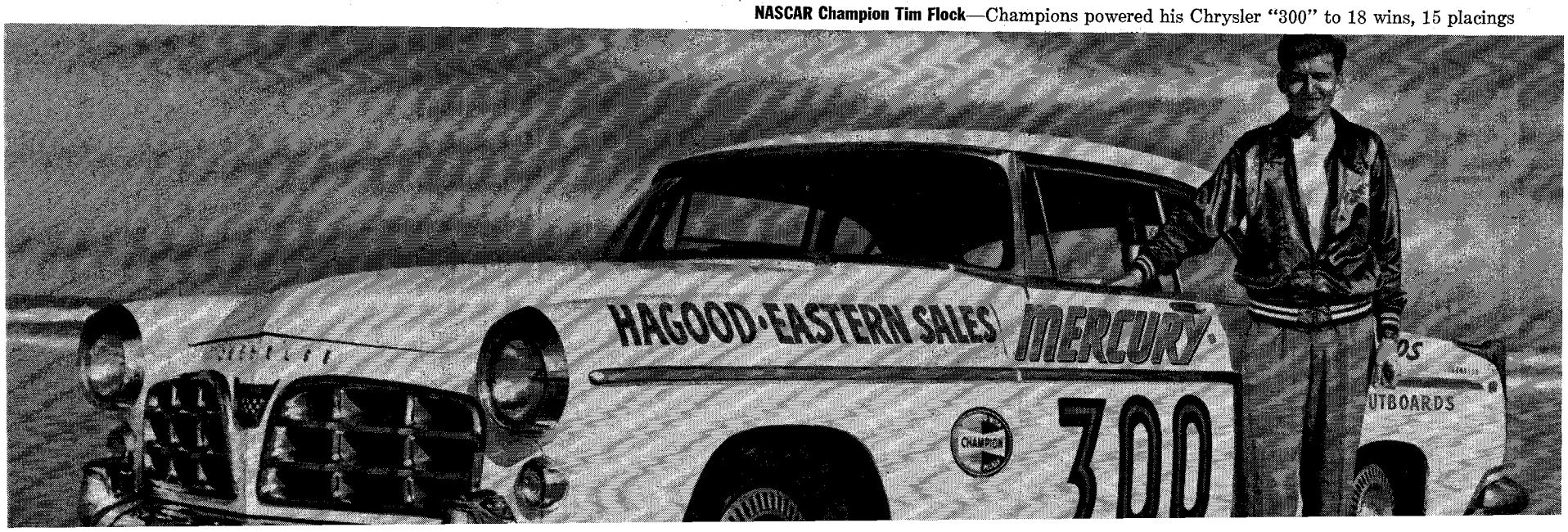
NASCAR Champion Tim Flock—Champions powered his Chrysler "300" to 18 wins, 15 placings



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(*Continued from Page 50*) around their eyes"—we all suspended our eating to be revolted for a moment—"but we don't have to do that."

Not until the meal was over did they inform me that with luck on my side, I still had a long way to go. "You gotta realize," I was told, "that with snap jobs like these floating around, there's a lotta guys after 'em. We get ten bucks a day, sure, but when you start out you only get five, and you gotta have pull to get that. Now we've got some pull and Slim Talbot knows a real live director, and he's got more. Come on, let's find Slim."

The gossip exchange for cowboy extras was down along Poverty Row where the quickie films were made, and we found Slim there, taking in everything and saying very little. We greeted each other with a couple of pokes that hung me on a barbed-wire fence, and then Slim allowed that he had picked up a couple of hot tips.

"Now don't get yore blood to bilin'," he advised, "but thar's a studio over the hill yonder that's got a thing called The Vanishing American. Richard Dix is the boy that wears the tail feathers in that one, and they'll need a lot of riders. Might get as much as a week's work outta it. They tell me three o'clock is a good time to mosey 'round."

While we were hanging around the lot, Slim filled me in on the details, using the Montana drawl that is as much a part of him as his cowboy boots. "Them air shows, they been peterin' out pretty much here lately; and rodeoin', I don't know what's come over it, but it ain't like it used to be. So with nothin' much to do, I took to goin' to movies. What with all them Western movies and them war pictures, it struck me there was more wild West and more flying circuses in Hollywood than anywhere else in the world, so I come out. Turns out like it was a good move."

Slim had been close to becoming cowboy champion of America when the rodeos went into a temporary decline, and he had enough prize money left to own a new Model T Ford. So we rode over Cahuenga Pass to the studio that afternoon in high style. At three o'clock we lined up before a casting director, along with some twenty or thirty other cowboy extras. I felt as conspicuous as a bandaged thumb—the only one there who wasn't wearing cowboy clothes.

The director hired a few, and then came to Slim. He was about to put Slim's name down when he saw me, and stopped with his pencil in mid-air. I don't remember what his crack was, but it had something to do with dudes.

Galen, Calloway and Talbot came to my defense. Was it my fault that I owned a suit of clothes? Couldn't the greatest rider Montana ever produced wear a necktie now and then? By the time they got through with my build-up, they had invented a new breed of superhorses that only I could ride.

"O.K., O.K.," agreed the casting director. "If he's that good, I'll take the guy in the ten-dollar suit. The rest of you can go home, if you've got a home."

And that's the way it was. My friends had got me the job, and, in so doing, had done themselves out. I was protesting the unfairness of the whole deal when they stopped me short.

"Shut up, durn you. The more friends we got workin' around, the more jobs they can scare up for us. Congratulations, boy! You're in the movies now."

I didn't take it in right away. Being in the movies was quite a jump for a boy who'd grown up on a Montana ranch. Actually, it was a case of one thing leading to another. I was in because I'd drifted into Los Angeles to see my folks, and accidentally met up with cowboy friends, and because away back I'd learned to ride. You might say I was in the movies because dad had mixed up some ranching with his lawyering.

The only mystery in this chain of becauses is why dad bought the Seven-Bar-Nine in the first place. In later years, he claimed he got the ranch to give my brother, Arthur, and me a place to work off steam in summer vacations. Maybe so. But dad had been raised on a tiny farm in England, and he got a boot out of owning a spread bounded on the east by the Missouri River, and on the west by the Rocky Mountains.

We were just a wide spot in the Missouri gorge, about sixty miles north of Helena, where the Missouri had carved a big loop for itself. Across the river, the Big Belt Mountains went straight up into the sky. On our side was a half-moon apron of flat, rich bottom land nearly a mile long and about half a mile across the widest part.

A branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad ran through the gorge, and trainmen would pick us up or let us off on signal, and even hang around for a while to load cattle. Along with the outright ownership of the bottom land went grazing rights to thousands of acres on the mountain slopes. Nobody could crowd us. There wasn't a place in the gorge for miles with room enough to hang another ranch.

At first the ranch was just what dad bought it for, a hobby for him and a place in which to turn his boys loose in the summer. He stocked it with some scrub cows, a few mean horses and a meaner bull. He put a manager in charge, and hired some Indians to put up meadow hay during the summer. In some years it hardly lost any money at all.

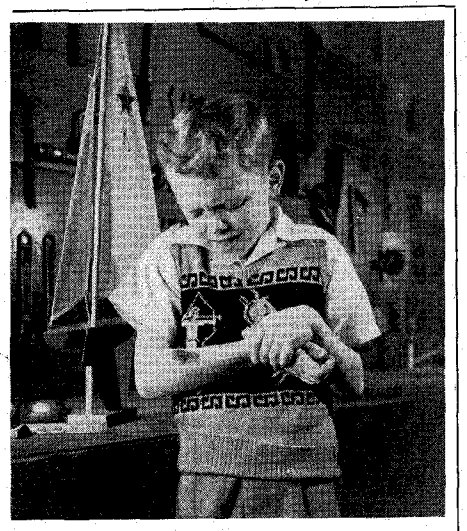
During the three years that mother and Arthur and I were in England, dad started taking the ranch seriously. He enlarged the herd with a better grade of heifers, and invested in a couple of Texas Hereford bulls. By the time we returned to Montana in the summer of 1913, he had the place fixed up with a comfortable ranch house, a nice cottage for the manager and his family, barns, corrals, and newfangled haying equipment. His herd stood at about 400 head, with maybe a couple hundred more running wild up around the timberline. It was my job each summer to round up these wild ones and drive them down to rich pasture in the bottom land.

When World War I came along, we lost all our help in a few weeks. The Indians up around the ranch held a big powwow, with tom-toms, war paint and feathers. The young braves who had been forced to listen to old men's tales of taking scalps, now had their chance to go on the warpath, and they didn't wait for a second invitation.

I remember going down to the station to see my brother, Arthur, off to war. It was a bitter disappointment for me. Just because I was sixteen and Arthur was six years older, he could go off with all those whooping cowboys and Indians, while I had to stay behind. He was silent now, but I knew once the train started —— The train started and the tears started, and then the train was gone.

My mother dabbed at her eyes and said briskly, "Well, son, now it is up to us."

That was all. Our English relatives had been in the (*Continued on Page 56*)



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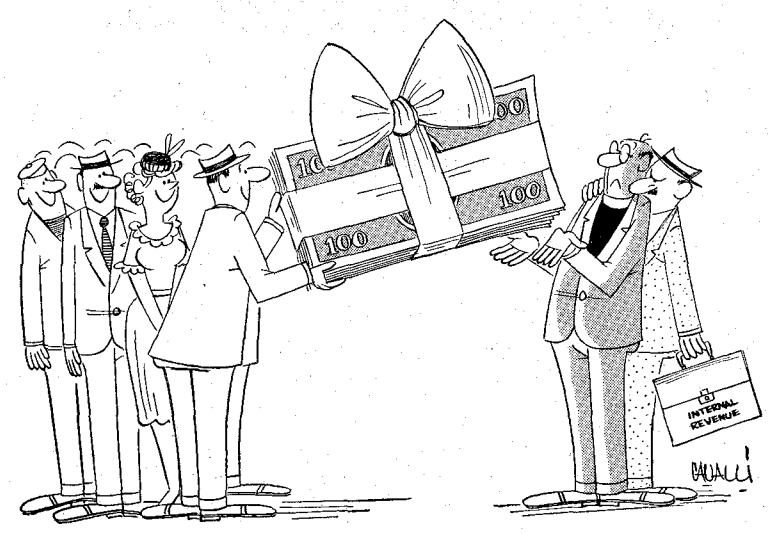

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

When the Reverend Goodbody retired after a quarter century during which he tripled the congregation and built a new church, members of his grateful flock voted him $200 a month as a retirement gift. He settled down happily in a small, flower-covered cottage. Then disaster struck. The Federal Government demanded income taxes on his $200 allowance. Instead of paying, the clergyman went to court.

"That money isn't salary, but a gift which the congregation voted out of gratitude for my years of service," the Reverend Goodbody contended. "It is well established that income taxes cannot be collected on gifts, so make the revenuers stop pestering me."

"The reverend's own argument shows that the money was voted because of his services in the church," the tax collector countered. "As money paid for services is salary and not a gift, the Government is entitled to its tax."

If you were the judge, would you make the clergyman pay up?

... ...

He did not have to pay. The court ruled that the $200 a month was "a free gift of a friendly, well-to-do group who wished their old minister to live without fear of want." It was not paid for services rendered, the court continued, but was a voluntary "honorarium" which could be terminated at any time.

Based upon a 1954 decision.

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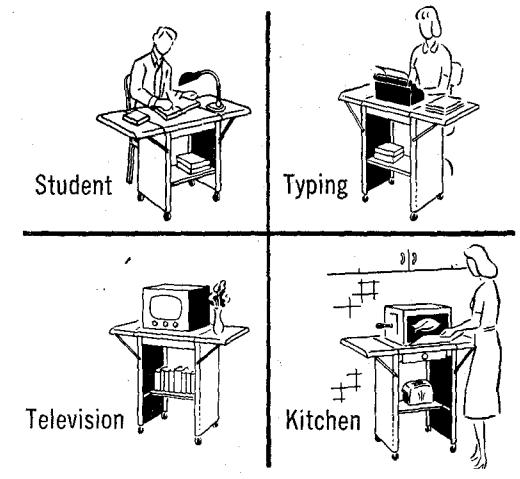

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MISSOURI
Kansas City — American Office Equipment Co.
Kansas City — Schooley Printing & Stat. Co.
Sedalia — Sedalia Typewriter Co.

MONTANA
Billings — Willis Sales Co., Inc.

NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City — Charney's
Hackensack — C B S Business Equipment Corp.
Jersey City — Allied Office Supplies
Keyport — Bayshore Stationers
Morristown — Morristown Typewriter Exch'ge
Newark — Max Blau & Sons
Newark — Brenner Desk Co.
New Brunswick — Kimber Bus. Machines Co.
Paramus — Charles Dresher & Co. of Paramus
Plainfield — Howard Boise Inc.
Ridgewood — Ridgewood Typewriter Service
Springfield — Beacon Hill Co.
Summit — Twill Marking Devices
Toms River — Charney's of Toms River
Union — Commercial Stationers
Westfield — Terrill's Office Supply

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque — University Book Store

NEW YORK
Albany — Henry Kass Co.
Buffalo — Otto Ulbrich Co., Inc.
Elmira — George C. MacGreevey
Franklin Square — The Steven Mack Co.
Hempstead — Agnew-Geisler Inc.
Brooklyn — Admiral Off. & Indstl. Eqpt. Corp.
Brooklyn — Ibin Typewriter and Supply Co.
Jamaica — David Newman, Inc.
New York City
Alco Equipment Co. — 884–10th Avenue
Alpha Office Supply — 246 E. 44th St.
Debo Equipment Co. — 19 W. 34th St.
Republic Office Sup. Co. — 232 Wash. St.
Styles & Cash, Inc. — 514 Madison Ave.

NEW YORK (Cont.)
Rochester — Rochester Stationery Co., Inc.
Syracuse — The Hurbson Co.

NORTH CAROLINA
Gastonia — O. G. Penegar Co.
Winston-Salem — Butler Enterprises, Inc.

OHIO
Akron — Prinz Office Equipment Co.
Cleveland — S. Rose Inc.
Columbus — Columbus Liquidating Co., Inc.
Columbus — The F. and R. Lazarus and Co.

OREGON
Eugene — Koke-Chapman Co.
Portland — Kilham Stationery & Printing Co.
Portland — Standard Stationery & Printing Co.

PENNSYLVANIA
Bethlehem — Lehigh Stationery Co.
Bloomsburg — E. W. Ritter
Harrisburg — Cole & Co.
Hazelton — The North Sales Co.
Indiana — Henry Hall, Inc.
Lancaster — Feldser Printing & Off. Supplies
Meadville — Meadville Typewriter Service
Philadelphia — Globe Office Furniture Co.
Philadelphia — Marx Stationery & Printing Co.
Pittsburgh — Penn Office Supply Co.
Reading — Business Equipment & Supply Co.
Sunbury — Jos. L. Mentz
Williamsport — Office Outfitters Co.
York — George's Stationery Store

RHODE ISLAND
Providence — E. L. Freeman Co.

SOUTH DAKOTA
Sioux Falls — Midwest-Beach Co.

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga — Cooper's Office Supply
Nashville — Cutters Exchange
Nashville — Marshall & Bruce Co.

TEXAS
Amarillo — General Office Supply
Borger — Russell Stat. Co. of Borger, Inc.
Corpus Christi — The Jack Bonner Co.
Dallas — Gray's Office Furniture
Dallas — Johnson's Office Outfitters
Del Rio — Wagner Office Equipment
El Paso — Shamaley Co.
Fort Worth — Standard Office Equipment Co.
Galveston — Smith & Joyce
Houston — Maverick-Clarke
Houston — Mayer Office Furniture Co.
Lubbock — The Baker Co.
Midland — West Texas Office Supply
Odessa — West Texas Office Supply
San Angelo — Wagner Office Equipment
San Antonio — Maverick-Clarke
Vernon — Blair-Hamilton Ptg. & Off. Sup.

UTAH
Salt Lake City — Pembroke's

VIRGINIA
Norfolk — Office Supply Co.

WASHINGTON
Seattle — National Office Equipment Co.
Spokane — Kershaw's Inc.
Tacoma — The Stationers, Inc.

WEST VIRGINIA
Wheeling — The Owl Print Shop

WISCONSIN
Manitowoc — Napp Office & School Supply
Marshfield — Marshfield Book & Stat. Co.
Milwaukee — Advance Typewriter Co.
Stevens Pt. — Emmons Stat. & Off. Sup. Co.
West Bend — Tri-County Office Eqpt. Co.

COLE-STEEL
COLE STEEL EQUIPMENT CO. INC. NEW YORK
MADE IN U.S.A.

285 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK — CANADA: 329 DUFFERIN ST., TORONTO, ONTARIO

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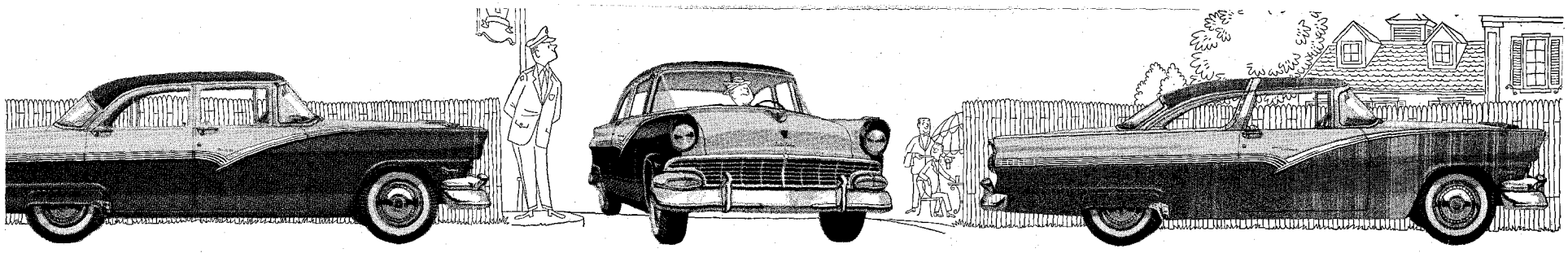
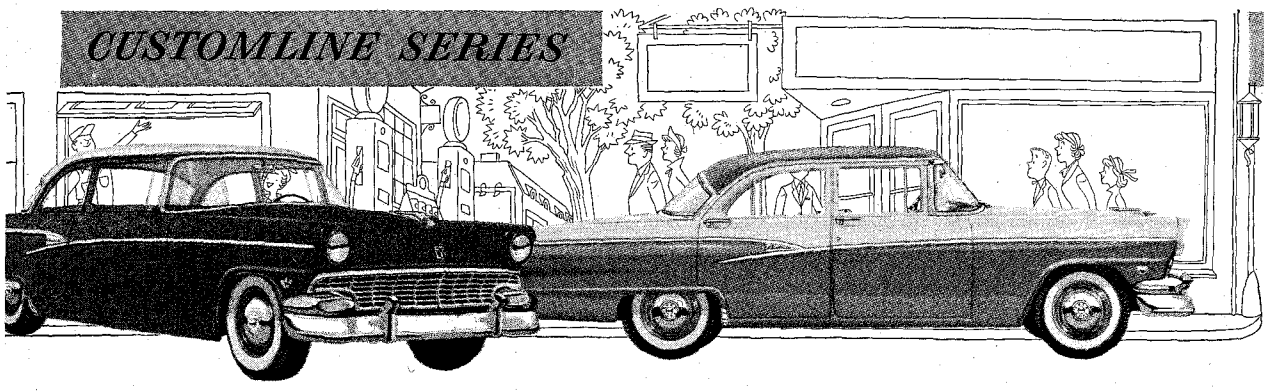


Fairlane Town Sedan gives you all the convenience of 4 doors and fresh Fairlane luxury, too.

Fairlane Club Sedan has a new low roof line. Its two doors are extra wide, *its seats hold six big folks.*

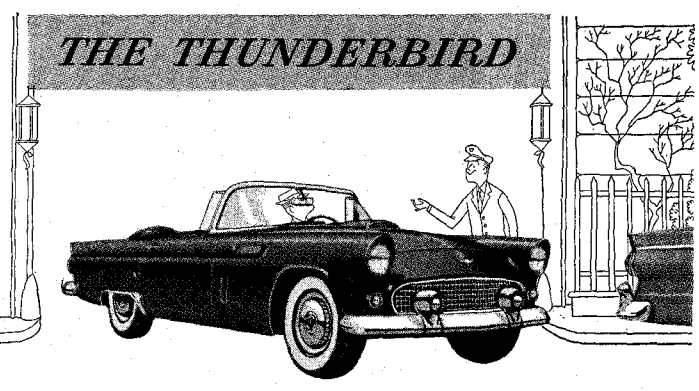
Fairlane Crown Victoria with its distinctive "crown of chrome" styling has no equal in the low-price field.

In four thrilling series...



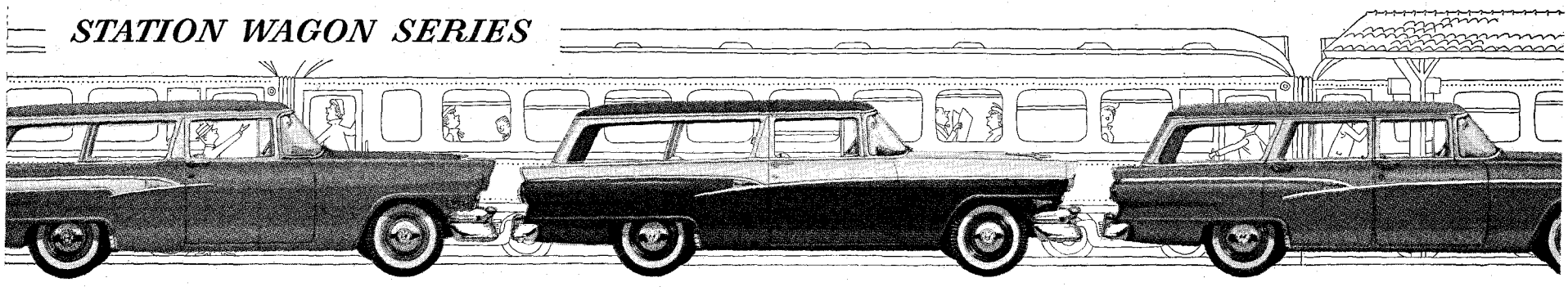
Customline Tudor Sedan has two-stage door checks to hold its doors open for easy access.

Customline Fordor Sedan has four big doors that open wide for extra-easy entrance and extra-easy exit.



The Ford Thunderbird inspired the low lines and crisp, clean styling so evident in all new '56 Fords.

each with Thunderbird styling



Ranch Wagon is all-around favorite for work or play. Has 2 big doors, easily holds 6 big people.

Custom Ranch Wagon is a 2-door, 6-passenger fashion plate. Easy-to-clean interior can really take it.

6-passenger Country Sedan offers the convenience of 4 doors plus fold-down "Stowaway" seat.

'56 FORD...The fine car

You can't buy better than Ford. It makes better sense *today* than ever! For, in 1956, Ford brings you more downright beauty, more high-performance power and more all-around passenger and driver safety than any car in Ford's field!

They're kissin' cousins to the Thunderbird!

In every Ford model you get the years-ahead *look* of the Thunderbird. It's a road-hugging look that's "at home" in any setting. And inside there's a Luxury Lounge interior which has been designed to match the mood and color of the sparkling new exterior finish you choose.

Thunderbird power, too!

You can have the exciting "Go" of the fabulous Thunderbird V-8 engine—the *same* engine that powers Ford's famous Thunderbird—in any Fairlane or Station Wagon model. And without extra cost, too, because this engine is the standard eight in these models. In Customline and Mainline models, too, you can have a magnificent new V-8. Or, if you prefer, Ford offers a new, mightier I-Six in all models.

And every '56 Ford offers you Lifeguard Protection!

No matter which of Ford's 19 new models you select, you get the most important advance in car-passenger safety to date: Lifeguard Design. You get a new Lifeguard *deep-center* steering wheel, new Lifeguard *double-grip* door latches, a new Lifeguard *safety* rear-view mirror. And, at little extra cost, you can have new Lifeguard padding for instrument panel and sun visors, floor-anchored Ford seat belts.

Why not sample the Thunderbird-inspired, Lifeguard-designed Ford of your choice? Find out why everything about the '56 Ford says *fine car* . . . except its *low* price.

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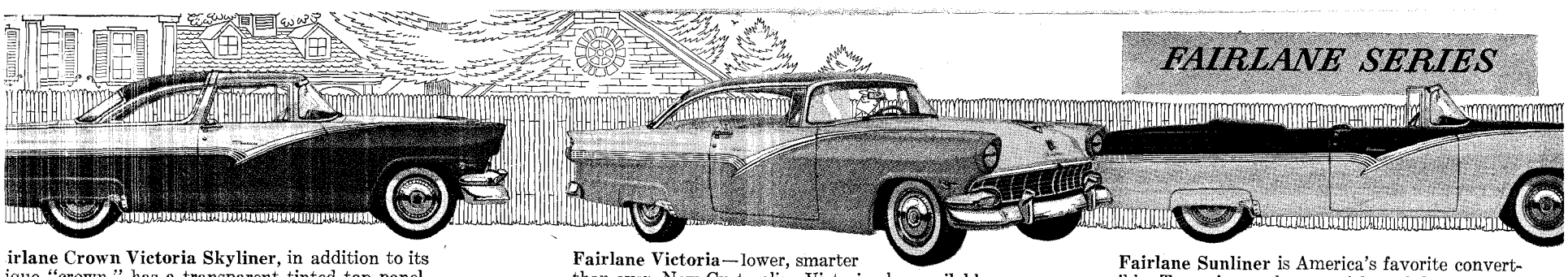
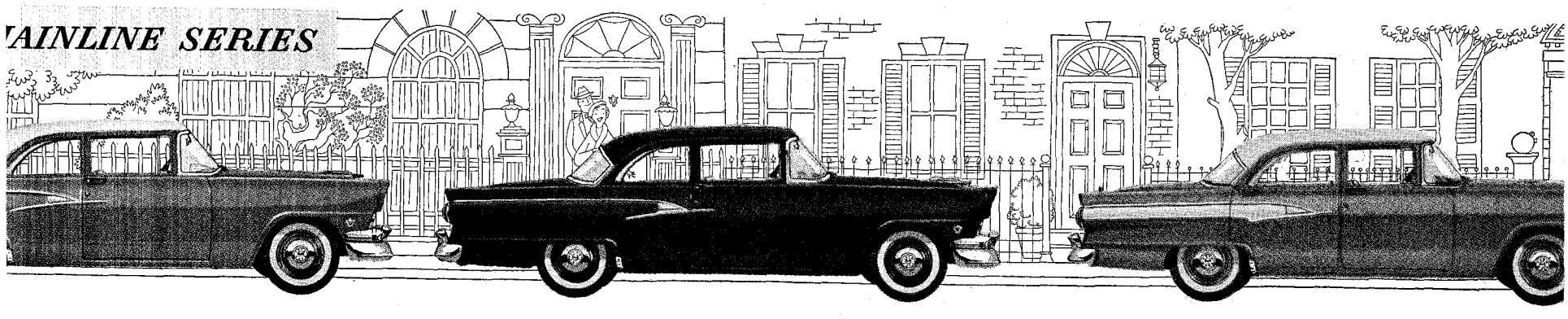


irlane Crown Victoria Skyliner, in addition to its ique "crown," has a transparent tinted top panel.

Fairlane Victoria—lower, smarter than ever. New Customline Victoria also available.

Fairlane Sunliner is America's favorite convertible. Top raises or lowers with push-button ease.

n 19 beautiful new body styles...

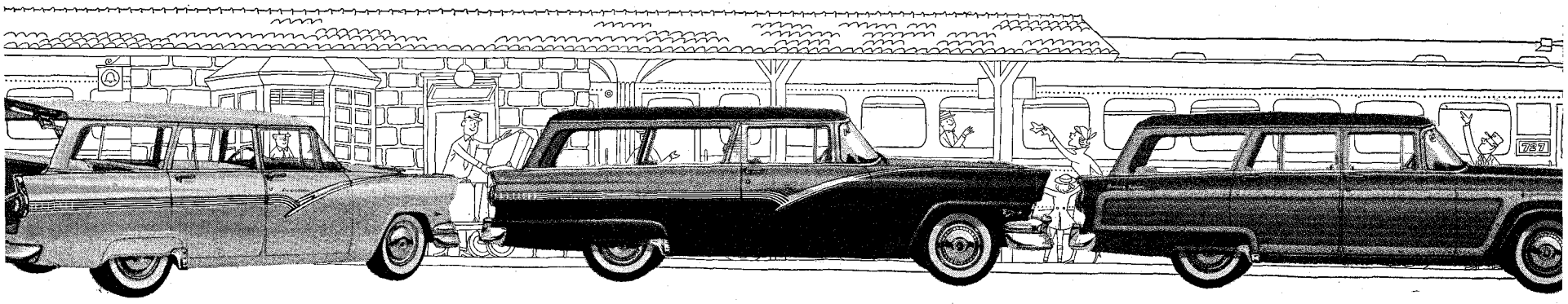


inline Tudor Sedan has clean, functional styling. t backs fold forward toward center for easy entrance.

Mainline Business Sedan has room for three up front, room for plenty of extra luggage behind the seat.

Mainline Fordor Sedan, with its four full-size, wide-opening doors, is truly a great family buy.

nd Lifeguard Design

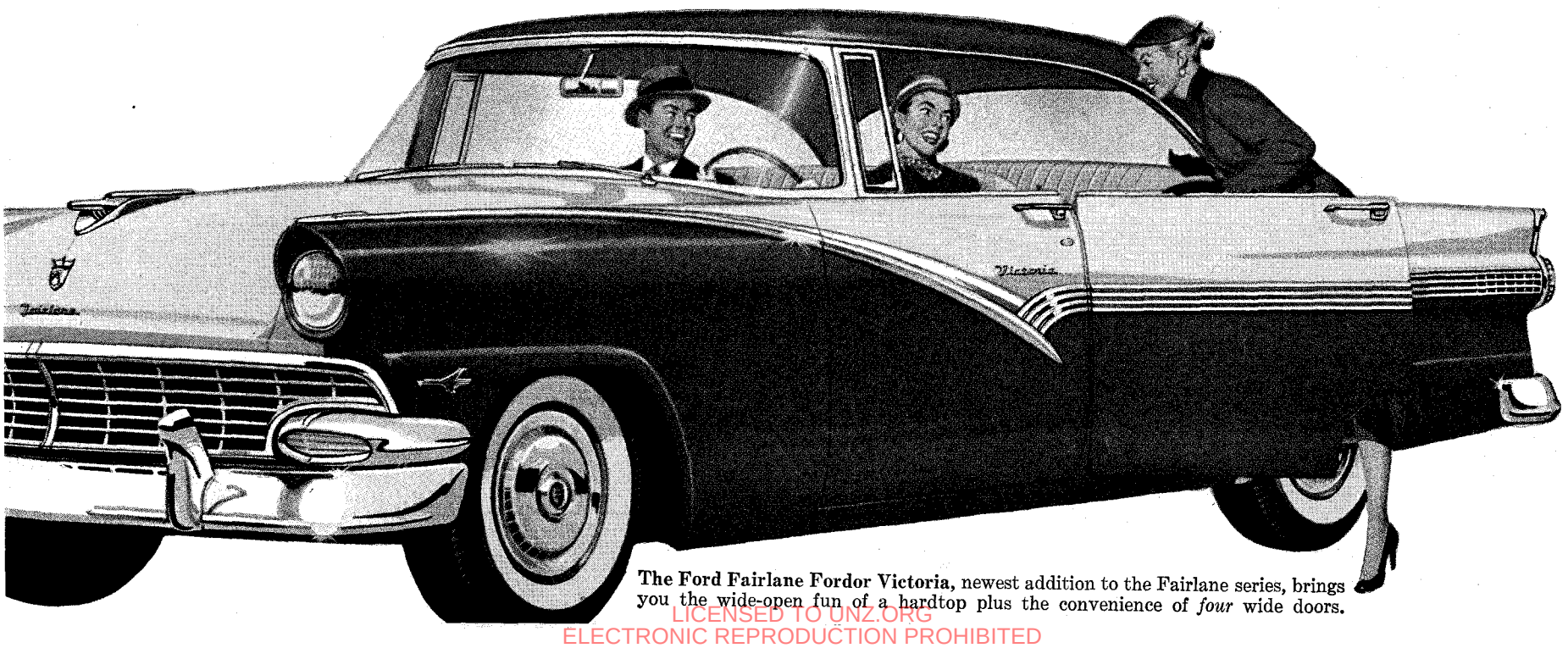


assenger Country Sedan is a 4-door all-steel uty. Gives easy access to both front and rear seats.

Parklane, a newcomer this year, is carpeted throughout. Seats 6 in luxury. Snap-on cover conceals cargo.

Country Squire has wood-grain finish steel panels, glass-fibre moldings. It's 4-doors, 8-passengers big.

at half the fine car price!



The Ford Fairlane Fordor Victoria, newest addition to the Fairlane series, brings you the wide-open fun of a hardtop plus the convenience of *four* wide doors.

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(*Continued from Page 52*) war for three years. Now Arthur was in to help them along, and there was work to be done. My mother and I left for the ranch the next day and dad returned to the state capital and his job of helping to keep Montana geared to the war effort.

Looking at mother nowadays, a gracious, white-haired lady, it is difficult to believe that I once saw her swinging an ax at twenty below zero to break open bales of frozen hay. But she sure did. After each blizzard it would take the two of us, driving sleighs loaded with hay through six-foot drifts, to keep the bawling cows from starving to death.

It was during the second winter that my mother said to me one day, "What's come over you, Frank? Every time you come into the dining room, you trip on the rug, and every time you sit down at the table, you spill the water pitcher. I've never seen you so awkward."

I apologized, but after that I kept noticing things wrong myself. When I threw a leg over the saddle, I'd usually give the horse an accidental kick in the rump that could stir up a couple of jumps before I was ready. That bronc, Billy, was a mean one anyway. Most broncs want to throw you to get rid of you. Billy wanted to throw you so he could jump on you. Otherwise he was a good horse. Not until I bumped my head on the six-foot barn door did I know what was happening. I was growing up. As I've remarked earlier, I didn't stop until I had grown thirteen inches in thirteen months.

We turned out a lot of beef on the Seven-Bar-Nine during the war years, and were coming to believe that ranching was no more complicated than breeding cattle and selling off the increase when the market was high. We reckoned without the troubles peculiar to ranching. Well-behaved steers suddenly will begin kicking the daylights out of you at branding time. They will deliberately starve off tons of weight before they can be shipped. Some will drop dead for no reason at all.

And you get weather. Montana has a warm wind called a chinook. One day in early spring, after a winter of heavy snows, a chinook flowed over the mountains. Almost overnight, it melted every foot of snow east of the Continental Divide. A wall of water came down the gorge, hesitated for a moment at a dam that supplied Helena with power, and then took out the dam. It was in too big a hurry to make the loop around our ranch; it went right across us. All it did to the house was take off the porch, but all the outbuildings went. The hayfield was left covered with sand and gravel several feet deep. That fall we had no feed for the herd.

Dad and I took about 400 head to Chicago. By the time we arrived, the price of beef on the hoof had fallen so it wouldn't have paid the freight. Dad remembered his winter in Wisconsin, where the farms had hay to burn the year round. We turned our cattle train around and dumped our herd into some feed pens near Madison, expecting that by spring the market would be high enough to take care of everything. The market did go up, but so did the cost of feed. By spring the price we got for the cattle just paid their board and room for the winter, and all we were stuck with was the freight bill.

The next year is still remembered in Montana as Noah's Ark Year. It rained for twenty-eight days and twenty-eight nights. Some say it was thirty-three days and nights, but they are counting the cloudbursts that came before the rain finally settled down to business, and after. This time the Missouri swept our ranch down to bedrock. Even if we had had a hay seed left, we would have had to use dynamite to plant it.

We weren't exactly discouraged about our ranching. But by that time the art courses I had taken at Wesleyan and at Montana State College were beginning to stir up my ambition. My water colors were on the washed-out side, and my charcoal sketches were wobbly, but my desire to follow in the path of the Western artist Charles Russell was more intense than ever.

I knew that one Russell painting of a roundup was worth more than the whole herd as beef. I also knew that I faced many years of study, with failure very possible in the end, before I could hope to be even an apprentice-type Russell. But the impractical life of an artist looked like a sure thing compared with the life of a rancher.

I added up my credits from Wesleyan and Montana State College, and found I was a bona-fide high-school graduate. I decided to go East to college, and major in art. At the same time my brother, Arthur, was also thinking that something must pay better than ranching. With his college degree already in hand, he decided to take up banking. He has remained in banking and finance ever since, both in Montana and here in California. I can't say that either of us has ever regretted his decision.

When I talk of going East to college, my wife accuses me of talking like Bob Hope. Grinnell College was founded by Josiah Grinnell, who settled in Iowa after a short talk with Horace Greeley. "Go West, young man," Greeley thundered on this immortal occasion. "Go West!"

Josiah Grinnell thought he had discovered the West in Iowa, and founded his town and college in 1853. I thought I had discovered the East in Iowa in 1921. By that time Grinnell was a peaceful town of about 5000, with most of the residents still abiding by Josiah's original ruling that no purchaser of land in town could ever sell liquor there. The students at Grinnell College, about 600 in number, were not so conservative.

I remember that during my first semester I got a job working for a professor who was quite an applegrower. He was proud of the sweet cider he served at faculty get-togethers, and one of my chores was to go through his orchard and gather up the windfalls to run through his cider press. I cut him in for three gallons out of every four I pressed, reserving the "spillage" for a senior chemistry student in my dormitory who had a book explaining the process of distilling. When he followed the book the stuff was terrible, but once, guided by inspiration alone, he must have split a cider atom. I'll never forget the impact of that applejack as it went down.

Otherwise my academic life at Grinnell was unexciting. During my first year my injured hip put a crimp in my sports career, and after that I was too busy keeping up with my studies to do much else, except draw sketches and cartoons for campus publications. I wasn't a "loner" exactly, but I was older by three years than most of the kids in my classes.

During the summer vacation I came out of my academic shell and really lived. The ranch was not yet recovered from the effects of its two floods, and dad, by this time a state-supreme-court judge, was too busy to restock it. So I got a job as a bus driver in Yellowstone Park. My bus was an open-air, ten-passenger job, on stiff springs. It was designed for the roads it had to cover, not the passengers, and the roads had been designed for mule trains. It had a ratchet shift, and to change gears I had to synchronize the speed of the motor with the speed of the selected gear, and then sock it home. If I was wrong, the gear box would break up, a comforting thought if you tried to shift to low gear going downhill, and missed.

The roads through Yellowstone in 1922 were spectacularly dangerous. On one stretch from Canyon Wall, elevation 10,000 feet, down to Mammoth, elevation 5000 feet, I had passengers who didn't know whether they rode down or fell.

In those days, dudes weren't sure whether bus drivers should be tipped or not, so I had to teach them. If I drove along carefully, missing the worst chuck holes, avoiding skids when roads were wet, and clinging to the inside walls on the cliff roads, my reward from a busload of tourists might be a pat on the head.

But if I shouted warnings—"Watch out, folks! Here we go again!"—as I crashed into holes, if I wrenched my back pulling out of skids, if I could get my back wheels spurting gravel over the edge of the cliff, I could expect someone to pass the hat. In a way, this was my first attempt at acting, until the day in 1924 when Slim Talbot got me a job in the movies as a cowboy extra.

I was probably the tallest, thinnest extra who ever swung into the saddle. Somehow, the cameras took a liking to me, and showed me on horseback to advantage. But the eye didn't see what the camera lens saw. My wrists were too long, my knees were too pointed, and my shirt looked as though it was draped over a wire coat hanger. Leading ladies resented playing scenes with me, complaining they had to stand on tiptoe and crane their necks to unladylike angles.

To cope with the situation, I engaged an agent named Nan Collins, and asked her what I should do. She looked me over, sizing up my long neck, flapping elbows, pointed knees and the gap where my shirttail threatened to come out of my pants.

"I think, Mr. Cooper," she said, "that we can cure everything by changing your name."

I couldn't see that. Hollywood had a bad habit of changing good honest family names to something theatrically flossy, and I wanted no part of it. Frank Cooper I had been born, and Frank Cooper I would remain.

"But, Mr. Cooper," Miss Collins protested, "I like the Cooper part of it. It's just that Frank—well, Frank is real cute, and I like it, but it just doesn't do anything with Cooper. It doesn't—well, thrill me."

"It does me," I said firmly.

For several weeks I stood fast for my own name. But now that I was sharply conscious of a name I had always taken for granted, I found Frank Coopers cropping up everywhere, and lots of them up to no good. It seemed that every day a Frank Cooper was being vagged in San Francisco or arrested for rum-running in Miami. It had never occurred to me that the Cooper family included black sheep. Finally, I heard that a Frank Cooper in the East was accused of killing his wife under sensational circumstances. I hunted up Miss Collins to admit my defeat.

"Any particular name to suggest?" I asked.

Miss Collins had one. "I come from Indiana," she said, "and I always thought Gary, Indiana, had a nice poetic sound. Elbert H. Gary, the city's founder, became a great philanthropist, so I don't see why you can't take his last name for your first name ——"

Gary Cooper. I ran the name around in my mind a few times, and discovered that I liked it. As Miss Collins pointed out, Gary Cooper didn't sound as tall and lanky as Frank. The movies were new to me, the name was new to me, and the new career and the new name seemed made for each other.

A few years later, a neighbor of mine on the Paramount lot was stuck for a first name for his new son, and seeing me out sunning myself in front of my dressing room, decided to use my name while it was handy. Ever since Gary Crosby began singing with his old man, the name has picked up in popularity. Hi, Gary! Give my regards to Bing.

Editors' Note—This is the third of eight articles by Mr. Cooper. The fourth will appear next week.

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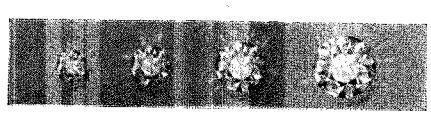
PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING PENN · DE BEERS CONSOLIDATED MINES, LTD.

ial glow,
ır hand. But these,
ɔr you always
diamond.



¼ carat $90 to $225 ½ carat $200 to $455
1 carat $545 to $1175 2 carats $1425 to $3400
Average prices for top-grade engagement diamonds (unmounted) offered by representative jewelers in October, 1955. Add tax.

A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

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THE UNEXCELLED GRANDEUR *of the Canadian Rockies is in full view above, behind and all around you when you ride* THE CANADIAN'S *luxurious Scenic Dome*

Canadian Pacific presents Canada's spectacular panorama from t

Imagine yourself in this setting—aboard this train.

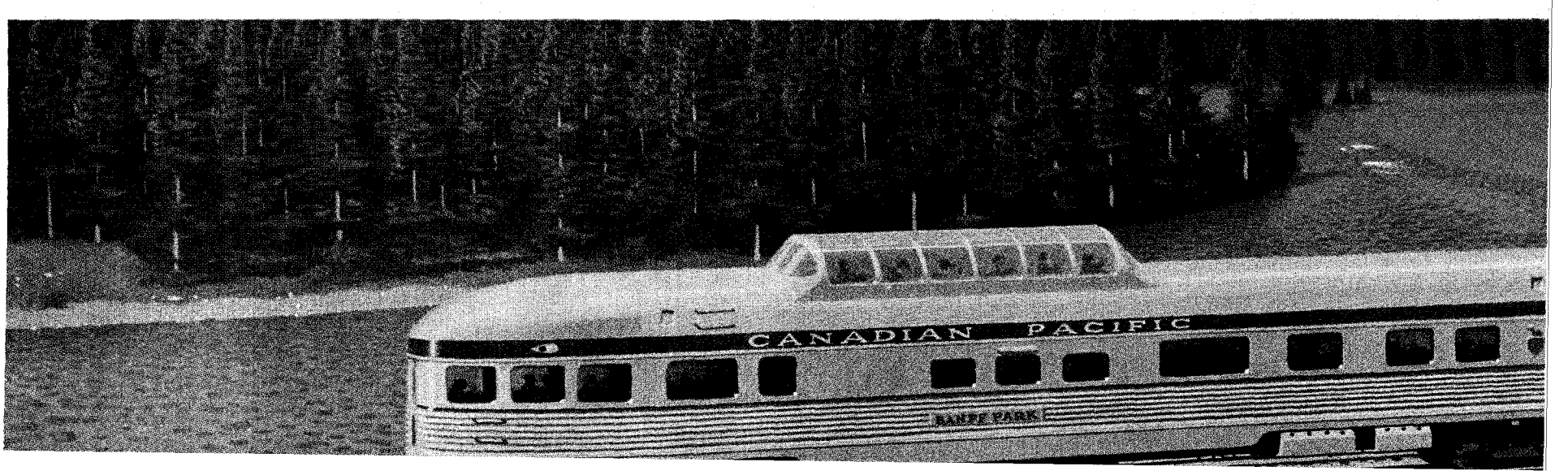
Literally surrounded by natural splendor you speed across Canada in ultra-modern luxury. For 2,881 breath-taking miles you ride in royal comfort, command service unsurpassed in rail travel whether you go coach, tourist or first class.

You dine graciously in a Deluxe Dining Room Car or take your meals informally in the Skyline Coffee Shop. You sip refreshments in an intimate Mural Lounge or relax in a roomy and beautifully appointed Observation Lounge.

Aboard spacious coaches (on which all seats are reserved) you ride comfortably in reclining armchairs with full-length leg rests and adjustable head rests. And each car on THE CANADIAN has its own unique décor, its own restful charm delightfully enhanced by the unobtrusive tones of transcribed music.

In daily service between Montreal and Vanc and Toronto and Vancouver, THE CANADIAN you the longest dome ride in the world, carrie comfortably across Canada under smooth diesel p

Plan your trip now. THE CANADIAN'S tremen successful maiden year of operation has created vc of excited comment. Service aboard THE CANA



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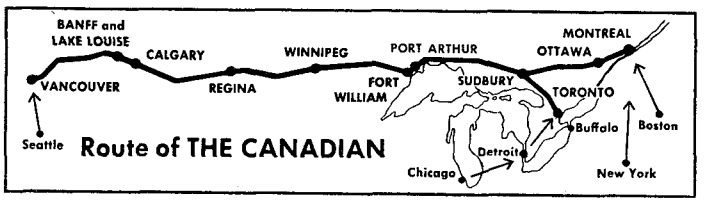
and Lake Louise route. In both this scene and the one below, the setting is the beautiful Bow River Valley, famous the world over for its unspoiled magnificence.

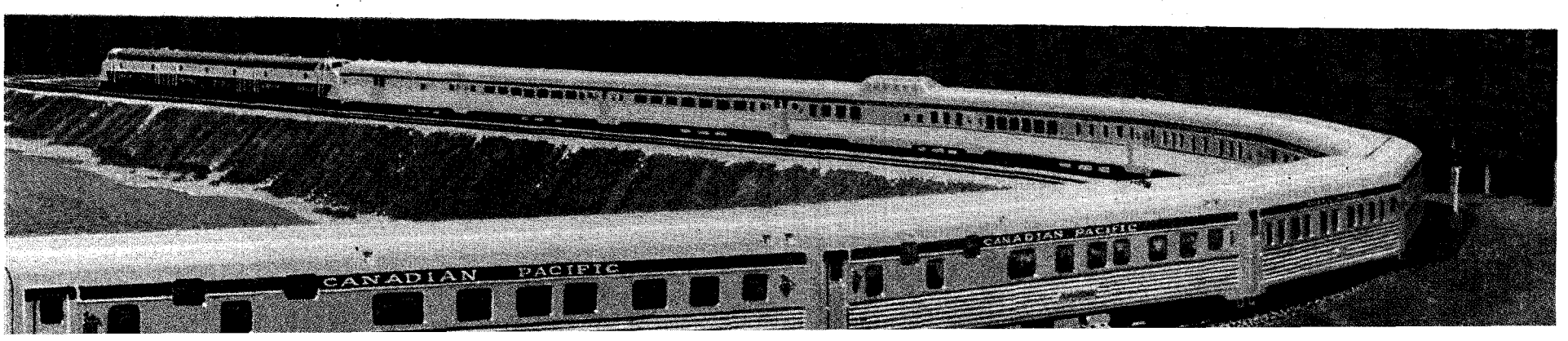
cenic Domes of The Canadian

Now take your trip of a lifetime via Banff and Lake Louise aboard Canada's only stainless steel Scenic Dome Streamliner.

been extolled by thousands, and their enthusiasm
ages an even greater demand for accommodations
year. Make your reservations early to be certain
glorious trip for whatever season you choose.
ou can get complete details on THE CANADIAN'S
new schedule and its numerous accommodations
your local agent or Canadian Pacific in principal
s in the U. S. or Canada right now.

Special for Camera Fans: If you plan to shoot color, you're advised to equip your camera with a No. CC30-R filter to compensate for the glareproof tint in the glass of THE CANADIAN'S Scenic Domes. Detailed photographic tips are available on the train.





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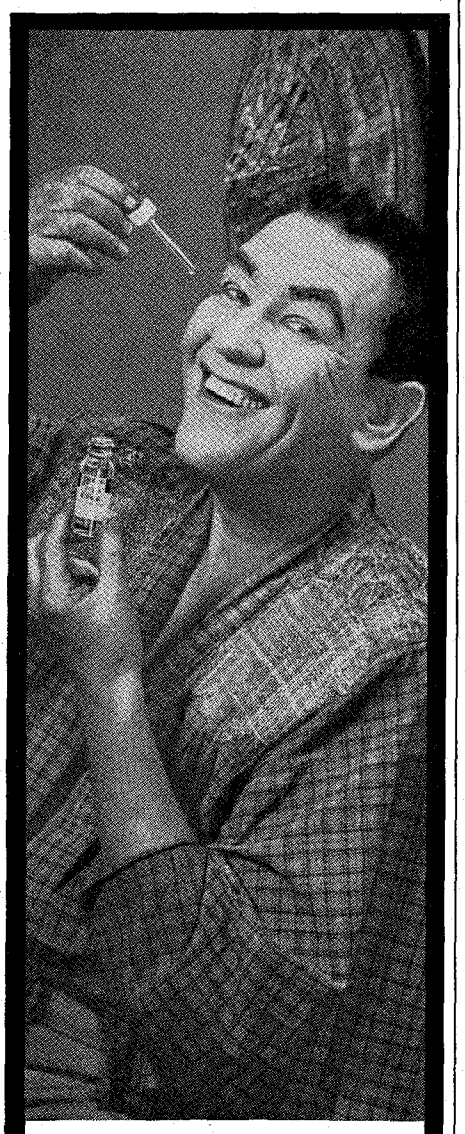

"How I use Murine for tired eyes"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Burgess Meredith

Distinguished actor-director, now starring in the prize-winning play, "Teahouse of the August Moon"

Because Burgess Meredith lives at top speed, he welcomes the pleasant relief Murine gives his eyes whenever they're tired. He finds that just 2 drops of gentle Murine help relax and comfort his eyes when they're feeling tense or tired from glaring lights or overwork. Why don't *you* use Murine—any time you'd like to feel better, quick as a wink!

MURINE for your eyes*

The Murine Co. Inc., Chicago, U.S.A.
*Trademarks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Murder in Disguise (Continued from Page 37)

Wes put a hand on her shoulder, very gently. "I understand it. Your heart is the biggest part of you. Certainly bigger than your head. And you're so firmly convinced this Raphael is a fake trying to cheat Miss Amelia, and that nobody but you is going to stop him, that you'll do practically anything. What did you do?"

"I searched his room."

Wes took a deep breath. But he said only, "And what did you find?"

"That's just the point. Nothing. No notes, no papers, letters, anything. Just some cheap, practically new clothes. Nothing personal. Don't you think a writer would have a few notes?"

"He might have left them somewhere else."

"Where? He says he doesn't live anywhere else."

"Some friend?"

"Then why won't he tell us who the friend is?"

"He might not be proud of him. But that still doesn't prove he isn't Miss Amelia's nephew."

"I know." Kathi was worried. "He had the legal proofs, like the ring and the letter Cecily wrote her baby, and if they can't disprove his story, I suppose I can't prove he's a fake by the things he hasn't said or doesn't have in his suitcase."

"Especially if you search it surreptitiously."

"How else are we going to prove he's not what he says he is?"

"Perhaps he is."

Kathi had not time to reply, for they had reached the door of Father Tim's room. A young blond nurse, who was sitting by the bed eating a surreptitious chocolate, sprang to her feet in some confusion. But she relaxed in the warmth of Kathi's smile, and smiled back.

She said, "Come in. We're having a very good day."

The man who lay quietly in the bed was in his fifties. One of his arms and both legs were swathed in bandages. His face was also partially covered. He was suffering, as he had suffered for some weeks, from the burns following a fire in the orphanage of which he was in charge. He had gone repeatedly into the burning building to bring out the children, until he had at last himself collapsed and been dragged out by firemen. His face and body were thin, as always, to the point of emaciation. In that one night his hair had blanched snow-white. His soft blue eyes, however, were happy and peaceful, except for the expression of bewilderment which came as he could not remember things. One of his hands was free of the bandages now, though badly scarred. Thin and work-worn, it moved painstakingly across the sheet toward them.

"Come in, my children," said Father Tim. His voice, though weak, carried weight and conviction, together with great understanding.

They stood beside the bed. Kathi put her hand on Father Tim's, her eyes bright with tears. Wes almost absently put his fingers on the wrist, feeling the pulse.

"Don't cry, little Kathi," said Father Tim. "It was God's will. I was never of any great use to Him, except with the children. I wasn't much of a preacher. I had no head for business. The orphanage records were always in a muddle. The bishop used to get very cross. But I loved the children. Particularly the retarded ones. For they were pure innocence. If I could only have got the other three. They died in the fire when they wouldn't let me go back in again. But now at least I can help the others. So many good people have heard about them now, and they send me money for my children. We're going to have a new building, Wes, with a real playground."

"Yes," said Wes. "You certainly are, Father Tim. And you will have done it. By your suffering and your heroism."

"Oh, no. The pain is nothing. And I did only what anyone would have done. But the people are so good and kind now. Before, I used to go from door to door, even, and ask for contributions, and they were too busy even to listen to me. But now, did you come to help me with my task of thanking them, daughter?"

"Yes," said Kathi. "I brought my little typewriter, Father Tim."

The blue eyes beamed at her. Kathi picked up some letters on the table and began to talk to Father Tim about them. He answered her, though his answers came with increasing difficulty. He tired quickly, and when he did, his mind clouded and the bewilderment came to his eyes. Wes turned and went quietly from the room.

Father Tim was sleeping, with Kathi typing softly across the room, when Ichabod Carr stood in the doorway. The big lawyer's usually robust face was white as he looked at Father Tim, and his eyes were unashamedly filled with tears. Behind him stood little Miss Amelia, holding firmly to the rough cloth of his coat. She wore, as usual, one of her good black silk dresses, with one of her inevitable small lace collars. She smiled timidly over her shoulder at Raphael, who was a modest distance behind her, tall and blue-eyed, trying not to limp on his very painful ankle.

Kathi put her fingers to her lips to indicate that Father Tim was sleeping. But Father Tim himself said, "Come in, my children."

Ichabod advanced on the bed, his untidy figure strangely out of place in these antiseptic surroundings. Even his big voice lacked its usual certainty. He looked down at Father Tim with the affection which grows between two men during a friendship of years and the sadness that comes from the knowledge that one of them is dying.

He said gruffly, "We won't keep you long, Father Tim. But we heard you were having a good day now that it's cooler, and we wondered if you would mind trying to answer a few questions for us."

Father Tim smiled up at him. "Always, through the years, in my moments of greatest desperation, I have turned to you, old friend. And you have never failed me. When there was no money for the orphanage coal bill, you paid it. When there was a coat to be bought for a child that the budget would not cover, you bought it. Or shoes. Or a Santa Claus was needed at the Christmas party. Or legal work. Hours and hours of it. Most of all, you never failed me when I needed your friendship, your understanding. How can you ask me if I would mind answering a few questions for you?"

Ichabod blew his nose noisily, turning his head away. It was several minutes before he said, "We've talked before about your happening to be at the Minneapolis orphanage to which Miss Amelia's mother took Cecily's baby. The records are lost now. But have you remembered anything at all about the baby since then?"

"Oh, yes."

Ichabod waited. He leaned forward and spoke very gently, without urgency, "Could you tell us what you remembered, Father Tim?"

But Father Tim had closed his eyes, smiling. "I promised Cecily," he said, "to respect her confidence. I have, though it has not been easy. I also promised her to protect her baby. I failed in that, but perhaps now, I must rely on God's wisdom to tell me what to do."

Ichabod waited again. Finally, he said very quietly, "We have with us a young man who claims to be Miss Amelia's nephew. The baby which was given to you. Do you suppose you could tell us anything about him from looking at him?"

Father Tim opened his eyes slowly, tiredly. Raphael, at Ichabod's motion, came forward to stand by the bed. Father Tim looked at him, long and carefully. The blue eyes were compassionate, but stern. He said, "It is never right, my son, to do wrong."

Miss Amelia said, "But Raphael isn't doing wrong, Father Tim."

Father Tim said quite clearly, "I am sorry, dear lady. You, too, have been very good to my children through the years. But I have an obligation to keep your sister's confidence. This man was not the baby that was given to me. He is not your nephew."

Ichabod said, "How can you be so sure, Father Tim?"

Father Tim closed his eyes again. His voice came very faintly, very tiredly, "I am sure. Absolutely sure." And feeble though it was, his voice carried utter conviction.

Even though Miss Amelia was watching from the library, Raphael could not help limping up the stairs. His ankle hurt. His shoulder hurt. His whole body hurt, for that matter, from the jolting fall last night. His head ached from the antiseptic smell of the hospital this afternoon, from the pounding of Ichabod's questions this morning. He wanted only to reach his room, to fall on the bed and sleep. He shut the door of the room behind him. He leaned against it, eyes closed, weariness washing over him.

Across the room, Mynnelu said, "Where have you been all this time?"

He groaned audibly. He said, "You shouldn't be here. Suppose somebody sees you or (*Continued on Page 62*)

March Snowfall

By Harvena Conrad Richter

This is the season the great
crystalline flocks
Pause on their journey
north, and fill the square
With something less than light
and more than air.
Oftentimes winter stops like
this, and mocks
Spring with such a turn-
about of weathers!
The air is full of white and
frantic feathers,
Swooping and darting, in a
frosty flurry,
As if the crystal host were in
a hurry
Now that the migratory urge
is loosed.
Just for the night along each
limb they roost,
And morning finds them
gone, the square bereft.
Only a few white feathers on
the ground are left.

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(*Continued from Page 60*) hears you? Do you want to give the whole thing away?"

"Right at the moment," said Mynnelu, "I don't know as I care. While you have been sitting in the library talking all morning, and off gallivanting all afternoon, I've had Folly on my neck. And maybe you don't think she's something. 'If you want to stay in this house, young woman, you'll get that paint off your nails. And wash that goo off your hair. Leave it the color the good Lord made it. You'll be neat, my girl, or you won't stay in this house!' The nerve of her, complaining about me, with those getups of hers!"

Raphael noted that Mynnelu was, indeed, neat. Her hair without the henna was several shades darker than he had ever seen it. Her nails without polish seemed strangely naked. Her tiny figure was exceedingly trim in the immaculate gray-and-white uniform. But Mynnelu was meant for the glitter and sophistication of footlights. Behind them, she looked glamorous. Here she simply looked tired. Very tired.

Mynnelu kicked her tiny shoes off, stretching her shapely legs. "They ache clear up to the hip. I thought all this morning, at least when we get this dump cleaned up, beds made, dusting done, we can sit down this afternoon. You know what we did this afternoon? We polished silver. The whole damned afternoon we polished silver. You never saw so much silver in all your life. They even get it out of cupboards, polish it and put it back in cupboards. The last week of every month we polish all the silver, Folly says."

"You don't have to stay," Raphael reminded her.

"I'll stay," said Mynnelu grimly. "My mother in Milwaukee married and got fat and had kids and did housework. So did my brothers' wives. You know why I didn't get married and settle down there? Because I hate housework. So I married that worthless Schultz anyway, and what am I doing now? Housework. But don't you worry. I'm getting four million dollars in wages. And I'm waiting for the day when I can fire that Folly and tell her this is my house now."

Raphael winced. *Worry about that when it comes along*, he thought. *This will never be her house. But I've got to keep her quiet now.*

He said grimly, "I've had quite a day myself. Starting out by having to fight to avoid going into town, where I might have been recognized. My ankle and my shoulder ache like fire. All morning in the library, with that Ichabod pouring questions at me, questions, questions, questions. With Miss Amelia watching and listening, and that girl. I sweated blood, trying not to give myself away. And then this afternoon, with that hospital near enough to town so that anybody might have seen me." He told her about Father Tim.

"So what?" said Mynnelu. "A man who's probably dying, who can't see very well, who doesn't remember much. How can he possibly say you weren't the right baby? How can he even remember twenty-odd years ago, one baby out of probably thousands?"

Raphael said slowly, "I don't know. Maybe there was a birthmark or something. He didn't say. But somehow I believed he did know. That he did remember. And I think the rest of them believed it too."

"So they believed it then. You've got to make them believe you now. Be a good nephew. Butter the old lady up, say the right thing. They'll forget all about Father Tim."

"Not them. And he may tell why he knows I am not the right person, confidence or no confidence. And if he does, we're through."

Mynnelu swung her tiny foot in a circle. "There's nothing immortal about Father Tim. He's very sick anyhow. If he should die before he told whatever he knows——"

Raphael said sharply, "No. Benjy Neils was enough. That was an accident, really. But nobody else. No more murders."

Mynnelu rose. "We'll see. I've got to go down and set the table. And if any of you get that silver dirty, I'll put arsenic in your soup. You've got something to do too. Right away."

"I'm tired."

"So am I. But you've got to get rid of that blue striped suit."

"Blue striped suit?"

"Benjy Neils' suit. It's in your closet. I saw it. Suppose the police did? You can't take chances like that, even if it is a good suit."

"The only good suit I ever owned."

"You'll own plenty of them when you get the money. Meantime, get rid of that suit."

"But how?"

"The river," said Mynnelu. "It's a made-to-order disposal system. Very swift and very deep."

"I can't just walk down to the river with a blue suit under my arm and throw it in."

"I wrapped it up. In brown paper. Who's going to know what it is? And you don't have to just throw it in. There's an old boathouse there. Miss Amelia's father built it, before Mr. Dooley's dam made any boating impossible. The boathouse is rotted and worthless by now, Folly says, but Miss Amelia keeps it because dear papa built it and she and dear Mr. Dooley used to go there. All you have to do is go in, as if you were exploring, and throw the package out the other side into the river. Nobody will ever see you."

"All right," said Raphael wearily. While he was at it, he thought, he would also put Benjy Neils' .22 in his pocket and throw it away too. Ownership of a gun could be traced. . . .

A few minutes later Raphael gingerly limped into the ancient boathouse. He had expected bats and cobwebs, but the place had been swept and cleaned regularly. An old boat, whose name was Cecily, lay on the river's edge, much the worse for its years. The boards in the floor, he found, had not been replaced as they had rotted; Miss Amelia was apparently sentimental, but not foolish. He walked carefully, testing each step.

A man's voice behind him said, "What do you think you're doing, chum?"

Raphael turned to see a small blond man with a fixed smile on his face. His voice was smooth. Too smooth. Quietly insinuating. He wore a cheap brown-checked suit.

He leaned back now, smiling. "That wouldn't be my friend Benjy's suit you're throwing away, now would it, chum?"

Raphael stood still, staring at him. "Who are you?"

"Just call me a friend of Benjy's. Too bad about Benjy's getting murdered, wasn't it? I understand the police are quite upset about it."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Raphael. "I've never heard of any Benjy. What are you doing on my aunt's property?"

"Waiting for you. I figured you had to come out on the lawn sometime, and nobody could see me here while I waited."

"I'll call the police."

The blond man leaned back, smiling. "Do that," he urged. "Do that."

There was a moment of silence as Raphael stood and the other man smiled. Finally Raphael said, "What do you want?"

"Now, that's more like it, chum. Reasonable. That's what I always like people to be. Reasonable. What about fifty per cent?"

"Fifty per cent of what?"

"Of what you get from the old lady," said the smiling man. "If I don't talk to the police about my dear friend Benjy, that is."

"What could you possibly talk about?"

"I might talk about what was bringing him to Waurika, for instance. I wouldn't say he exactly confided this information to me, but let's say I found it out. I might show samples of his handwriting for them to compare with the letters sent Mrs. Dooley by her nephew. I might tell what I saw happen on the train."

Raphael knew then why the man had seemed familiar. He remembered passing him as he walked down the train aisle. This was the man who had sat staring at the car door, smiling fixedly. If this man told the police a convincing story about being an eyewitness to the murder of Benjy Neils ——

Raphael leaned tiredly against the wall. He said, "We might work out some sort of a deal. But not fifty per cent."

The blond man smiled. He shook his head. "My final offer. That's generous, chum. I expected to get the whole thing. I would have, if you had waited for the drink I gave Benjy to take effect."

"You poisoned Benjy! That was why he was feeling sick!"

"I didn't push him off the train. That's all there is evidence of now. And the police aren't looking for me."

Raphael shut his eyes momentarily. He felt only weariness. "You'll never be satisfied with fifty per cent," he said. "You're just starting with that. You'll never be satisfied until you've got the whole thing."

The man backed away toward the river. Fear was suddenly in his eyes. He said, "You've got me wrong, chum. All wrong." His hand slid downward.

Raphael ducked the chunk of wood which the blond man threw. It missed his head by inches. His own hand touched the little gun in his pocket. It tightened around it. The man was screaming, "No, no!" He toppled forward slowly, a surprised, stupid look on his face. And Raphael was looking down at the .22 in his hand.

I had to shut him up, he thought. *He was screaming. And he would never have let me alone. Never. He poisoned Benjy and now he's dead too. He's bleeding on that tarpaulin.*

Raphael wondered if anyone could have heard the shot. He did not think so. The boathouse was too remote, the rush of the river too strong. There remained the matter of getting the body into the river. He wrapped it in the old tarpaulin, to prevent stains. He knotted the top, added everything he could find as a weight. He dragged it across the floor. He dumped the whole thing into the river. He threw the blue suit after it.

He made sure there was no blood on the boathouse floor or on him. He went out and closed the door behind him. As he walked back to the house, he reflected he had killed a man whose name he never even knew. Mentally he christened him Smiley. No more killings, he had told Mynnelu. Well, he had killed Smiley. And this time he was not sick. His hands were not shaking. He was tired, but only that. Tired.

He patted the gun in his pocket. Handy things, guns. But one thing was sure now. Up to the murder of Smiley, there had been the possibility, however remote, that someone might have believed him, had he told the truth about his fight with Benjy Neils. Now, no one would. So from now on, it did not matter who got in his way. It did not matter at all. For they could only hang him once.

Miss Amelia sighed and put down her knitting. She sat for a moment looking affectionately at Kathi, in her blue skirt and sweater, bent over her desk in the library. Miss Amelia folded her thin beautiful hands in her lap, decisively. "Don't you think we've answered enough letters for today, Kathi?"

Kathi smiled cheerfully at her. "We haven't finished, but we've certainly done a lot. Typing these will take me most of the afternoon."

Miss Amelia shook her head. "No. You work too hard. I want you to go out this afternoon. Where is dear Wes?"

Kathi flushed. "Out on one of the farms, I guess. I haven't seen him except at dinner in nearly three days."

"Neither have I. But dear Raphael is here. Why don't you go out for a ride with him?"

Kathi bent her bright head, ostensibly over her work. (*Continued on Page 65*)

What's Going On Here?

The President of the United States has hurried from the capital on a wartime mission, accompanied by three ranking members of his Cabinet. Before his trip is done, he becomes the first United States Executive to serve actively in the field under gunfire as Commander-in-Chief of the United States armed forces. What President, and what was the outcome of his mission?

Roger Q. Rodgers

(*see page 65 for answer*)

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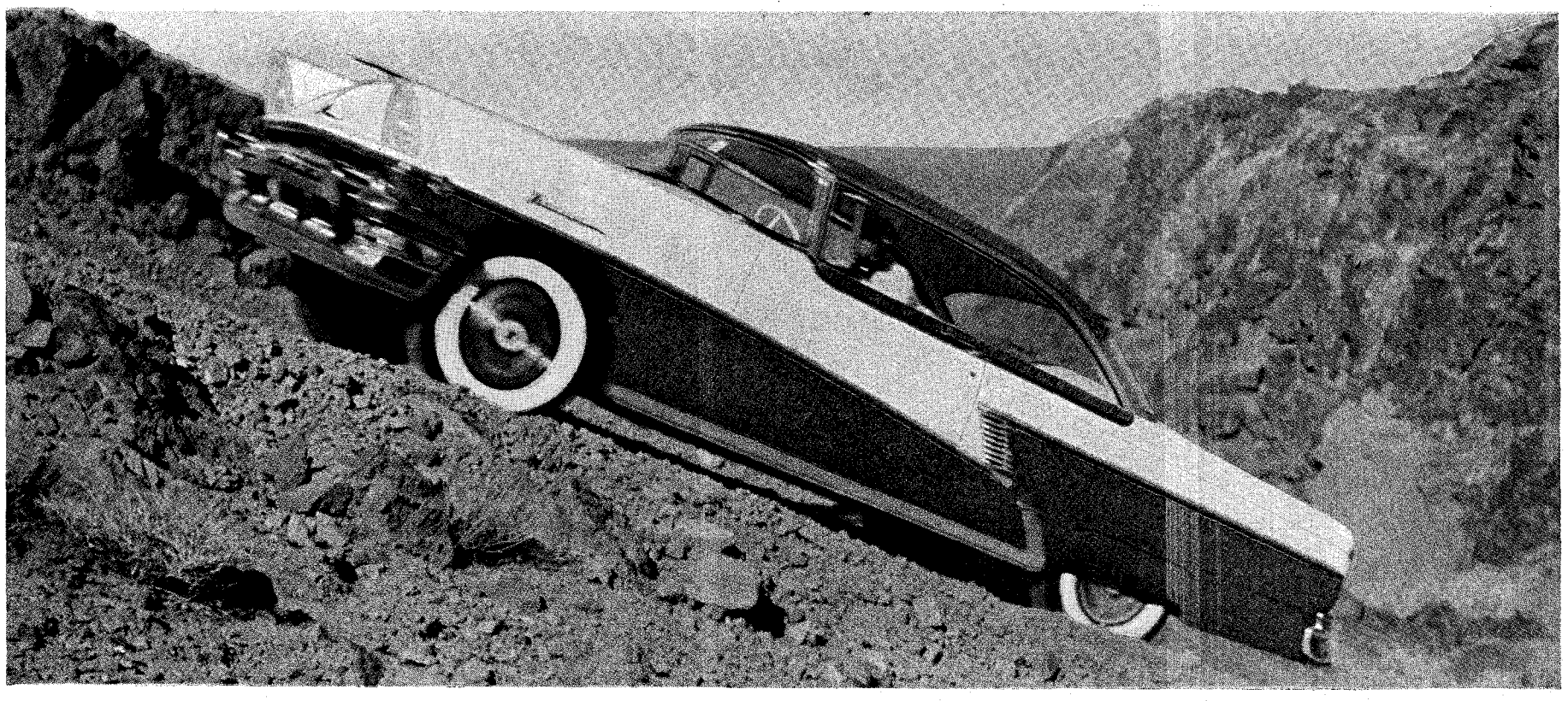

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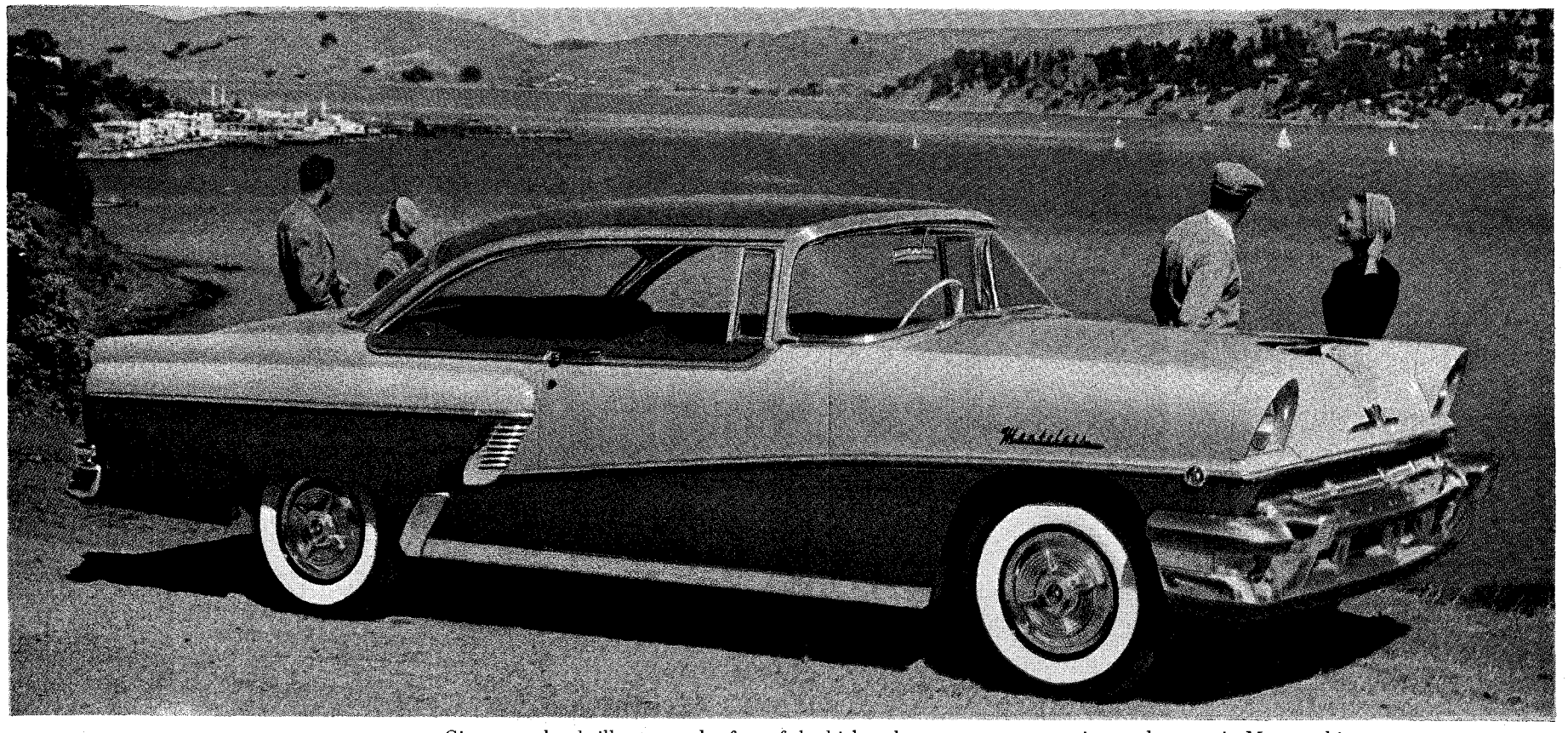

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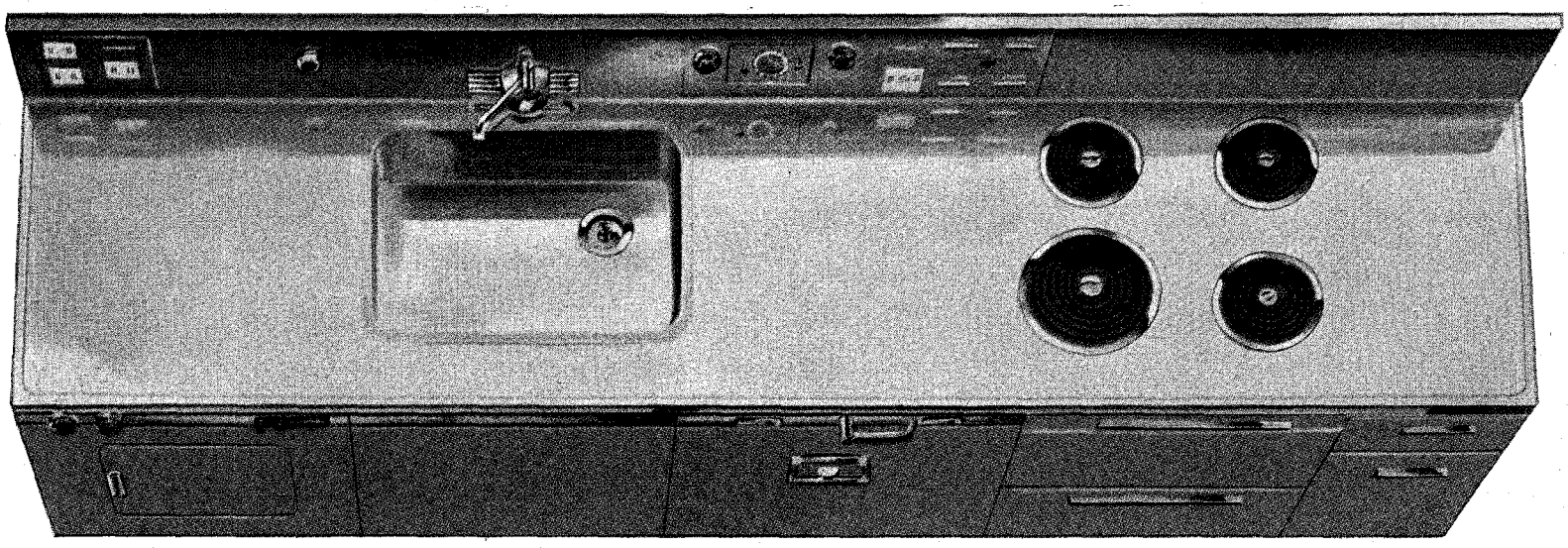

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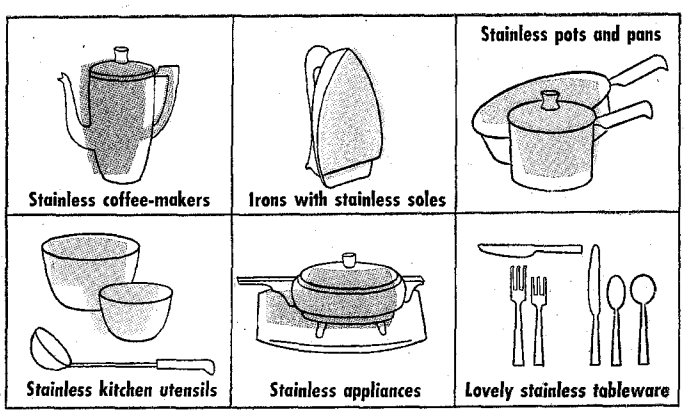

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(*Continued from Page 62*) "I'd really like to get these letters out, Miss Amelia."

Miss Amelia straightened the white lace collar on her black silk dress. She patted her soft white hair. "You don't like Raphael, do you, Kathi?"

Kathi said politely—too politely, "I've only known him for the five days he's been here. He's been very pleasant to me."

"Raphael is always pleasant to everyone," Miss Amelia's voice was tender. "How dear Cecily would have loved him!"

Kathi leaned forward, her brown eyes watching Miss Amelia. She wet her lips. She said carefully, "You like him, too, don't you, Miss Amelia?"

Miss Amelia said simply, "I love him as much as if he were my own boy."

"But ——" Kathi was choosing her words. "Suppose he should be—not what he claims?"

"Dear Ichabod has had detectives investigating," said Miss Amelia sharply. "Everything dear Raphael said has checked so far—though they need more time. But you know Raphael now, Kathi. Do you really think he is the type of boy who would be pretending affection for me, trying to trick me out of my money?"

"He looks so honest," said Kathi, troubled. "His blue eyes meet yours in that dark face and you can't believe he's lying. He seems so genuinely fond of you, so considerate."

Miss Amelia was pleased. "Yes, he does, doesn't he?"

"But, Miss Amelia ——"

Miss Amelia waited. Kathi fumbled for words, not finding them. Finally she said, "Miss Amelia, if there were some way of proving Raphael weren't your nephew ——"

"But there's not."

"Or if there were some way of proving that someone else was your sister's child."

"But there couldn't be. There was only Cecily's ring and her letter to her unborn baby. And dear Raphael had those."

Kathi sighed. "Yes. Raphael did."

"You've looked so worried lately, my dear. Not at all your usual happy self. I know how very fond of me you are, and it is sweet of you to worry about me, but really, dear, I can look after myself in most things, and anything else dear Ichabod can take care of."

"But he can't!" Kathi got to her feet suddenly, to stride up and down the library. Little Miss Amelia smiled up at the tall, graceful girl. "Miss Amelia, you've known me for over three months now. You do believe that I tell the truth, don't you?"

"Why, of course."

"You've had so many people lying to you for so long," said Kathi. "All those awful people who claimed to be Cecily's child, just to try to get the money. There were hundreds of letters."

"Six hundred and nine," said Miss Amelia.

"So naturally you couldn't believe any stranger's unsupported word about anything. I've always known that. But now you know me."

"My dear," said Miss Amelia, "certainly I believe you!"

Kathi's brown eyes met hers steadily. "Even when I tell you, though I can't prove it legally, that I know Raphael is not your nephew?"

Miss Amelia leaned forward to pat Kathi. "I know you believe that, my dear. You always have. On all the claimants. Perhaps—you must forgive me—perhaps it is because you are so close to me as to be almost my own daughter, and perhaps, without realizing it, you feel the same jealousy that a first child feels for a second. You have no reason to be jealous of dear Raphael, Kathi. My affection for you is certainly not diminished by my affection for him. I have never said this to you before, and I am sure you have never thought of it, but you yourself are remembered very generously in my will. And Raphael will not, naturally, affect that in any way, either."

Kathi whirled, her face flushed and tearful. "I'm not jealous!" she said. "I don't want your money! Oh, now I can never tell you!"

After a minute, Miss Amelia went over to put a hand timidly on Kathi's shoulder, as she sat at the desk with her head buried in her arms. "My dear, I'm so sorry."

Kathi did not look up. Miss Amelia hesitated, then went quietly out. In the hall she met Wes Olson, bringing Folly a basketful of fresh vegetables from one of the farms. Miss Amelia admired the kernels of the corn, the fullness of the young beets, the uniform size and color of the carrots. Then she took the basket quite firmly. "Dear Wes. I believe I left my glasses in the library. Would you get them for me, please?"

"But that basket is heavy."

"Dear Folly will take it," said Miss Amelia serenely.

Wes studied the glasses on the ribbon around her neck. Her eyes met his calmly. He turned into the library. Miss Amelia waited just long enough to see him pause in the doorway, then move swiftly toward Kathi's bent figure. Regretfully, Miss Amelia closed the door.

Wes went up to Kathi and encircled her with his arm. She said, "Oh, W-Wes!" and put her wet cheek against his hand.

He said, "Come over to the sofa where you can cry on my shoulder comfortably. I've got one of the best shoulders in the business for crying on."

Kathi came.

Somewhat later, she looked up shakily. He gave her his handkerchief. "Blow."

Kathi blew. She pushed her hair back. She wiped her face. "I must look awful."

Wes patted her hand. "I like my women a little tear-stained. Shows they have hearts."

Kathi smiled, shakily. "Thanks, Wes. I'm not usually such a baby."

"Any time." Wes smiled back.

"I'm going away from here, Wes."

"Where?"

"I don't know. Anywhere. Anywhere else."

Wes was silent. Finally he said. "It's one way of solving some problems. Running away from them. Only be sure the problem doesn't come with you. Will this one?"

Kathi said slowly, "I suppose so. Yes."

"Then ——"

"But I can't just stay here and do nothing! I can't. Every day Raphael twines himself more and more around Miss Amelia's heart. He brings her a book. He runs upstairs to get her slippers. He holds her chair; he ——"

"None of them," said Wes, "in themselves particularly dangerous acts. What do you want him to do, be disagreeable?"

"No, of course not."

"Be fair, Kathi. It's not like you not to be fair. His proofs were genuine. His story has held all along the line. Miss Amelia loves him. Surely you aren't jealous?"

Kathi sprang to her feet, her eyes shooting sparks. "Oh!" she said. "Oh!"

"But, Kathi ——"

"Don't 'but, Kathi' me. You and all your advice. What are you doing about your own problem but running away from it? Didn't it come with you?"

Wes looked down at his disabled arm. He looked at Kathi. He said, "Someday I'm going to shake you until your teeth rattle. Or maybe I'll just turn you over my knee and spank you so hard you can't sit down for a week."

"Oh, you will! And what will I be doing?"

"You," said Wes grimly, "will be doing what you're told. For a change."

He strode out. In the hall he met Miss Amelia and Ichabod Carr. He detoured around them and went out the door, without speaking.

Ichabod pushed back his thick mane of hair. He took out his pipe. "If that girl can't catch Wes, can't she at least leave him alone?"

"It wasn't Kathi's fault," said Miss Amelia. "It was mine. I sent him in there when I knew she was upset. But I thought ——"

"Women," said Ichabod. "Meddling fools." He put his big arm around her, almost absently. She leaned her frail figure against his big one. She stood on tiptoe to kiss his cheek.

"Dear Ichabod," she said.

He squeezed her, hard. He kissed her firmly on the lips. "You were always the prettiest girl in town, Amelia. Do you remember that rose dancing dress you used to have? You could wear that color still."

Miss Amelia drew herself up. "But Mr. Dooley ——"

"Mr. Dooley," said Ichabod, "has been dead well over twenty years."

Miss Amelia said almost with surprise, "Why, so he has!"

Kathi came out of the library now, also to sweep past them unnoticing; though she at least made a gesture at a smile of greeting. On the stairs she turned, her young face still tear-stained. "I believe I will go out this afternoon, Miss Amelia. As you suggested. I'll go out for a ride with Raphael."

"Now what," muttered Ichabod under his breath, "is so grim about that prospect?"

Miss Amelia said nothing. Ichabod patted her arm. He said, "How about my game of chess, with my own best girl? Today I'm going to win."

"Oh, you are," Miss Amelia responded with spirit. "As I recall, last Friday night ——"

Arm in arm, they went toward the library. But over her shoulder, Miss Amelia still watched Kathi anxiously. For Kathi had had in her brown eyes a look of determination which had not been there previously. (*Continued on Page 67*)

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 62)

James Madison, fourth President, went personally to the battlefield of Bladensburg, Maryland, August 24, 1814, in a vain effort to turn back the British assault on Washington, D. C. Although not a military man, he is said to have directed the fire of Commodore Joshua Barney's naval battery, one of the few units that put up effective resistance. Two militia regiments broke and ran under fire from Congreve rockets, however, and the British captured Washington.

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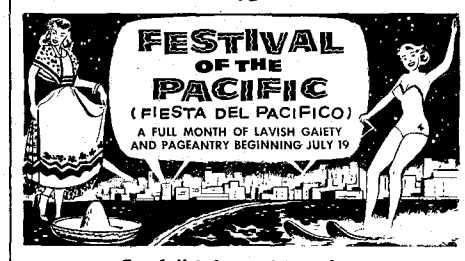

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(*Continued from Page 65*) And a high-spirited hot-tempered girl like Kathi, determined to do something, no matter how. . . .

Ichabod, with his usual way of understanding Amelia's thoughts, said, "I don't know if I'd care to be Raphael this afternoon."

Raphael leaned back in the car and stretched his long legs. His injured ankle hardly hurt at all now. He scratched his stiff shoulder luxuriously against the leather upholstery. He smiled at Kathi's clear young profile. *If I had known murder could have such pleasant results, I would have taken it up long ago.*

"Do you always keep both eyes on the road all the time you're driving?" he asked.

Kathi glanced at him briefly. "Don't you?"

He grinned and stretched again. The cool weather of the past few days had definitely marked a turn of the seasons; the summer heat was gone now, and there were real signs of fall in the air. The afternoon sun felt warm and pleasant against his skin.

"Sure you wouldn't rather drive?" Kathi asked politely.

"I don't have a driver's license." *Not take a chance on that. If I were stopped for anything, the beginnings of a check on my identity* ——

"You could get one."

"Yes. I must." He turned to watch Kathi again—the quick precision of her movements, their easy grace, her lithe young body in its close-fitting gold-jersey dress. She even smelled especially good, he thought. And when a woman uses her best perfume for a man ——

He was extraordinarily pleased with himself, and with her, and with life in general, until he heard her saying, "You'll like the cocktail lounge."

He sat upright. "What cocktail lounge?"

"I've been telling you. I thought we'd go into town, to the Jones House. They have tea dancing."

"No," he said sharply. "Not there!"

"Why not there? Don't you like it? I didn't know you knew it. I thought you said you just drove right through Waurika, coming out."

"I did. I just meant, I'd rather not, today."

"Why not? It will be gay and fun."

For a moment he was tempted. Very tempted. After the past five days, he could do with some gaiety and fun. Five days of incessant strain, of watching every word. It would be nice to hold this girl in his arms, to move to music, to close his eyes and forget the pressures, the anxieties. Forget everything but the moment.

The Jones House! The minute he walked into that lobby someone would call the police.

"Let's not go into town," he said. "Not on a nice day like this. The leaves are beginning to change a little, even. Let's stay outside."

Kathi said, "Why do you never want to go into Waurika?"

"I guess I'm a country boy at heart. Towns stifle me."

"Strange. When you've lived in so many of them."

"Never lived. Gone through. You could turn around here, couldn't you?"

Kathi looked at him, long and levelly. Finally she slowed the car and turned around. He leaned back again, trying not to let his relief be too obvious.

Kathi said politely, "I'll show you the park. Miss Amelia has been wanting you to see it. Her father gave it to the town."

"My grandfather," he said, watching her.

Kathi made a small, unintelligible sound. She did not speak again until they were actually in the park. This was several miles of rolling wooded land along the river, containing at various intervals tennis courts and picnic grounds and even a small zoo, but devoted for the most part simply to acres and acres of woods and shrubs and fields of grass. In her polite, pleasant voice, Kathi began to describe the points of interest.

"This rock is called Lover's Leap. In Indian days an Indian girl was not allowed to marry the brave of her choice, and so she came to the rock and jumped off into the river below."

Raphael gave the rock a casual glance. He continued to give the points of interest a casual glance as Kathi drove on, conscientiously detailing the park's history.

"Big, isn't it?" he asked.

"The biggest park for a city the size of Waurika in the whole state."

Raphael yawned. "Do we have to cover it all in one day?"

Kathi was stiff. "Certainly not. If you would like to go home now."

"Who said anything about going home?" Raphael leaned over to put his hand on hers. "There was a little eating concession back there. That red board shack. Let me buy you a hot dog."

Kathi drew a deep breath. "All right."

She pulled the car neatly into the empty parking space. With the cool days, fewer people were in the park, and apparently fewer still were eating at this time of day.

The red board shack contained one small room with high windows, a green-checked-linoleum floor and red gingham curtains. Its only occupant was one untidy-looking blonde reading a movie magazine. She looked up in boredom. "What'll you have?"

Raphael looked at Kathi. "Hot dog?"

She nodded.

"With all the trimmings," said Raphael. "Heavy on the mustard."

"Java?"

"Two."

"Gotcha," said the blonde. She went back of the counter and busied herself making rattling sounds.

Raphael held a chair for Kathi at one of the small round tables. Then he saw the juke box. "Now that you've shown me the park, still feel like dancing?"

Kathi hesitated. "All right."

Raphael selected a jump tune. *Gay music, loud colors, lights and things moving*, he thought. *That's the life. And now I can have it. And anything else I want.*

Raphael danced well, and knew it. Boldly. He was not particularly graceful, but he was lithe and strong and quick. At first Kathi's body was stiff in his arms, but soon she, too, yielded to the excitement of the music. She had a natural rhythm about her, a tall, loose-limbed grace. As he whirled her, her skirt swung up, showing her long beautiful legs. He caught her to him, holding her tightly. Her brown eyes were shining now. He put his cheek against her soft, sweet-smelling skin. He touched her hair. She did not pull away.

For a moment, he might have been holding Lynne. He had the same feeling that Lynne had always given him, an apart feeling, of just the two of them in the world. And it was a wonderful world. He shut his eyes and held Kathi tightly, and nothing else mattered. Nothing else existed, even. They moved to the music, but they did not need it.

He turned her face to his then his fingers strong under her chin. She tried to pull back a little, but only a little. Then his lips were on hers, hard. And this, too, was right and wonderful and apart. No one else in the world. At first she was limp in his arms, and then she was kissing him back.

I didn't think it could happen again, he thought. *Not the way it was with Lynne. Not ever. But it has. With all that money and this girl—what more could anyone want of life?*

Kathi pulled away then. He could feel the trembling of her body, see the tears in her eyes. Tears and bewilderment. Even her voice trembled, when she finally spoke. But what she said was, "Raphael, where did you get that letter and that ring?"

Not the way it was with Lynne, he thought tiredly. Not like that again, ever. Because now there was another element. Danger. Always danger. One wrong word, one wrong answer to a question. Not just the inheritance lost. His life. He was not safe even with this girl, this wonderfully soft and sweet-smelling girl. He had to watch even her. Every minute. Because he had killed two men. And one slip meant hanging. Forget about this girl. Plenty of time for that later. But not now.

He said wearily, "Our hot dogs are ready. Let's sit down."

They sat down. But Kathi was not interested in hot dogs. She put her elbows on the table and leaned forward. She said softly, "Where did you get the ring and the letter, Raphael? You can tell me. I won't tell the others. But I must know."

It couldn't have been an act, he thought. Not that kiss. She meant it then. But now ——

For a moment, looking into Kathi's direct brown eyes, he was tempted to tell her. All about Benjy, about the wallet, about Smiley, even. No, not about Smiley. She would not understand that. But the rest of it, she might. To create again, and genuinely, the feeling of safety, of wonder, that having this girl in his arms had given him.

You fool. Any time she wouldn't tell the others. She's a woman, isn't she? Like Mynnelu. And four million dollars is still four million dollars. Forget her. Look after yourself. You've got to.

He leaned back. He opened the bun and looked at the hot dog. He put on more mustard. He looked at Kathi as if surprised she was still there.

"The ring and the letter?" he said. "I've told you that so many times—you and Ichabod and Miss Amelia. They kept the clothes I was found in. All orphanages do, I guess. And years later, when I left, they gave them to me. And afterward I found the ring and the letter sewed in my little sweater."

"When did you find them, Raphael? When?"

"The day I came out of the orphanage."

"I've heard that story." Kathi was impatient. "I don't want to hear it again. I want the real one. The true one."

He leaned back, his blue eyes bland in his dark face. He smiled. "But it is the true one."

"Raphael," said Kathi, "I want so much to like you. I'm afraid I do like you. But I have to know the truth about this."

He put his hand over hers. "You do know it."

But Kathi drew her hand back. And the wonderful moment was definitely gone. Far gone. Kathi was back to her polite, pleasant voice now. She ate her hot dog quickly and said she really must be getting back to her work at Eagle's Point. Driving home, she kept the conversation firmly on the glories of the park. At the house, she slid quickly out of the car and ran up the steps without looking back.

Raphael felt a sharp regret as he watched her go. He put out his hand to stop her. No time for that, he reminded himself. Later. He let her get into the house before he followed her.

The first thing he saw was Mynnelu in the upper hall, leaning over the railing, her neat uniform askew. She beckoned to him frantically. He took only a step or two toward her, however, when Miss Amelia called from the library, "Raphael, my dear!"

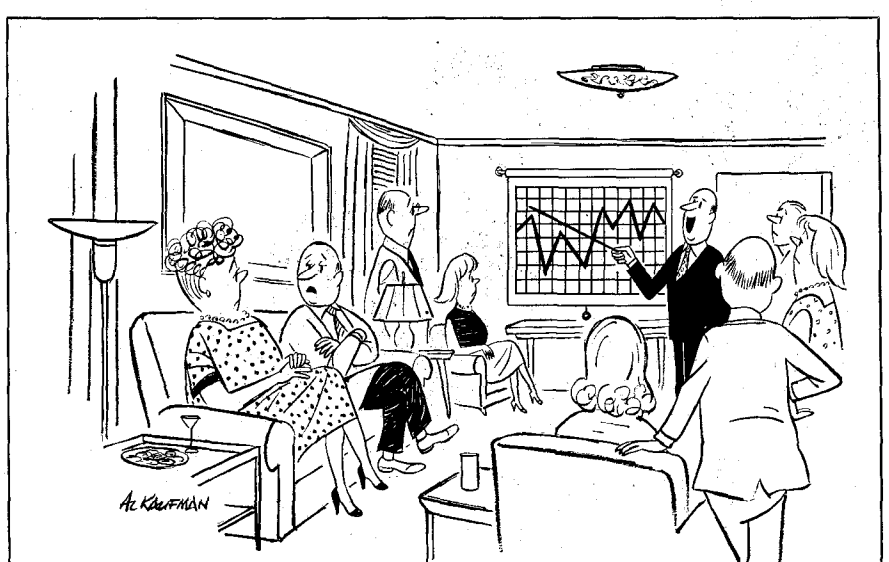
He was proud of the indifference with which he went by Mynnelu. He called to her, "Will you bring me a drink in the library, please?"

Mynnelu had turned to watch Kathi's tall straight figure going down the upstairs hall behind her. She said, "Yes, sir," respectfully enough, but her voice hissed. There was a strange gleam in her eyes.

Raphael went on into the library. He bent to kiss Miss Amelia. "Resting?"

"No," said Miss Amelia. "Listening. Of course, I know dear mamma is dead, but sometimes, still, I think I hear her. She had a wooden leg, you know, and you did hear her coming." She smiled and patted his cheek. "I was thinking about a rose dancing dress. Oh, I forgot to tell you, dear. There's someone waiting to see you. In the front parlor."

The front parlor was a stiff sedate little room, seldom used and showing it, with its stiff slip covers and gray draperies. As he entered it, Raphael suddenly knew the meaning of Mynnelu's frantic beckoning and the gleam in her eye. For, though the tall, thin man waiting for him was in plain clothes, he had an unmistakable air of authority. Raphael knew, with sinking heart, that this man could be only one thing. And he was. For he rose, saying calmly, "Mr. Raphael Jordan? I'm from the police." TO BE CONTINUED



"All I asked him was, 'How's business?' "

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Floods of Fear (Continued from Page 41)

would proceed downstream at the same rate. Not as a wall of water sharply defined; it would be a level reached after a long period of almost imperceptible rise, and it would be recognized only after another period of almost imperceptible drop.

The maximum level could be forecast with good accuracy, and this was information of the greatest value. The towns and cities of Bridgeton, Lebannon, West Mills and others downstream could be told what further disaster to prepare against, and could call up strength and courage to endure the torment coming down upon them.

The strength of men and women is not inexhaustible. Many fighting the flood worked until they dropped, and others took their places to drop in their turn. Wherever the need was great, there was sure to be a priest, or a pastor, or a rabbi walking with the word of God. Physicians and nurses worked ceaselessly against the handmaidens of disaster, disease and injury. Labor unions supplied skilled hands, recruiting volunteers in distant cities. Manufacturers gave materials and equipment without thought of cost or payment.

Lebannon watched the flood level creep the last slow inches toward the predicted maximum in the first hours after dark, Friday evening, June seventeenth. The people here could say the worst was very near, and take heart in that they had found the strength to endure it. But in West Mills and in Biddleford, and in all the other cities and towns between the crest and the sea, the worst was still somewhere out of sight. The people there could only wait and pray that they would be equal to the need.

In these same dark hours, the convict, Peebles, rode ahead of the crest in an outboard-powered skiff, going swiftly downriver. He cocked his head to the humming of the motor and grinned. It was a real outfit—a sixteen-foot boat, big-beamed, brand-new, bone-dry. After the leaky scow of Donavan's, it seemed to him like the Queen Mary. There were even cushions for a man to sit on.

"A real deal," Peebles said.

He wore hip boots, wool trousers, a red flannel shirt, still wet from a recent washing, and a fleece-lined hunting coat. The coat was too big for him, but he'd turned the cuffs back on bony wrists and belted it tightly around his waist. Nobody would notice the size of the coat; they'd be looking at the black-and-white armband that said DEPUTY SHERIFF, in big, black letters. With a fine boat, wearing an official armband, a man could go just about any place, no questions asked.

He took the gray skiff downriver, staying well out in the stream. There were lights on the hills over there on the right. Johnsonville, probably. Donavan had said Johnsonville wasn't far ahead. Peebles wondered how the big guy was doing in that leaky tub. Donavan could paddle till his arms fell off and he'd still get to West Mills too late. The big guy didn't know it yet, but he was dead.

"Stone cold," Peebles said.

He'd hoped for a gun—no luck on that, but a man can't have everything. He did have a billfold, eleven bucks cash, and more ID cards than he'd ever use. He had sandwiches and coffee, cigarettes, matches and a flashlight, a six-cell job that could throw a beam a half a mile. That light had saved his neck, back in Fieldview, or whatever the name of that town was.

Donavan had dumped him overside. Donavan had pulled out and left him. He'd had a bad thirty or forty minutes roosting on the flat roof of a car port, and then he'd heard the quiet thrumming of a motor. He'd yelled till his throat was raw—cold as he was, running out of muscle, he'd been ready to settle for a bed in anybody's jail. He'd got an answering shout, and this gray skiff had come ghosting out of the dark between the houses, and the beam of light had hit him in the face. Next thing, he was sitting on the bottom of the boat, a fleece-lined hunting coat around his shoulders, a cup of hot black coffee in his hands.

"Th-th-thanks for the coat."

"You need it more than I do," the man said.

He was stocky and big-shouldered, but not tall. His name was Finucane, he said. Harry Finucane. He owned a service station and a little garage—correction, he owned the pile of junk that would be left after the flood got through. He was a special deputy; not that that meant much. Every man who owned a boat was a deputy these days. He'd been on duty for forty-eight hours without sleep.

"Rough," Peebles said.

Peebles told the man his name was Biancone—safe enough, the only Biancone he'd ever met had been a cop a thousand miles from here. He said he'd worked on a farm, upriver, and had stayed too long, trying to save the stock. He'd had a boat, until a log punched a hole in her side.

"Spare me some more of that coffee?" he asked.

"Sure," Finucane said. "That's what it's for."

"How often do you report in?" Peebles said.

"I don't," Finucane said. "Unless there's a reason."

He took the skiff into a narrow space between two houses, the throttle closed, the motor only whispering. He probed the shadows with the light. Peebles waited until Finucane's broad back was turned, and then he shrugged the hunting coat away from his shoulders, reaching for his knife. He needed that coat with its armband—no use getting the coat messed up. He put the knife blade deep in Finucane's back. He left it there until the stocky man had ceased to move.

Now Peebles took the gray skiff downstream. Fieldview and Johnsonville were far astern; the lights of West Mills were just coming into sight. Peebles listened to the motor and grinned. He'd lost some time in Fieldview—half an hour, maybe longer, squatting on that roof. And he'd had to wash Finucane's shirt before he'd put it on. Call it an hour, altogether. He would still beat Donavan to West Mills with plenty of time to spare. The big outboard could eat up miles faster than a cat could lick up cream.

West Mills was almost abeam. The lower town was dark, but there were powerful lights in the center of the town and there were a few floodlighted areas along the water front. The place was really taking a beating. There wasn't a wharf or a dock anywhere in sight; they were all under, and the water was high on the doors of the dock-side sheds and warehouses.

Peebles saw a few people, several small boats and two big river tugs, but that was all. And no one hailed him. A dark bridge loomed up suddenly, and Peebles ducked as he passed under it. A couple more feet of rise, and they'd have to open the draw to let a rowboat through. He brought the skiff close inshore and turned downriver again.

Murphy's moorage was on the lower edge of town; he knew that much. All he had to do was cruise along until he found it. With maybe a million bucks' worth of equipment anchored there, it was an odds-on bet Murphy would be there with it. Peebles passed several lighted areas, and then he saw a scattering of lights where floating equipment carried the Murphy Construction label in letters big and black. Coming into it, he saw no one working, but he saw a lot of damage. A big rig—crane or dredge, he didn't know which—had broken half-way loose; swinging on a single line, it had smashed into other equipment, sinking some of it. A pile driver sat on the bottom, only the roof peak and the tall leads of it above water. Drift was jammed in everywhere, a strip of walkway was dangling downstream like a loose piece of string.

A long frame building—a floating dock, office and supply shed—was well lighted. Peebles swung the bow of the skiff upstream and came in to tie up at the wide mooring area. He'd had plenty of time to figure every angle; he knew just what he was going to do and say. First, he had to sell the idea he was Murphy's pal, but that was no big chore. When a guy rode a flood like this to tell another guy somebody was on the way to kill him, what could he do but open the door?

"A cinch," Peebles told himself.

Donavan had had his chance. He'd been too square to play it smart; too bad for Donavan. Now the squeeze was going to work a different way. Braced and ready, Murphy could cut Donavan down, for free. All he'd get for knocking off an escaped con was a pat on the back from the cops. So then, by way of saying thanks, Murphy would ante up for Peebles. Money and clothes and a place to hide. But that wasn't half of it. As soon as the time was right, Murphy would ante up in heavy numbers. Peebles had the goods on him for killing his wife and framing Donavan; Murphy had to pay. Peebles could see nothing but smooth going ahead.

"As smooth," Peebles said, "as a she mouse's belly."

He left the skiff moored to a ring bolt and looked around. There were plenty of outside lights on this building; he could hear a gas-powered generator going. He followed the wide walk around to the shore side of the building. The office was brightly lighted and empty. The door was not locked. He went in, waited a moment, then called out.

"Hey! Anybody around?"

"Yes!" a voice answered from another room. "What d'you want?"

"Murphy," Peebles said. "Jack Murphy."

A man came to the inner doorway. He was big, a sandy-haired bull of a man; his hands were black, his face unshaven. He needed a bath and his bloodshot eyes said he needed sleep. But there was no look of weariness about him; there was only a look of sullen fury.

"I'm Jack Murphy," he said.

Peebles said, "I got news—news about Bruce Donavan."

"Donavan," Murphy said. "So what about him?"

"He'll be here in an hour or two."

"Donavan's in prison."

"He ain't now. They had him working on the Humboldt dike. The whole crew got washed out, a lot of 'em drown. You know how Donavan can swim; all it did was turn him loose. He's comin' here, and he's got the idea he's goin' to kill you. I got here first."

"And who're you?"

"A friend of yours. Don't it look like it? I come a long way and took a lot of chances to give you this dope."

Murphy stared at Peebles silently, the look of sullen fury still unbroken. "Friend of mine, eh?" he said at last. "All right, friend. Come in here and tell me about it."

He led the way into the other room. It was a long room, a supply shed and workshop. Here were coils of bright new Manila line, reels of cable, oil drums; tools were stacked in every corner. Bins filled two walls, except for window space. There was a long workbench; a sliding door opened on the river side of the room. Murphy took a bottle of bourbon from the workbench, tipped it up and drank deeply. Then the sound of a crash upstream, the splintering of wood and the grinding of metal, jerked his head up. He swore a deep and bitter oath.

"Listen to that!" he said. "Every time that rig swings, it costs me another ten thousand dollars—and there's nothing I can do about it." He lifted a blackened, balled fist. "I could save it with a crew of a dozen men, but they left me! Every one of them left me!"

"Can't you cut it loose?" Peebles asked.

"Cut it loose!" Murphy said hoarsely. "That's two hundred thousand dollars' worth of crane! I'll see it on the bottom first!" He (*Continued on Page 72*)

"Man! Just dig that crazy snow!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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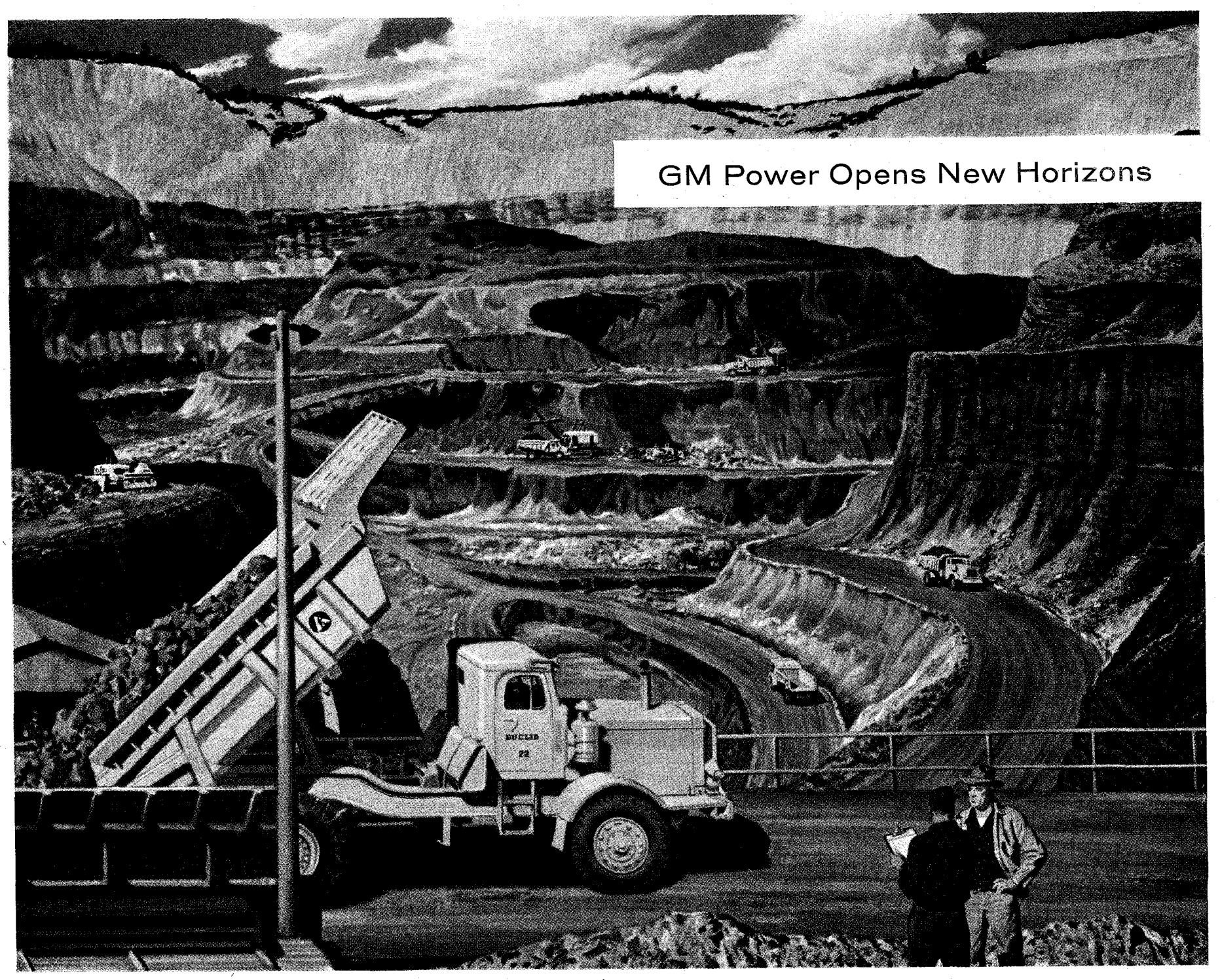

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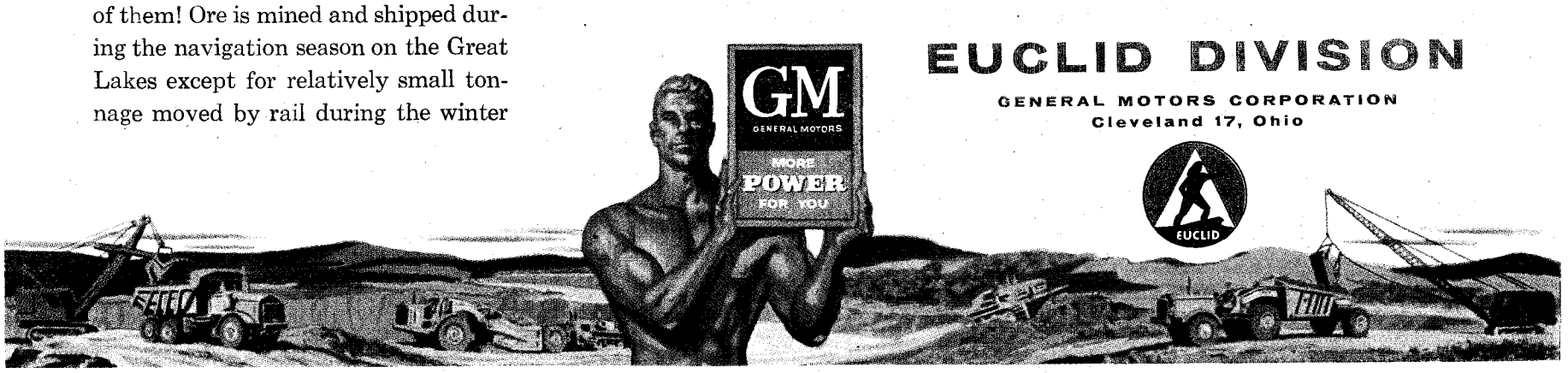

EUCLID DIVISION

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
Cleveland 17, Ohio

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Rexall DRUG STORES

LUCKY 7

EVERY PRICE IS 7 A

MORE SUPER SPECIALS!

Permedge Razor Blades Cut 40%! 60 double edge or 54 single edge. $1.47, **87¢**
Scout Jr. Flashlight Cut 30%! Has chromed finish, slide switch. 2-cell. $1.39, now **97¢**
Stag Shave Cream Cut 26%! Choose 3¼-oz. Bay rum or coolated; or 4.8-oz. brushless. Any of these big 50¢ tubes. . **37¢**
Stag Cream Hair Tonic Cut 27%! Non-drying and non-alcoholic. 6 oz., 79¢. . **57¢**
Stag Deodorant Cream Cut 26%! Stops perspiration odor for hrs. 1½ oz., 50¢. . **37¢**
"8480" Nail Clipper Cut 44%! 49¢, **27¢**
Victoria Hot Water Bottle Cut 38%! Red rubber, holds 2 qts. Reg. $2.89, now **$1.77**
Rexall De Luxe Toothbrushes Cut 26%! Junior size, regularly 39¢ each, **2 for 57¢**
Superior Hair Dryer Cut 28%! Blows hot, cold; has adj. handle, stand. UL Approved. For AC only. Reg. $6.95, now only. . **$4.97**
Rubber Bobby Comb Cut 28%! 2 for 27¢

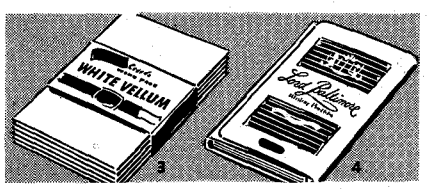
Proven Rexall Remedies

Rexall Hygienic Powder Cut 34%! Makes non-irritating solution. Pound, $1.49. . . **97¢**

1. Rexall Eyelo Eyewash Cut 30%! Soothing lotion reduces irritation. 4-oz. bottle with free unbreakable eyecup. Reg. 39¢. . . **27¢**
2. Rexall Klenzo Antiseptic Mouthwash Cut 27%! Ruby red, cinnamon flavored. Pint, regularly 79¢, now only. . . . . **57¢**
Rexall Milk of Magnesia Tablets Cut 33%! Big bottle of 250, reg. $1.00, now **67¢**
Rexall Milk of Magnesia Cut 43%! Mild laxative and antacid for relief from temporary constipation, acidity. 6 oz., now. . **17¢**
Rexall Vitamin B-12 Tablets Cut 36%! 100 10 mcg. tablets, reg. $2.30, now **$1.47**
Rexall Vitamin B Complex Capsules Cut 35%! Big bottle of 100, reg. $2.59, **$1.67**

Stationery Savings

Irish Linen Stationery Cut 32%! Ruled or unruled tablet, or envs. Each, now. . . . **17¢**
Air Mail Ink Tablet Cut 32%! 44 six by ten-inch sheets, onion skin. Reg. 25¢. . . **17¢**



3. Cello-Packed Stationery Cut 30%! Choice of five designs. Each, 39¢, now **27¢**
4. Lord Baltimore Portfolio Cut 31%! 36 large sheets, 24 envelopes. Reg. 69¢. . **47¢**
Tablets Cut 26%! 8x10" 240-sheet pencil or 8½x11" 80-sheet typewriter tablet, **37¢**
Ballpoint Pen Cut 33%! Retractable—choice of 8 two-tones. Ea. reg. $1.00. . **67¢**
Rubber Bands Cut 32%! 25¢ packs. . **17¢**
Boxed Thank You Notes Cut 26%! White vellum, copper-engraved. Now. . . . . **37¢**

Rexall Beauty Buys

Cara Nome Compressed Face Powder Cut 48%! Lovely, flattering shades. Regularly $1.10, now only. . . . . **57¢**
Helen Cornell Bubble Bath Cut 33%! Luxuriant, lasting bubbles. Reg. $1.00, **67¢**
Rexall Theatrical Creams Cut 30%! 1-lb. jar, Cleansing or Cold, reg. $1.25. . . . . **87¢**

REXALL Mi-31 MOUTHWASH. Rexall's famous amber-color mouthwash, gargle and multi-purpose antiseptic. More than just a mouthwash, it actually kills contacted germs while sweetening your breath. Full pint bottle, regularly 79¢, now **57¢**

REXALL LOZOTHRICIN THROAT LOZENGES give quick relief from simple sore throat, coughs due to colds. Contain antibiotic Tyrothricin to inhibit many bacteria. Box of 28, regularly $1.29, now..... **$1.17**

REXALL ASPIRIN TABLETS No finer, faster-acting aspirin made—at any price! And every tablet is guaranteed to contain a full 5 grains of pain-reliever. Big, family-size bottle of 200, regularly 87¢, now..... **67¢**

REXALL KLENZO TOOTHBRUSHES Fine quality nylon-bristled brushes in 5 medically-approved styles. Choose medium-hard or fine texture. Choice of popular handle colors! Reg. 39¢ each, now... **3 for 67¢**

REXALL CHERROSOTE COUGH SYRUP is a time-tested formula for fast relief from coughs due to colds. Soothes throat. Has 12 active ingredients; pleasant wild cherry flavor. Big ½-pint bottle, reg. 98¢, now... **87¢**

THERE'S A BARGAIN HERE FOR EVER

CARA NOME DEODORANT CREAM is a highly effective anti-perspirant that is delicately fragrant, quick-vanishing. Pure and mild; will not stain. Big 2-oz. jar, regularly $1.00, now only..... **57¢**

Rexall Germatine Cut 12¢! Powerful but non-stinging germacide. 2-oz. bot., 39¢, **27¢**
Rexall Moth Fume Crystals Cut 22¢! 47¢
Rexall Glycerin Suppositories Cut 22¢! Adult or infant. Jar of 24, 79¢, now. . . **57¢**

REXALL ANTIHISTAMINE TABLETS for colds and hay fever. Give quick, effective relief from sniffles, sneezing, other symptoms and discomfort. 25 mg. tablets, 50, reg. 98¢, now only..... **57¢**

Rexall Baby Cough Syrup Cut 12¢! Eases irritation; pleasant flavor. 3 oz., 39¢. . **27¢**
Rexall Rexillana Cough Syrup Cut 41¢! Safe, pleasant, effective. ½ pint, 98¢. . **57¢**
Rexall Rex-Rub Cut 32¢! 6 oz., 89¢. . **57¢**

CARA NOME CREAMS AND FRESHENE 4-oz. bottle of Skin Freshener with yo choice of 3-oz. Cold Cream or 3¼-o Dry Skin Cleansing Cream. Each combination $2.25 value, now... **$14**

Cara Nome Cream and Astringent C $1.03! 3-oz. Cleansing Cream and 4-o Astringent, together a $2.50 value, **$1.**
Rexall Analgesic Balm Cut 32¢! Relieve minor muscular soreness. 1¾ oz., 89¢, 5

REXALL DRUG PRODUCTS ARE GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BAC

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SALE

REDUCED PRICE!

MARCH 1st THROUGH MARCH 10th

Your Rexall Druggist will take advance orders now, to be picked up at any time during the Lucky 7 Sale.

REXALL FOR FIRST AID. Quik-bands or adhesive tape—both Rexall's exclusive Pro-Cap formula adhesive on plastic tape. Waterproof, flesh-colored and flexible, they stick better and stay put longer. Box of 33 Quik-Bands, reg. 39¢, or 1"x5-yd. roll of tape, reg. 49¢; each.. **37¢**

REXALL NASOTHRICIN NASAL SPRAY relieves stuffed-up nose due to colds or hay fever. Contains Tyrothricin. ½-oz. squeeze-bottle, 89¢... **77¢**

REXALL BISMA-REX gives fast, 4-way relief from acid-upset stomach. Relief is prompt, yet prolonged because the antacid ingredients dissolve at different rates and go to work one after another. Save now on either of two convenient forms—4¾-oz. bottle of Bisma-Rex powder or bottle of 75 Bisma-Rex Mates (tablets). Each reg. 89¢, now ea. **77¢**

IEMBER OF THE FAMILY

:XALL MONACET APC TABLETS. oven combination of aspirin, phenacet- and caffeine—for fast relief from head-he, other minor pains. Big bot- of 100, regularly 79¢, now... **57¢**

xall Biokets Cut 12¢! Anesthetic, antibi- throat lozenges. 35, reg. $1.29..**$1.17**
xall Rubbing Alcohol Cut 22¢! Pt., **47¢**
xall Sweet'n-ets Liquid Drops Cut 8¢! o drops equal tsp. sugar. 25 cc., 65¢, **57¢**

REXALL ASPIROIDS COLD CAPSULES for quick relief from cold symptoms and discomforts. Choose: bottle of 30 with antihistamine, reg. 98¢, now **67¢**; or 36 without, reg. 79¢, now..... **47¢**

Rexall Mineral Oil Cut 12¢! Pt., 69¢, **57¢**
Rexall Saccharin Tablets Cut 41¢! ¼-gr. Bottle of 1000, $1.08, now only.....**67¢**
Rexall Orothricin Mouthwash Cut 21¢! Antibiotic; inhibits bacteria. ½ pt., 98¢, **77¢**

BIG LUCKY 7 SPECIALS

These Lucky 7 Specials sold at prices shown if you mention this advertisement at the time of purchase.

DISH TOWELS Cut 21¢! Quality, soft white cotton. Lint free. Package of six, reg. 98¢ value... **77¢**

DISH CLOTHS Cut 22¢! Big 13"x15" soft, yet long-wearing cloths. Package of six, reg. 69¢ value..... **47¢**

SCREWDRIVER SET Cut 42¢! 7 pieces on magnetized wall rack. $1.29 val. **87¢**

POCKET COMBS Cut 13¢! Long-lasting nylon, assorted colors. 5" size; 10¢ value, now 2 for... **7¢**

WASTEBASKET Cut 52¢! Pliable plastic—won't dent or break. Rustproof. Gay colors. $1.49 value.. **97¢**

BOBBY PINS Cut 8¢! Black or bronze. Card of 90 regular or 72 rubber-tipped, regularly 25¢, now..... **17¢**

SAVE 32¢

Spuntex "Stretch Right" NYLONS
Reg. $1.49 **$1.17**

Glamour sheer! Fit like a second skin—never wrinkle, seams stay straight. Plain or dark seams. In latest shades.

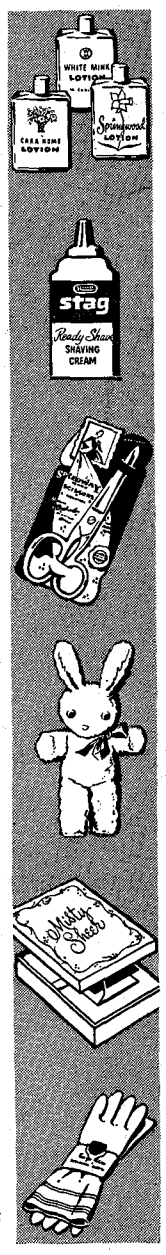
SAVE 38¢

Barbara Ann CHOCOLATES
Reg. $1.25 **87¢**

Country Fresh! Finest quality assortment of dark and light milk chocolates with your favorite centers. 1-lb. box.

BIG SAVINGS ON EVERYDAY NEEDS!

Helen Cornell Nylon Hair Nets Cut 3¢! Snug fit, 3 types. Each, reg. 10¢, now..**7¢**
Helen Cornell Hair Clips Cut 8¢! Card of 12 pin curl, 10 "Jiffy," or 4 "Do-All"...**17¢**
Velour Powder Puffs Cut 8¢! Reg. 25¢, **17¢**
Cara Nome Face Powder Cut 28¢! Many shades. Reg. $1.25 box, now only....**97¢**
Rexall Cod Liver Oil Cut 38¢! High potency—just one teaspoonful daily provides 1⅔ times child's requirement of vitamins A and D. ½-pint bottle, regularly 95¢, now **57¢**
Colognes Cut 53¢! 4 oz. with atomizer. Cara Nome, reg. $2.50, now **$1.97**; White Mink, reg. $3.50, now.....**$2.97**
Rexall Quik-Swabs Cut 8¢! 200, 55¢, **47¢**
Cara Nome Roll Cotton Cut 6¢! Now **37¢**
Rexall Cotton 'n Swabs Cut 12¢! 89¢, **77¢**
Nail Polish Remover Cut 2¢! 4 oz. ..**27¢**
29¢ Rubber Combs Cut 11¢!...2 for **47¢**
Rexall pH7 Toothpaste. Reg. 47¢, now **37¢**
Stag Shave Lotion Cut 23¢! 6 oz., $1, **77¢**
Stag Hair Oil Cut 18¢! 6 oz., reg. 75¢, **57¢**
Stag Spray Deodorant Cut 21¢! 3 oz., **77¢**
Stag Talc Cut 23¢! 3-oz. can, reg. $1, **77¢**
49¢ Tiny Tot Bloomer Pants Cut 12¢! **37¢**
Rexall Gauze Bandage Cut 2¢! 39¢, **37¢**
Stork Bottle Warmer Cut 41¢! Now **$1.57**
Rexall Cotton Cut 16¢! 4 oz., reg. 63¢, **47¢**
Balloons Cut 3¢! Reg. 5¢ value...2 for **7¢**
Playground Ball Cut 32¢! Reg. $1.29, **97¢**
Rexall Quik-Snips Cut 2¢! Tiny adhesive bandages for small cuts. Box of 48, 39¢, **37¢**
Rexall Cotton Balls Cut 8¢! 65¢, now **57¢**
Milk Chocolate Honeycomb Chips...**27¢**
Rexall Quik-Pads Cut 3¢! Gauze. 12, **37¢**
Playing Cards Cut 8¢! Single decks, **57¢**
Plastic-Coated Playing Cards, single decks, 90¢ value, **77¢**; doubles.....**$1.47**
Plastic Playing Cards Cut 48¢! Single bridge decks, $2.95, **$2.47**; doubles, **$4.87**
Rexall "Reel-Roll" Cotton Cut 6¢!..**37¢**
Airmail Envelopes Cut 3¢! Regular 10¢ packs, now a real buy at.....**3 for 27¢**
Filler Paper Cut 12¢! 59¢ packs, now **47¢**
Pencil Sharpener Cut 12¢! $1.89..**$1.77**
Imperial Vellum Stationery Cut 11¢! Box of 100 sheets, 50 envelopes. Reg. 98¢..**87¢**
Cape-Cod Lunch Kit Cut 28¢! Sturdy steel box with pint vacuum bottle, $2.85..**$2.57**
Cape Cod Wide Mouth Vacuum Bottle. Keeps foods or liquids hot or cold...**$2.27**
Medford Paper Napkins Cut 19¢! Pack of 80 white paper napkins, 19¢ ea., **4 for 57¢**
Medford Paper Towels Cut! 3 rolls for **57¢**
Medford Toilet Tissues Cut! 4 rolls for **57¢**
Rexall Handy Pack Tissues. 6 for only **27¢**
Rex Alarm Clocks Cut 42¢! Plain dial, $2.79, **$2.37**; Luminous dial, $3.49, **$2.97**
Colby Pocket Watches Cut 42¢! Regularly $2.79. Now a real bargain at.....**$2.37**
Steel Measuring Rule, 6 ft., reg. 39¢, **27¢**
Mediterranean Sponges Cut!..**2 for 77¢**
Leather Wallets Cut $1.03! $2.00...**97¢**
5-Way Mirror Cut 28¢! Reg. 75¢, now **47¢**
Shoelaces Cut 3¢! Reg. 10¢ pairs, **2 for 17¢**



SAVE 23¢
Cara Nome Lotions
Cara Nome, White Mink or Springwood fragrance. Reg. $1.00, each... **77¢**

SAVE 23¢
Stag "Ready Shave"
Rich lather in 5-ounce push-button Aerosol. Reg. $1.00, now save at only... **77¢**

SAVE 52¢
6½-inch Scissors
Sheffield steel—hollow ground and chrome plated. $1.49 value, now.... **97¢**

SAVE $1.01
Easter Bunny
Big and cuddly—a full eighteen inches tall! $2.98 value, now only **$1.97**

SAVE 53¢
Boxed Stationery
Top quality! Six patterns to choose from. Regular $1.00 value, each.... **47¢**

SAVE 22¢
Plastic Gloves
Protect hands from housework. Resist oil, acid, detergents. Regularly 69¢.. **47¢**

Your Rexall Druggist is a prescription specialist—dedicated to the health and welfare of your community.

These suggested retail prices are effective March 1st through 10th, 1956 and are subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Right reserved to limit quantities. Rexall Drug Co., Los Angeles 54, Calif.

Rexall DRUG STORES

OU CAN DEPEND ON ANY DRUG PRODUCT THAT BEARS THE NAME REXALL

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(*Continued from Page 68*) stared furiously over Peebles' head, listening until the crashing stopped; then his eyes dropped to Peebles' face. "What about Donavan?" he asked suddenly.

"Like I said, he's comin' after you."

"How do you know? He wouldn't tell you."

"Look, let's get it straight." Peebles' thin face was tight, his eyes behind his glasses were overbright. "These ain't my clothes, see? I ain't the law. I run into this guy. He's dead—heart failure, it looks to me. Anyway, he don't need his duds or his boat. So I took 'em. Y'see, I was a con, like Donavan. We celled together. I was workin' with him when the Humboldt dike went out. We come downriver together."

"When did you split up?" Murphy said. "Why?"

"Tonight," Peebles said. "Like you say, Donavan don't talk much. But he give me enough to figure what he was goin' to do. I don't want no part of any kill. Besides, I got me to worry about. I figure you'd be glad to help a guy that'd risk his neck to tell you what was comin'."

"Help you?" Murphy said. "How?"

"Nothin' big," Peebles said. "Some clothes and chow, a place to stay out of sight till the shoutin's over, and then a little getaway money. What d'you say? Is it a deal?"

"I'll think about it."

"That ain't enough," Peebles said. His eyes took on an ugly shine. "I got to have it yes or no. And let's take it by the nose, Jack. If the answer's no, you've got an awful lot more trouble than just Donavan."

"So," Murphy said. "What kind of trouble?"

"The kind I could make, if I wanted to," Peebles said. "But don't get me wrong. I'd rather be friends, I told you that. And I ain't askin' much. Nothin' beside what I'm doin' for you. Let's both play it smart and get along."

Murphy was standing with his back to the workbench. He leaned against it now, folding his big arms, staring at Peebles. "Maybe we will," he said. "But I like to know where I stand. What kind of trouble can you make for me—tell me that first."

"I'll tell you this much," Peebles said: "Remember Welch's jewelry store that got knocked over here in town, eight, nine years ago? A big score they said, fifty thousand. It was closer to twenty-five; I know, because me 'n' Buck Harris, a safe man out of Salt Lake, did the job. And who do you think fingered the job for us? Johnny Hallock. You know Johnny as well as I do. He's done a lot of work for you, hasn't he?"

Murphy tipped his head. "I knew Hallock."

"So figure it out for yourself," Peebles said. "It wouldn't be smart to get tough with me. I don't want to, but if I shot off my mouth, you'd be in trouble up to here. What's the sense of it? Let's be pals and get along."

"You know too much," Murphy said.

His expression did not change. There was no preliminary move, no warning, but he was suddenly and violently in motion. A distance of a dozen feet separated the men. Murphy's calks bit into the planking and drove him across the space in long strides. Peebles squealed with fright. He had time to twist away, but not to escape. Murphy's big hand closed on the collar of the hunting coat Peebles wore. He jerked Peebles back, swinging him at the full length of his arm. Peebles' feet left the floor; he landed with a crash and a howl of pain.

But he was not hurt or stunned. A small man, with the quickness and agility of a monkey, he was able to squirm out of the sleeves of the coat and leave the coat in Murphy's hands. He ran to the far end of the room and turned. The heavy, narrow-bladed knife was in his hand. Murphy threw the coat aside. There was no fear of the knife in his face, or even any acknowledgment of it. His face held a dark and sullen anger and nothing else. He walked toward Peebles. Peebles backed against the far wall, his eyes wild and afraid.

"I'll cut you!" he squealed. "I'll cut you good!"

Murphy did not even hesitate. The lack of fear in the big man, his complete indifference to the knife, drove Peebles to the edge of hysteria. He was afraid to close with Murphy. He darted to the side, jumped to the top of an oil drum, then to the bench. He tried to run the length of the bench to the door, but Murphy wheeled and was there before him. Peebles ran back. Again, Murphy stalked him. Peebles ran wildly around the room, scrambling over gear, throwing whatever came to hand. Murphy moved after him, unhurriedly, watchfully. He drove Peebles into a corner, only to lose him; then drove him into another corner and caught him.

"No—no!" Peebles screamed. "Please!"

He made a feeble effort with the knife, too frightened to be effective. Murphy caught his wrist. He raised it high with one hand, lifting Peebles off the floor. His big body blocked Peebles into a corner until he had twisted the knife from Peebles' grasp. Then his left hand caught Peebles by the throat, and he dragged the small man to the center of the room. Here again the left hand lifted Peebles high onto his toes. The right hand used the knife, driving it in under Peebles' ribs and cutting down. The knife was very sharp. Peebles was opened from rib cage to groin.

Murphy dropped him to the floor. His expression did not change from sullenness as he watched Peebles die. When the small man was gone, Murphy went to the

The only man in town you wouldn't dare do business without!

YOUR PROTECTION AGENT

AT YOUR SIDE • ON YOUR SIDE

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Any property worth owning is worth protecting.

Against the risk of fire, theft, accident . . . your property needs the services of your local Protection Agent. He is a merchant of security, with professional responsibilities.

In obtaining insurance for you, the Protection Agent is *on* your side. Should loss occur, should claims arise against you, he is *at* your side.

You are adequately compensated, too. Because he places your policy with a reputable insurance company. He may choose us, The National of Hartford Group of Insurance Companies . . . or he may choose some other company. He is free to do as his best judgment dictates. He is an *independent* business man.

You're safe doing business with your Protection Agent . . . and not safe at all owning property *without* protection!

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Executive and Administrative Offices: Hartford 15, Connecticut

NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD
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FIRE • MARINE • AUTOMOBILE • CASUALTY • BONDING

"Now that's what I call a strike."

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sliding door and shoved it open. He threw the knife far out into the river. Then he went back and got the corpse by an ankle and dragged it out on the outside planking. Using both hands on the ankle, swinging his big shoulders, he threw the last of Peebles after the knife. And then, unhurriedly, he went back to the bottle of bourbon, drank deeply, choked and coughed and spat.

The planks were stained where Peebles had died, a crooked trail of other stains led to the edge of the outside planking. Murphy found a bucket and dipped water out of the river to sluice down the planks. The outside planking needed a number of buckets, the floor inside the building needed more. He had not quite finished the task, when he looked up to see a lean and silent man standing in the doorway. The man was holding a .30-30 rifle.

... ...

Hand and Glove

BY M. M. PARRISH

With some of our friends
and some of our loves
It's well to wear our velvet
gloves;
And others there are who
make us feel
We ought to be gauntleted
in steel;
When blow-torch tempers
flare too high
Gloves of asbestos must be
nearby;
For practicers of gibe and
jest
We don our sparring gloves
with zest;
But blest be those—the
number's small—
With whom we need no
gloves at all!

... ...

"Would you be Jack Murphy?" the man asked.

"Right," Murphy said. "And who're you?"

"Tom Sharkey. I'm a guard from the state prison."

Murphy's sullen, bloodshot eyes were on the rifle. "Come in," he said. "Have a drink, and tell me what I can do for you."

The truck driver had been kind to Elizabeth. She'd found him at the supply dump in Johnsonville, and he'd agreed to bring her along on his return trip to West Mills. But not willingly.

"Look, miss," he'd said, "West Mills has got a lot of bad trouble. And it's gonna get worse. No tellin' what might happen to you, if you start knockin' around there at night. You're a lot better off here. Here you're safe."

Her answer had been, "If you won't take me, I'll keep looking until I find someone who will." She'd meant it; he'd waved her into the truck.

They were just coming into the outskirts of West Mills. Elizabeth was sitting forward in the seat, unconsciously trying to hurry the truck on. Her hair was uncombed, a smudge of dirt lay across one cheekbone; her eyes were wide and haggard, showing clearly the near-exhaustion she was stubbornly trying to deny. The truck driver looked at her and shook his head.

"I don't know what you're going to do," he said. "But I'll give you ten to one you don't get it done."

"You'd lose," she said. "I'll get it done—I've got to! Where do you go in West Mills?"

"Hickman's Wholesale Grocery. It's on Pine, between Third and Fourth. Is that gonna suit you?"

"You can't go any closer to the water front?"

"Maybe a few blocks, if I had to. I don't know how much of it's under water. A lot of it, you can bet." He looked at her almost angrily. "But you're not goin' down there!"

"I'm going to the Murphy moorage."

"Murphy Construction?"

"That must be it. Do you know where it is?"

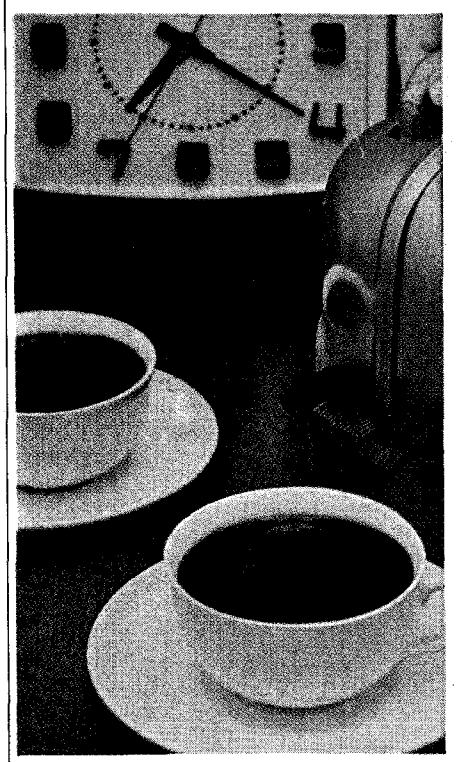
"Sure. It's at the foot of Williams, ten or fifteen blocks below Pine. But ——" He broke off, rubbing his face. "I can't let you go down there! It's plain darned foolishness. You'd never make it. Besides, there's no use even to try. All that will be barricaded off. The cops, or the Coast Guard, or somebody'll turn you back."

"Oh, no, they won't!" Elizabeth said.

"Somebody's got to," the truck driver said.

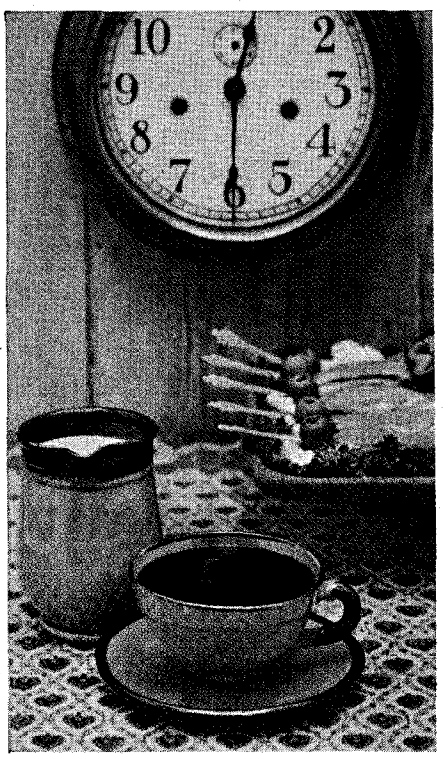
Elizabeth pressed her lips together silently. She said no more; she sat tense and waiting. In a little while the driver took the truck through a guarded gate in a high wire fence, into the brightly lighted loading area of the wholesale-grocery warehouse. He'd been watching Elizabeth, but not closely enough. She didn't wait for the truck to stop. She opened

Good time for a "Coffee-break"!

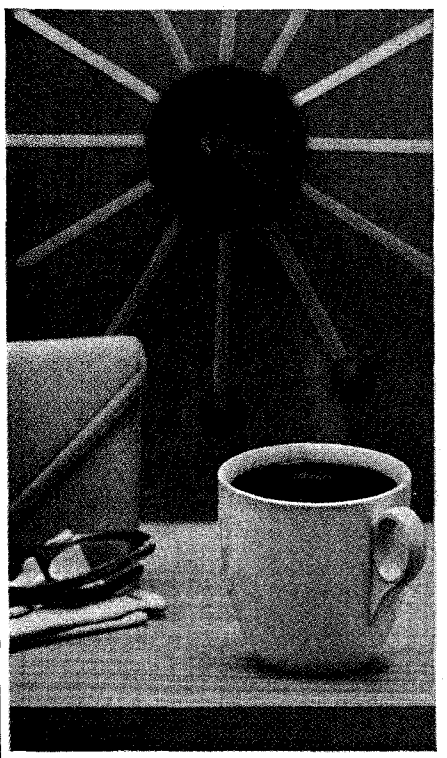


First pleasure of the day is the exhilarating, familiar aroma of brewing coffee—then comes the coffee itself! It's made a bit stronger as a "wake-me-up."

Mid-morning "Coffee-break"—a helpful break in housekeeping routine—and the chance for a neighborly chat. Doesn't time pass pleasantly over coffee?



Lunch on left-overs can be delicious—especially with good, fresh coffee! There's only one thing better than a cup of coffee—and that's a second cup!



Shopping can be tiring—until you perk up with a mid-afternoon "Coffee-break"—maybe with a snack. See how quickly you feel like yourself again.

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Why not make your coffee as the experts do? Drip, percolator, or vacuum methods, use 1 Standard Coffee Measure to each 6 ounces of clear, cold water.

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the door and jumped out an inch ahead of his reaching hand.

"Wait, miss!"

Elizabeth was on her hands and knees on the pavement, the palms of her hands scraped and burning. She got up quickly and ran toward the gate. The truck driver yelled behind her. The guard at the gate, an elderly man, came out of his little house. He was slow-moving and slow-thinking; by the time he understood he was to stop Elizabeth, it was too late. He couldn't brace himself; he couldn't get a firm grip on Elizabeth's squirming body. She fought free of him and ran with the speed of a frightened deer down the shadowed street.

Pvt. Ernest Yost was nineteen; Pvt. Leland Carpenter and Pfc. Paul Demke were twenty. Sgt. Orval Rayot was twenty-three. They were National Guardsmen on rowboat patrol in the water-front district of West Mills, just north of Williams Avenue. There were ship chandlers' shops, secondhand shops, heavy-hardware and building-equipment houses, a few restaurants and a few bars along these streets. All were dark and silent, standing in slowly rising water. The depth in the streets varied with the fall of the land from as little as a foot on Williams to as much as ten feet a few blocks north. The street lights were not working. The unreal quiet, the eerie pattern of faint moonlight and deep shadow had almost persuaded the men they were patrolling in a nightmare. They used their long-barreled flashlights often; their heavy rifles were always close at hand.

"Now are you satisfied?" Sergeant Rayot's impatient voice echoed oddly among the silent buildings. "We covered everything two blocks each way. You willing to call it off?"

"So what I saw was a fish, maybe?" Private Yost asked. He was in the bow of the boat, Demke and Carpenter were at the oars, the sergeant was in the stern. "A fish with arms, already, like a man," Yost said. "Sure, that's what I saw."

"Rockhead!" Carpenter said. "You didn't see anything!"

"So O.K.!" Yost said. "I'm outranked! Do it any way you want to do it. What's it to me if the guy helps himself in every joint along the street? I should care?"

Demke said, "If the guy was naked, like you claim he was, what's he gonna use for pockets to carry his loot in? Can you answer me that, Yostie, boy?"

"You're askin' for it! One more smart crack ——"

"At ease!" the sergeant said. "And that means both of you. C'mon, get with the oars. We been here long enough."

The men at the oars had no skill; they used them awkwardly, lifting the blades too high out of the water, digging them too deep. But the boat was driven north along the street. They passed the dark, recessed doorway of a secondhand shop and did not notice the quiet ripple that moved the water there. And in the two minutes in which the water was perfectly still, they'd gone far beyond any possibility of seeing the second ripple that was set up as Donavan's head slowly emerged.

His forehead appeared, the short, dark hair plastered banglike across it, then his eyes. He held this level until he'd found the searching beams of the flashlights far up the street, then cleared his nostrils and expelled the deep, long-held breath. He was smiling a little. No pockets for loot on a naked man—how about those kids? But he couldn't smile about their purpose. The boys were young, but they'd been trained, and it was certain they'd been ordered to shoot to kill.

The water was chin-deep where he was standing. He left the doorway in a shallow dive, surfaced and began to swim toward Williams Avenue with a smooth, powerful, almost silent breast stroke. The old rowboat that had served him so well was far behind him, abandoned the moment he'd come into the West Mills water front. It had not been his choice to come into the city so far upstream of the Murphy moorage; it had been his only means of escaping a patrolling tug. Once in the city, he'd decided to swim, rather than paddle the boat, and the wisdom of his decision had been proved, just now, for the third time. He'd met two other patrols, and there could well be others still ahead.

And for him, too, the deserted buildings, the dark and empty streets had the unreal quality of a nightmare. When he turned on his back to float and rest, he could look up past the brooding buildings at the scattered clouds and the stars and the moon that was like a broken coin, and he could wonder what was the reason for all of this. What sins had been committed to warrant so much punishment? But it was a question that would not be answered until Judgment Day.

Short of Williams Avenue a block or two, he turned toward the river. Williams ran along the crest of a slight hill, and there was a possibility that it was still above the flood, with traffic moving on it. He used an overhand stroke now. A growing sense of urgency, a feeling of "let's be done with it" made him take the greater risk for the sake of speed. He passed close by an iron foundry; the furnaces were cold and dark, no smoke came from the tall stacks. He passed through a railroad switching yard where freight cars stood in silent water, and walked along a trestle, wading in water knee-deep. There was a small rise of ground above the moorage basin. He stopped there.

The basin was no longer a basin, but part of the river now. The fleet of pleasure craft, the houseboats, the river service station—all these were gone. Only the Murphy equipment with its scattered, brightly burning lights was left. It was secured to the strongest dolphins, it had been best cared for thus far through the flood. There was much damage—Donavan watched the floating crane that swung on one line smash into a row of moored barges and sink one—but there was proof, too, that Jack Murphy had done very well the past six years.

The floating crane was new; the big river dredge, still secure to four dolphins, was new; and there were two new floating pile drivers bearing the Murphy name. Donavan looked for the equipment that had once been his, and found very little of it. The tugs were gone, most of the barges were gone. And it seemed somehow ironically fitting to him that the pile driver that had been the start of Donavan Construction—the start of all this—was sitting on the bottom, only the peak of the A frame and the leads showing above the water.

There was a floating walkway between the shallow water that covered the foot of Williams Avenue and the well-lighted floating building that housed the office of Murphy Construction. Donavan didn't use it. He went into the water again at the nearest point, sank under it and swam beneath the surface. The current here was strong. One long-held breath carried him nearly a hundred yards, and he emerged only a few yards from the building. He closed the distance with powerful strokes, caught the wide walk that ran around the building and hung there.

He could hear only the rush and gurgle of the water around the floats that supported the building and the deeper mumbling of the flood far out. And he was concerned. Where was the yelling Jack Murphy? Why wasn't he fighting the river or driving a crew of men to it? This quiet held the threat of failure—if Murphy wasn't here, where could he be found? Still, the lighted windows offered promise of a kind. Donavan rested until he'd regained as much strength as he could, knowing well that all his strength would be only just enough. Now, with a powerful scissor kick and the lift of his big arms, he came smoothly and silently out of the water and onto the walkway.

With his back hard-pressed against the building wall, he looked around the edge of the office window and found the room empty. He moved along, his back still against the wall, until he came under the first window of the supply shed and shop. Jack Murphy was here. He was sitting on a stool beside the workbench, the bottle of bourbon at his elbow. The heels of his calked boots were hooked on a rung of the stool, his hands held a .30-30 rifle across his thighs.

Tom Sharkey was lying on the floor against the front office wall. A dark thread of blood ran from a cut on his bald skull across his face and into the shadows; the unnatural twist of his right arm said the arm was broken. His face, mouth open and eyes slitted, was turned toward the window Donavan was using. Donavan could not tell whether the guard was dead or just unconscious. Murphy was staring at the prostrate man, not watchfully; sullenly, as a man would stare at a corpse. His back was toward the open, sliding door.

Donavan went around the building. His bare feet made no sound, the spatter of drops that fell from his wet body and soaked, cut-off trousers was lost in the voice of the flood. He came up quietly to the edge of the open door and paused. Sharkey chose this moment to regain consciousness, groaning.

And Jack Murphy spoke to him. "So you decided to come around. Y'know what I think? I think you've been lyin' there doggin' it. I think you've been awake the last five minutes. I've been watchin' you."

Sharkey said, "Why didn't you do something about it?"

"I wanted to see how long you could take it. Lying there with a broken arm, faking you're out. You haven't got guts enough for that kind of work."

Not being a cursing man, Sharkey did not curse Murphy, but he managed to condemn Murphy to eternal damnation by other means. Donavan moved into the room on silent feet. Murphy's back was still toward him, his attention held by Sharkey's blistering wrath. The butt of the rifle was resting on one thigh, barrel high, held loosely by one big hand. Donavan reached across Murphy's shoulder and tore the rifle from Murphy's hands. Without pause, he turned and threw the rifle into the river. Sharkey groaned with real anguish.

Murphy lunged off the stool away from Donovan, a deep curse exploding out of his chest. He did not see what had happened to the rifle until he had caught a heavy shackle out of a parts bin, turned and thrown it. The flashing steel struck Donavan on the shoulder. It would have deflected the aim of a rifle, it would have given Murphy a moment's time, if time had been needed. But there was no need. Donavan was naked, save for the rough shorts, and his hands were empty. Murphy took a deep breath, swelling his chest, and let it go.

"So you finally made it," he said.

"That's right, Murphy," Donavan said, and his voice was quiet. "I'm years late. You should have died one minute after Norma died. But you're going to die now, late or not."

"I don't think so," Murphy said. "I think you are."

Donavan moved toward Murphy. He had not changed his mind. This was still a thing that had to be settled with the hands. The memory of a good woman's lifeless face required it. He had to beat the sullen face before him until the flesh was pulp; then grip the throat, thumbs digging deep, until the last spark of life was gone—the slow way, the brutal way, because only in this way could there be full retribution.

And Murphy came to meet him. The flood had robbed and beaten Murphy, and the savage was loose in him now, raging and thirsting for something to destroy in turn. And this was not a thirst to be quickly slaked. He, too, wanted the slow and brutal way; he was willing to exchange whatever pain he might suffer for the greater (*Continued on Page 76*)

"I've got my wife trained. She makes her own breakfast."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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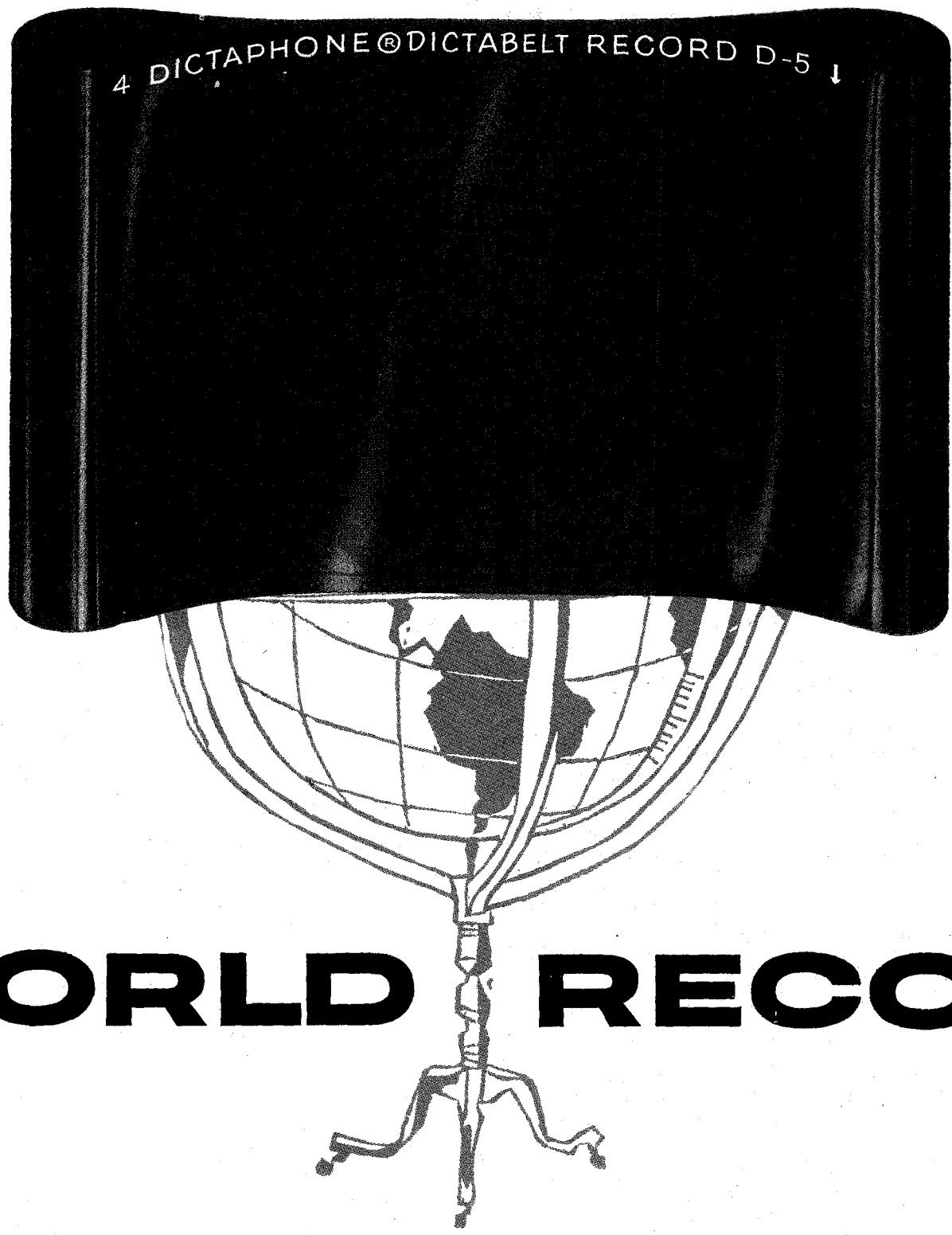

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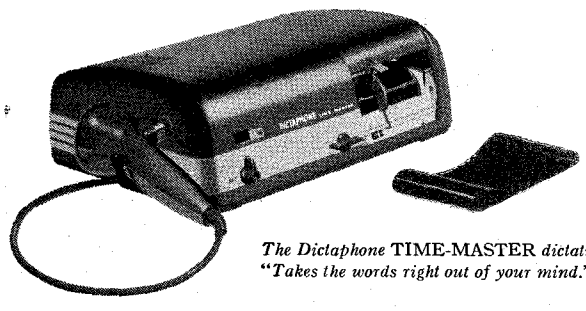

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(*Continued from Page 74*) satisfaction of causing greater pain. He was not afraid of Donavan. Murphy had never known fear. He met Donavan in the center of the room.

The first blow was Murphy's, catching Donavan high on the cheek, a hammer-like blow of a maullike fist. Donavan was rocked. He had made no real effort to avoid the blow. Evading punishment was not his concern; he wanted only to inflict it. His fists, made hard with years of prison labor, were well suited to the task. He clubbed his left into the side of Murphy's jaw, his right sank deep into Murphy's belly. Now both big men planted themselves solidly on widespread feet and began to slug each other unmercifully. They swung almost in turn, as if each was defying the other to do more and endure more than he.

Sharkey could only watch them. Sick with pain, knowing that the splintered ends of bone would come through the flesh of his arm if he moved it roughly, he was helpless.

There was no cleverness in the way the big men fought. They did not jab and parry and feint. Their way was primitive. It was a methodic clubbing of the face and body with rocklike fists. Donavan's nose was broken, blood from it splashed his chest. One of Murphy's eyes was closed, an ear was badly torn and he spat teeth from swollen lips. No man, however strong—no man, however savage—could withstand such punishment for long. And the savage man, if he was the weaker, would drop first. Murphy saw the truth in this and broke away. Not out of fear, not wanting to end it; wanting to win by any means at all. He stepped back and lashed out with a calked boot. The steel spikes raked Donavan's leg from hip to knee, turning it red with blood that sprang from a dozen cuts. Donavan avoided a second kick. Murphy did not try a third.

Murphy backed away, his eyes swinging to the side in search of a weapon. A carpenter's claw hammer lying on the bench came to his hand first. He turned it and drove the claws at Donavan's face. Donavan went into the blow, instead of away. Murphy's forearm struck across Donavan's shoulder, the hammer was broken from Murphy's grasp. Now Donavan's big arms had Murphy around the waist. He heaved Murphy up and crashed with him to the floor. Again Murphy refused to match his strength against Donavan's. His calks, slicing at Donavan's bare legs, got him free. He rolled away and came to his feet.

He wanted a lethal weapon now, and he ran to a stack of tools in a corner and found it. When Donavan came erect he saw a double-bitted ax in Murphy's hands. He could not contend with that barehanded. But there were other corners where tools were stacked, and a near corner held another ax, a mate to the one in Murphy's hands. Now they were equal again—two sharp blades for each man, two three-foot hickory handles to swing them by. This was not as Donavan had wanted it. One blow could be fatal, one miss could leave the way open for a fatal counterblow—it would be so quickly over.

Both men held their weapons in the same way. The left hand gripped the extreme end of the handle, the right hand was up under the blades. Held in this fashion, the handle would serve as a bar to deflect a blow, the blades could be used in short thrust to cut. The long swing that missed and left the way open was too long a gamble. Neither man was willing to risk it yet. They moved together carefully, axes poised chest-high, and when a distance of three feet separated them, Murphy began to circle. He wanted some advantage, if not an opening, at least a moment with Donavan off balance. Donavan turned with him, watchfully, waiting.

The room was silent, except for the sound of the flood and the heavy breathing of the men who held the blades. The light gave deep color to the blood on their battered faces, their eyes were locked, unwavering. Donavan had patience and control learned behind prison walls; he could accept the risk of being struck, waiting for the moment of his striking to be clearly shown. Not so with Murphy. Murphy's savage heart had always hated waiting of any kind. He had no patience and no control. He charged suddenly

The Awakened

By Ethel Jacobson

March is brisk and sharp.
The willow is its harp.
It blows each cobweb trace
From the moon's winter face.
It whistles at the pane,
Sings in the chilled vein,
Makes the numb flesh smart,
And stings the lids apart
Till the sleeper leaves his pillow
To listen to the willow.
(*Listen,*
Oh, listen to the willow!)

with a short, jabbing thrust of his blade. Donavan deflected it—the handle of his ax, meeting the handle of Murphy's ax, holding the blade away. Murphy was thrown off balance, and Donavan was able to sink the blade of his ax deeply into the junction of Murphy's neck and shoulder. As Donavan had known it would be, it was quickly over.

That night was remembered by Donavan and Sharkey and Elizabeth in separate ways. For Donavan, it was not a time of triumph. There was not even the satisfaction that should have come of knowing a promise had been kept and a debt paid. The man had deserved to die—that was true beyond any doubt. And Donavan had accepted an equal risk in the killing. But the account could not be balanced at all in this way, and Donavan came to know it. The right to kill belongs to no single individual, and a second killing can in no way alter the fact of the first. These were truths that had been hidden from Donavan's eyes. But with Jack Murphy lifeless on the floor at his feet, with his anger and strength drained away, he saw them clearly. He would not forget this night in all his years. He knew he would be called to account for it, if not by men, then by some greater power.

For Tom Sharkey, it was a night of trial. He was a man with a clear conscience and a just mind, and had always held that right and wrong were distinctly different and easily identified. He had never been able to imagine a circumstance in which he could not immediately be able to say "This must be done" or "This must not be done." But it came to him this night. Donavan could have used the rifle to hold Murphy at bay, but he had thrown it away instead. Was not what followed murder, then? Murder with clear intent? And yet, without Donavan's intervention, Murphy would have killed Sharkey, an officer of the law. How could the saving of an officer's life by any means be called a crime? The problem was not one that a man with a clear conscience and a just mind could solve easily.

In solving it, Sharkey put aside the fact that Donavan had saved his life once before. And he put aside the fact that Murphy had deserved killing, and the fact that Donavan had been unjustly treated by the law in the matter of Norma Murphy's death. He put them firmly aside. And if these things influenced him in any way at all, it was subconsciously; this he would maintain until his dying day. And this was his answer:

"I deputized you," he told Donavan, "the minute I saw you looking in the window. There wasn't time to swear you in—I needed help that bad. The man had killed one deputy; his blood was on the floor and his coat with the armband was on the bench. And he was going to kill me as soon as I got conscious again. You came in and you gave me a hand as an officer of the law. I'm not going to quibble about the way you handled Murphy. I'm going to say thanks to you I'm alive."

For Elizabeth it was a night of failure. A night of running ceaselessly on a treadmill that carried her nowhere. She ran down dark and empty streets, past cold, still buildings that turned any small sound that struck them into hollow echoes. She splashed through shallow water, she waded in water that became too deep and forced her back to find a different way. Foot and boat patrols seemed to lie in wait on every street. They drove her from her path many times, and twice she lost the way. It seemed to her that she was taking part in some fantastic dream that had somehow assumed the sights and sounds and dimensions of reality.

Nothing could come of a dream, and nothing came of this one. She found the last slope of Williams Avenue, finally; she waded into the water to reach the walkway, and she followed the walkway to the lighted building, only to discover she was much too late. Jack Murphy was lying on the floor in a dark pool. Donavan had done exactly what he'd said he would do, and she had not been able to prevent it. A night of failure.

But there was one small reward she would always treasure. It was Donavan lifting her after she had fallen in the office doorway, and Donavan's quiet voice speaking to Tom Sharkey.

"She'll be all right, Tom," he said. "Don't ever be in doubt of it—this girl is a lot of woman!"

Donavan and Sharkey and Elizabeth remembered these things in their separate ways. And they were guided by them. With clear sight come to him, Donavan was able to conduct himself in accordance with the law. He splinted Sharkey's broken arm, he gave himself into Sharkey's custody and helped both Sharkey and Elizabeth to the nearest police. Sharkey, who had made peace with his conscience, took Donavan back to the state prison and saw to it that Donavan was paroled outside the walls into the custody of Mrs. Tom Sharkey and her two small daughters. Elizabeth, who had failed, found the help she needed to turn that failure into success.

She had told the truth when she'd said her father was an important man in the state. He was that, and respected too. A word from him was enough to cause the authorities to bring J. C. Hallock under close scrutiny. Without Murphy's money, influence and strength, Hallock could not stand alone. His full confession brought the light of truth to the circumstances of Norma Murphy's death. The discovery of Peebles' body clad in Harry Finucane's clothes; and the discovery of Finucane's naked body upstream from the Murphy moorage, and the sorting out of these identities did not come until much later, and it was no longer important then.

Elizabeth's father, John B. Matthews, was a stocky man of sixty, with gray hair and amused blue eyes. He called upon Tom Sharkey to bring the prisoner, Donavan, to his home one evening. Matthews was a man who enjoyed things dramatic, and he would not let such a moment pass until he had extracted the most from it. He made them wait to hear why he had called them until after dinner. Then in the library, with coffee and cigars, he made them wait a little longer.

Donavan was willing that it should be so. He had not been outside the walls too long, and moments like these he, too, wanted to savor. The taste of a good cigar, the feel of good gray flannel, the walls of a decent home, the company of kind people—these simple things were so important. He wanted to walk slowly, to be completely aware and miss nothing. He wanted to breathe deeply of this air of freedom.

"Sharkey," John Matthews said, "you're done with Bruce Donavan. In a professional way, I mean. Hallock's confession has been accepted. As soon as the courts can act upon it, and as soon as the governor can get around to it, Bruce will be given a full pardon."

Sharkey wore his cast-incased arm in a black sling; he winked at Donavan and smiled at Matthews. "It's a load off of my chest," he said. "I wouldn't like the job of taking him back now. If I tried it, my wife and kids would start out hunting a new father for their family."

"I wouldn't blame them!" Elizabeth's mother said. She was a tall, striking woman, dark-haired and very positive. "And if you'd had to, John Matthews would have been another father without a family. . . . Isn't that right, Beth?"

"It surely is," Elizabeth said.

She was sitting across the room from Donavan, slim and lovely, in a dress of crisp cotton print. There was real happiness tugging at the corners of her mouth, and a shining eagerness lighting up her eyes. To look at her was to feel warmth, and Donavan looked at her often. There was much yet to learn about this new way of living, and much that had to be carefully thought about. But Donavan could not honestly doubt that soon enough he and this girl would make their way together.

John Matthews began to speak of other things. He had been inquiring into the means by which Donavan could regain at least a part of the construction company that had been taken from him. His information was promising. A will drawn up when Donavan and Murphy had been partners was still in existence. Murphy, who had lived only for himself, had left no other. Listening, Donavan drew deeply on his cigar and was content.

Spring had been late this year. In February and March, rain drenched the coastal lands of the northwest, but static cold held the high country locked in a frozen grip. With the thaw, the flood came and worked its terrible destruction. But the flood passed and found its way to the sea in God's own time, and the water receded from the cities and the land. The homeless built their homes again and the separated found each other, and the dead were committed to the grave. The living took up their lives again and went on as best they could. Few who had endured the flood would ever be the same again. But it is a simple truth that a stronger material than the human spirit has yet to be discovered. THE END

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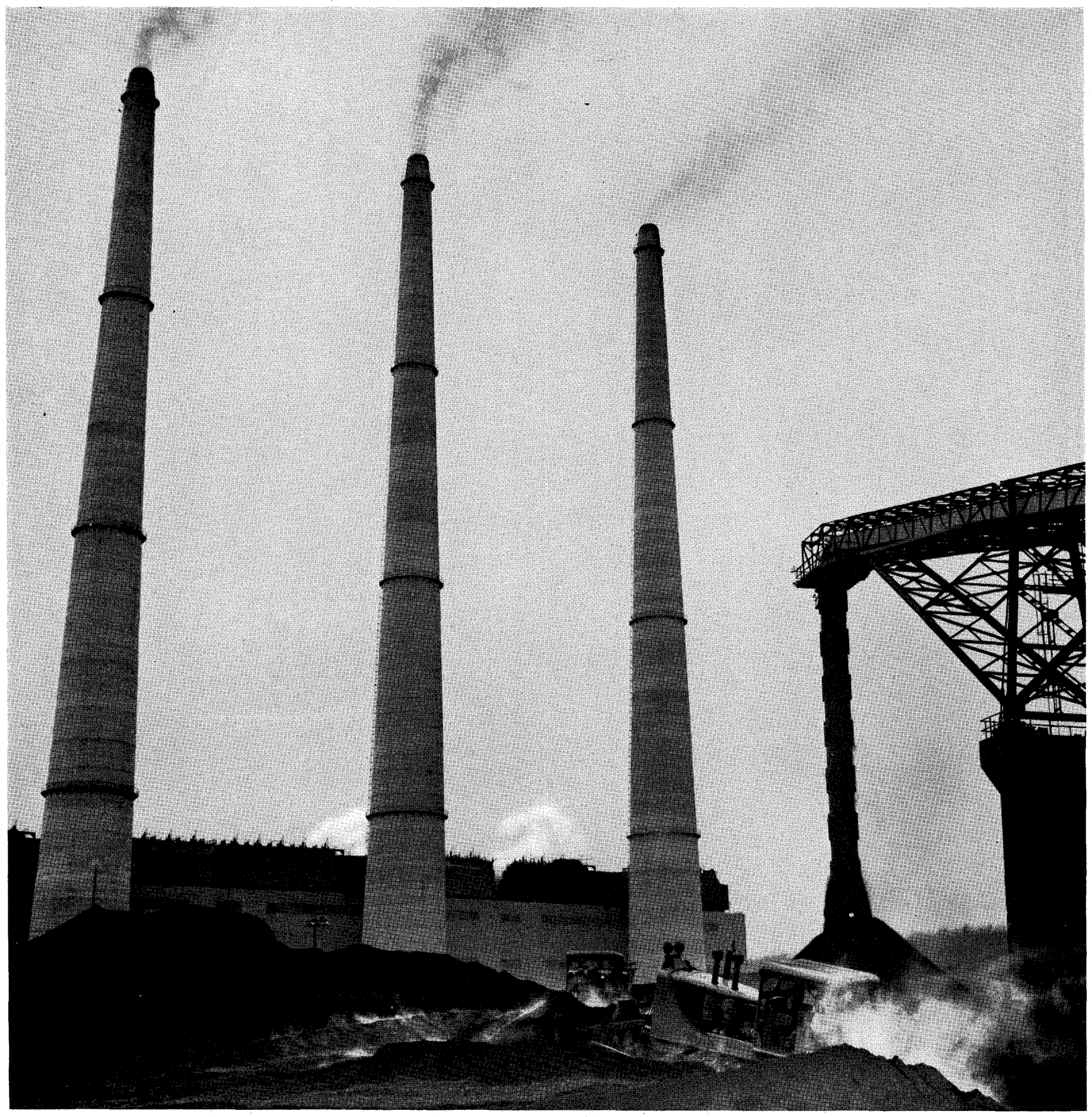

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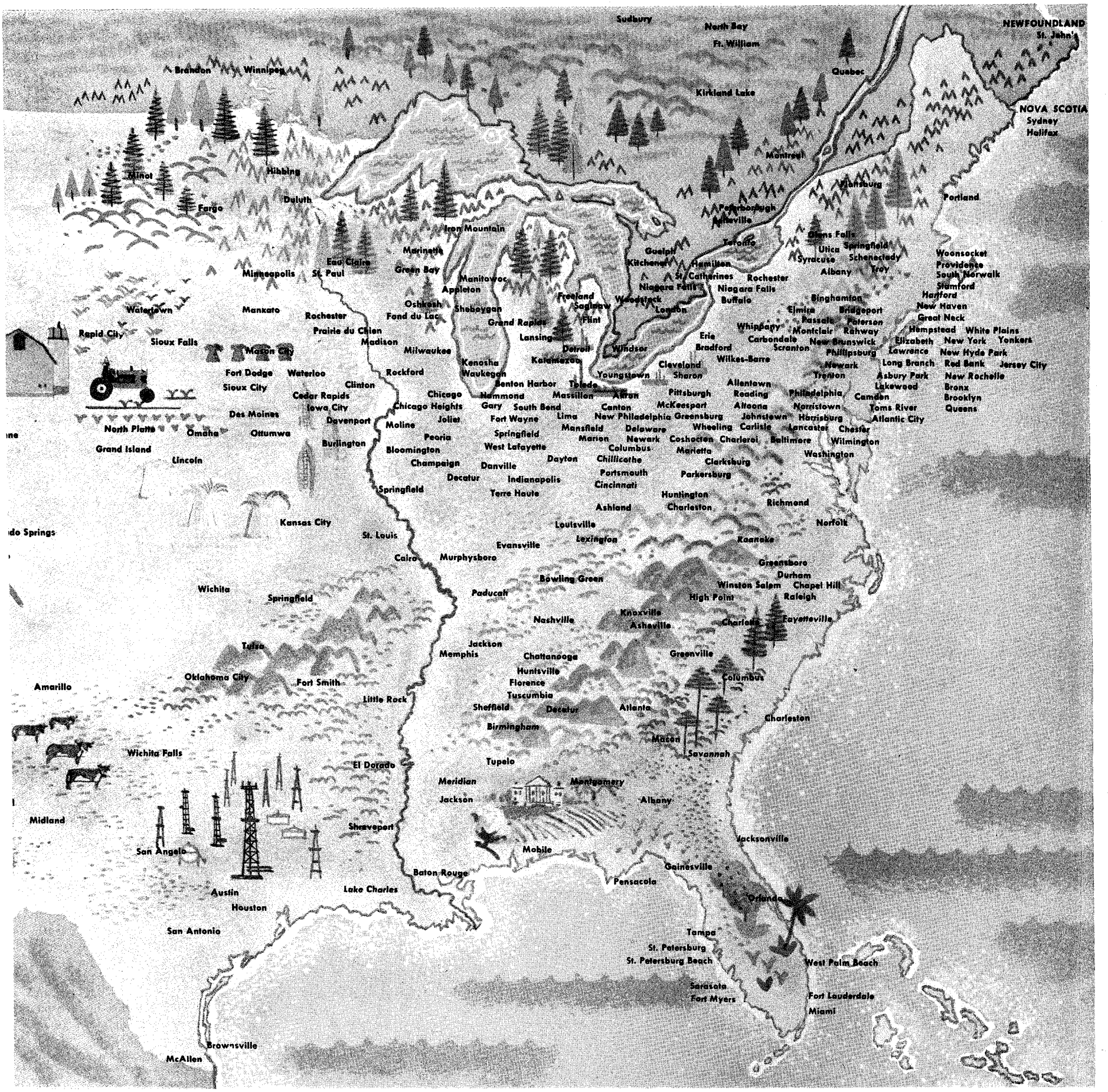

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Collision Alarm!

(Continued from Page 29)

the log desk, smoking a cigarette, and Jeff, who was holding tightly to the long mental list of check points for the machinery of this strange ship, glared at him across the engine room.

And then Jeff thought, *He's jealous. He knows her like a man knows his wife, and he's jealous. And God help anybody who gets fresh with her.*

An odd thought for Jeff Clayton, but it cooled him, and it made him keep watch scrupulously. An easy sea rhythm had taken Parthenic, and Jeff's feet moved in the light and delicate way of men who know the tipping sheen of engine-room floor plates. Pressures, temperatures, vacuum; feather of steam at the glands, and always the anxious upward glance at the flow indicators. His hands probed and touched, their backs rubbed bare of hair because only the backs of hands can judge heat sensitively. In the cool shaft alley Jeff felt down the row of pedestal bearings, glanced at the after well, and felt of the stern gland through which the measured sea seeped.

Mr. Hansen's eyes were still speculatively on him when he had finished checking both mains. Jeff didn't care now. He was keeping his watch, and he knew it. He undogged the air-lock door and stepped through, closing himself momentarily in the near quiet of the steel chamber, and then opening the farther door into the pressurized air of the fireroom.

He walked the length of the bellowing furnaces and examined the high gauge glasses. A pair of firemen sang as they hammered off tips; the watertenders and the junior paced with dignity. When Jeff passed back through to the engine room, Mr. Hansen was gone.

It was probably some feeling of defiance that made him decide to draw the connections of the swimming pool the next day. The pool was deep in the ship, but pleasant. Curious and a little scornfully amused by the antics of a bunch of passengers in the shallow end, he walked toward the locker that contained some of the valves. A girl was climbing out of the deep end. She looked down into the water and then pulled off her cap and shook out her hair; and it seemed to Jeff that she did these things in a special and lovely way, so that he smiled with pleasure.

She turned gently, and the shadow of an answering smile touched the corners of her mouth. She had the kind of black hair that is black black, he noticed, and blue eyes. She was lovely, and suddenly his heart started to bang.

"Oh," she said, "I'm glad you came along. I mean, I'm glad an officer came along. My ring came off and I can't go down that deep."

"Maybe you should tell the lifeguard."

"Oh, no," the girl said. "The ship isn't big enough for that."

She nodded toward the shallow end. The lifeguard was teaching a squealing girl to swim. Jeff had taught swimming in his high-school days. He knew you didn't do it by walking alongside your pupil with your arm around her waist.

"I see," he said. "Well, we could pump it out for you."

"I'm afraid of losing the stone."

Jeff felt disappointment that was more than vague. "This must be a pretty important ring," he said.

"Oh, it is," the girl said. Then she laughed in a gentle, warm way, and to Jeff it was like the closing of a high-tension circuit; she was beautiful and unique, he thought sadly, and she wore a ring. "My father gave it to me," the girl said. She laughed again.

"No nonsense with women, mister," the chief had warned. *Well,* Jeff thought, *there's no nonsense about this.*

"All right," he said. "I'll get your ring."

He changed into a pair of pool trunks in the men's dressing room. "It's down there somewhere," the girl said, when he came out. She pointed to the water, but she was looking at Jeff.

He snatched a breath and dived. The sounds of Parthenic, water-transmitted, came clearly after the bubbling rush of his dive; he could hear the distant scream of her turbines, the banshee whoop of her feed pumps. The ring glinted, and Jeff drove downward.

The panic fear that seized him at that moment was complete. The breath began to bubble out of him uncontrollably. His smooth momentum was lost as he doubled suddenly and stabbed desperately downward with his feet. His toes barely touched and without thrust he scrambled upward, his head back and the waterborne sounds of the ship drumming in his ears. Water rushed into his nostrils and drove a cold wedge against his closed throat. He broke surface coughing and gagging.

"Oh!" the girl said. "Oh!" She knelt and grasped his wrist and guided it to the trough. "I'm so sorry," she said. "Are you all right?"

Humiliation gave Jeff the strength to heave himself out. He sat on the edge, beginning to tremble, and the girl's hands fluttered about him.

"You need some hot coffee," she said. "Maybe you need a drink."

"I certainly need something," Jeff mumbled. He stood up, shaking very hard now, turning away from her.

The lifeguard came bouncing along, grinning derisively. "I thought you lost something," he said, and dived in. Jeff walked toward the dressing room.

"Wait!" the girl called. He could hear her bare feet patting on the tiles and he lengthened his stride.

"Please wait," she called, but he had reached the entrance to the dressing room now. She was wonderful and beautiful, he thought inside the door, but there was nothing to wait for. He had shot it, bang.

Fearfulness and the mood of regret made his room too small for him after his evening watch. He showered and put on his uniform and walked through Parthenic's inlaid and mirrored formal halls. Her interior elegance bespoke a time long past; Jeff did not know whether it soothed him or irritated him.

At the foot of the grand after stairway he paused. The stairs were balustraded and went up in a graceful sweep that ignored the modern concept of compactness in a ship.

Heavy footsteps crushed into the pile of the rug behind Jeff. "Mr. Clayton?" the chief said, and four golden stripes gleamed under the patina of long seniority as Mr. Hansen laid a hand on the rail. "Somebody looking for you, mister," he said.

Jeff turned, and his face blazed with color and then drained white. The girl was with Mr. Hansen.

"Miss Nora Williams," the chief said.... "My third assistant, Mr. Clayton. I presume he's the one?"

"Yes," the girl said. "Oh, yes! This is the one!" Her hand lay in Jeff's and he clung to it.

"Well," the chief said.

This, Jeff thought, *is where the boom falls.*

"Well," the chief said again. He inclined his big shoulders toward them stiffly. "Perhaps," Mr. Hansen said—"perhaps you will join me in a nightcap?"

Jeff was too astounded to speak. It was Nora who said, "Why, yes. Thank you, sir." She caught up the front of her long dress and took Jeff's arm.

"Well, mister," the chief said, when he had seated them in the lounge, "I'm wondering if you've ignored my orders."

"I don't think so, sir," Jeff said carefully. "There was no nonsense, as you put it. And I had no intention of following through on the matter." He wondered what Nora had told the chief.

"So I gather," Mr. Hansen said. "That's a habit of yours, isn't it, not following through? You jump from ship to ship and give nothing of yourself to any of them. I suppose you jump from woman to woman the same way."

"Sir!" Jeff half rose.

"Sit down," the chief said. "I hate waste," he said with seeming irrelevance, and stood up. "I'll send you another drink, Mr. Clayton, because I think you need it. And that's all. You're not privileged to order, yourself." He looked at his watch. "I'll want you turned in in half an hour. You've a watch to keep, remember." Mr. Hansen inclined his shoulders toward Nora and walked away.

Jeff stared after him. "Whatever he meant to do, bringing us up here, he sure couldn't resist rawhiding me."

"He's that kind of man," Nora said.

"Don't I know! How did you ever get next to him?"

"He remembered my father," Nora said. "My father was a marine engineer too."

"Has he retired?" Jeff said.

"No," Nora said. "He's dead. He was torpedoed."

"Forgive me," Jeff murmured.

Nora put her hand on his arm. "He's all right now," she said. "He used to call this the Western Ocean. And he's buried where he wanted to be buried."

Jeff frowned and closed his eyes.

"Tell me," Nora said. "Something's terribly wrong, isn't it? I saw that. And Mr. Hansen knows it."

Jeff said harshly, "All Mr. Hansen knows is his ship."

"All right," Nora said. "We'll forget him. Tell me."

Jeff had never talked to anybody about the Myra K. Now suddenly, at the end of this day, it seemed very easy to tell this gentle and lovely girl who herself had been robbed by the sea; easy to let the story pour from him of how the old motorship had struck a drifting mine and filled until one shored-up bulkhead stood between her and foundering.

When the bulkhead collapsed, Jeff was alone in the engine room. She started to go very fast by the head, tipping him off the ladders and spilling him into herself, so that he had to pick himself up and start clawing his way out of her all over again. She was nearly vertical, and black water, white-foamed, was roaring through her alleyways by the time he reached the open deck. Then she went. And she took him with her.

Beneath the surface she roared and screeched her protest against her death. Jeff started to spin in the currents she set up. Parts of her superstructure glided past him. A line wrapped around him and he drew his knife and hacked and struggled his way out of the coils. He was aware of deepening darkness and of intense pain in his head and chest. He was a good swimmer, but there was nothing he could do to free himself of Myra K's embrace. His consciousness was splintering away in pain that was like stabs of lightning behind his eyes when she suddenly cast him from her and went roaring on downward.

He could feel the cold and bitter sea invading his lungs and he expected to die immediately. But he didn't. He was still conscious when he surfaced, and he spouted water and fought the battering seas for two hours, until at last he heard voices and was dragged aboard one of Myra K's own boats.

"So now," he said to the girl, who had placed her hand tightly over his, "I get in a ship and I start having dreams about it. Then I start thinking about it on watch, once I'm used to the ship, once the watch keeping gets to be automatic. Then I quit and go ashore—to study." He made a bitter little laugh. "I do a lot of studying. I'm known as a hotshot theoretical engineer." (*Continued on Page 82*)

"Wait right here—while I run below and put in a roll of color film."

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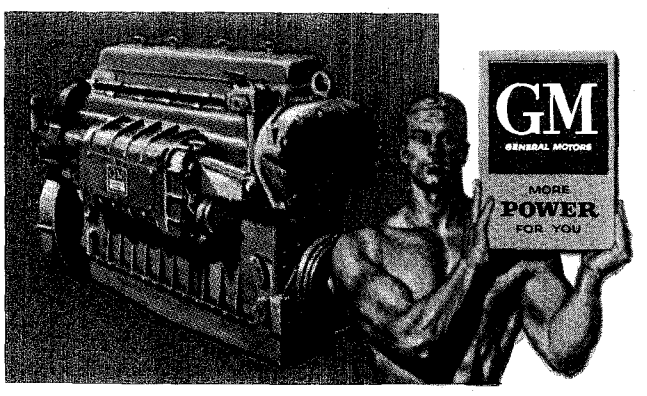

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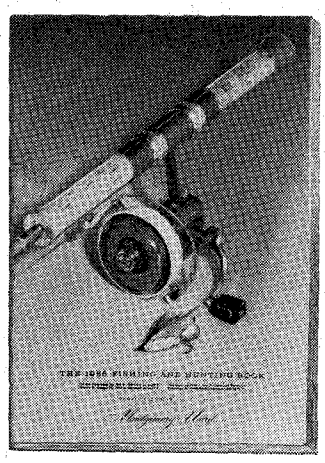

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(*Continued from Page 80*) Nora said, "It's past the time Mr. Hansen said, Jeff."

"Him," Jeff said. "I don't have to have nightmares to decide about getting off his ship."

"He was nice to me," Nora said. "Come on, Jeff."

"Ah," Jeff said, "you had him charmed. He'll get over it." At the foot of the grand staircase he said, "I'll say good night to you here. And thank you for listening."

"You needed to talk it out," Nora said. She looked up at him. "You're going to be all right now," she said. She put her hands on his lapels and pulled in her gentle way. "I'm sure you're going to be all right," she whispered. Her lips barely touched his; then she was walking quickly away.

Parthenic was now climbing her great circle for Southampton and she ran into fog and heavy sea. Watches below were doubled to take care of the frequent alterations in speed, and the stops. It was a weary time for the mates and engineers, but Jeff welcomed the extra work. He didn't want to think. He was anxious to see Nora, and constrained when they did find a moment together. He had cried out to her of his weakness, and he wished he hadn't.

"Aren't you glad to be with me?" she said one day when he had been trying to explain this to her.

"Yes," he said. "Of course."

"Well, then," she said, "you don't need to explain yourself to me. Come on. Let's cheer up Mr. Hansen."

Cheering the chief was the last thing Jeff wanted to try, but he knew that Nora and the big old man had become friends. Mr. Hansen liked to talk to her about Parthenic.

"I suppose you want me to buy you a drink," he said.

Nora answered for them, "We'd enjoy it very much, sir."

There was nothing twinkling eyed or falsely paternal in the look the chief gave her. It was nearly fierce, Jeff thought, as the chief turned to him.

"You drink up and turn in, mister," the chief said. "I am quite capable of entertaining your girl, I assure you."

And maybe, Jeff thought when he was lying on his settee, Mr. Hansen could be entertaining, even though Parthenic was nearly his sole topic. "Now, Parthenic," the chief would say going back to some dim time in the '20's, "Parthenic ——" And Mr. Hansen was still talking about her, in Jeff's sleeping mind, and Nora's gentle face was uptilted and her hand pressed Jeff's as they listened, when the other ship roared out of the fog, her whistle blaring, and slammed into Parthenic.

The shock threw Jeff to the deck. Still dazed by sleep, he reached instinctively for his flashlight and ran aft to the engine-room door. But a blast of searing heat and the roar of escaping steam drove him back. He dogged the door tight and ran forward, thinking only of getting below. There were other air locks into the fireroom far forward that the black gang used, and Jeff ran through the alleys and dropped down ladders, feeling Parthenic shuddering and lurching. The lights were dying yellowly and were gone by the time he clanged through the crew's air lock.

Flashlight beams were lancing through the dull red overglow of the fires. High on the after bulkhead men were closing down valves, shutting off the steam where it passed through to the engine room. The chief loomed up out of the darkness.

"All right, Mr. Clayton," he said; "we'll look after your pumps. The engine room's flooding. You get some men in there topside if it cooks them. I want the shaft-alley doors closed."

Jeff ran back the way he had come, panting dryly. His flashlight picked up a number of men, humped in their life-jackets, and he pushed ahead of them.

"Let's go!" he yelled. "Get on the shaft-alley doors!"

He cracked the engine-room door cautiously, but there was no more roar of escaping steam. The upper part of the engine room was full of hot, choking fog, but the men streamed in without hesitation and felt their way to the hand wheels.

The sea was in her; Jeff could hear it booming from side to side below as Parthenic rolled. The big steel foot plates clanged as the turbulence ripped them adrift and smashed them among her machinery.

First Assistant Reedey came in just as Jeff's men secured the watertight doors. The emergency lights were coming up and Jeff saw that Mr. Reedey's face was red and blistered.

He looked below and shook his head. "It'll be still coming in," he said. "The cooling-water line ruptured." Mr. Reedey shook his head again. "I couldn't get near the valve. Couldn't get near it." Mr. Reedey swept the high steam lines with the strong beam of his flashlight. "Chief wants to know where she let go," he said. "You're to go back to the fireroom, third."

Back on the fireroom floor Jeff learned the extent of Parthenic's damage. The other ship had knifed into her, aft of the engine room, holing her port shaft alley and the hold above. The heavy seas had lifted and slammed the two ships together in a series of shocks that had been transmitted to the engine room. An engineer and an oiler had been hurt; Mr. Reedey had barely had time to drag them to safety through the air lock before the escaping steam and the black rush of water made the engine room untenable.

Topside reports were bad. No passengers had been injured but two A.B.'s had been swept overboard while trying to secure a mattress over the port cooling-water inlet, after the chief's urgent request to the bridge. The men had been rescued, but the rescuing boat had been smashed.

The weather, now bad, was making up fast. The other ship was damaged clear aft to her collision bulkhead; Parthenic's captain would not trust his passengers to her. The nearest help was twelve hours away.

"So figure all that out on your slide rule," the chief said.

Mr. Reedey clanged in through the forward entrance to the fireroom and came skidding toward them on the heaving floor plates. "It was the main steam line that let go," he said.

"Were you pumping at the time?" the chief said.

"No," Mr. Reedey said. "I thought I could rig a steam siphon," he said. "There's no reason why we can't put auxiliary steam back into the engine room and work a siphon. But the storerooms are all under water."

The chief pointed to the engine-room air lock. Sea water had filled it and was spurting past the gasket on the fireroom side door. "Everything's under water," he said. He turned to Jeff. "You appreciate the situation, mister? You know her well enough for that?"

Jeff understood it. Parthenic's boilers and all their service machinery were in one compartment. Her propulsion units and all her big pumps were in the engine room. Steam could not be delivered to the main engines because the main steam lines were broken. But it could be delivered to the pumps, and reciprocating pumps will work under water. But the pumps were all secured at the time of the collision.

Jeff staggered agitatedly down between the boilers. He knew now that Parthenic might yet be saved, and it seemed to him that he wanted to escape this knowledge, because it was true knowledge of himself. He had lived with fear ever since Myra K's foundering. It was his fear that had sneered at the crude poetic abandonment of a strong man to his ship; it was fear that had allowed him to look at a woman exquisitely desirable and never declare the love of his manhood.

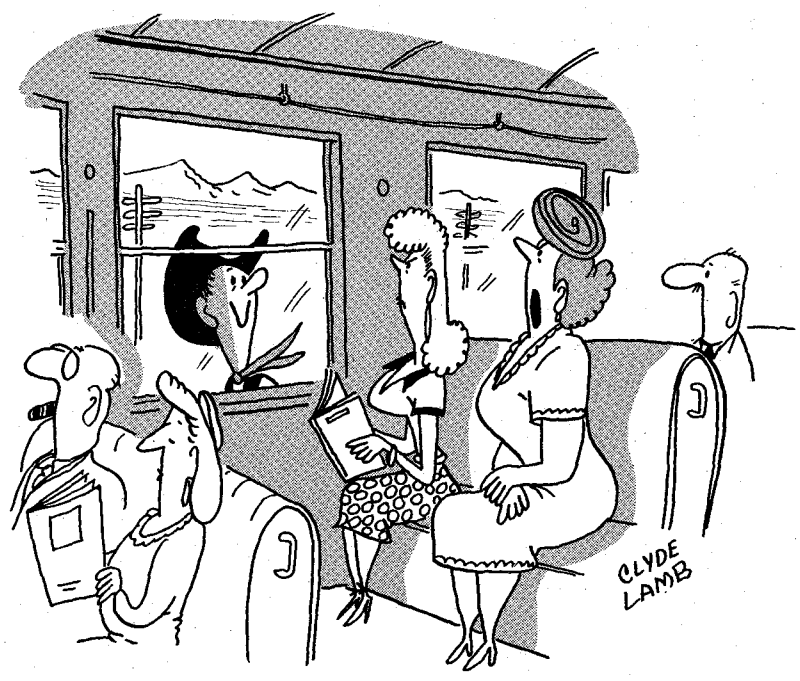
Manhood, Jeff thought. He was trembling. But all the wasted years of his life were expectant of him now.

Mr. Hansen had left the fireroom. Jeff climbed out and ran aft to the high cross run. There was just enough light for him to see the chief standing there.

"Listen," Jeff said into the hollow booming that filled the dead place. "Listen. We can save her."

The chief turned an aged face. "Go away," he said.

"Supposing," Jeff said, "we had the inlet valve to that cracked cooling-water line closed. Supposing we had every pump going ——" (*Continued on Page 86*)



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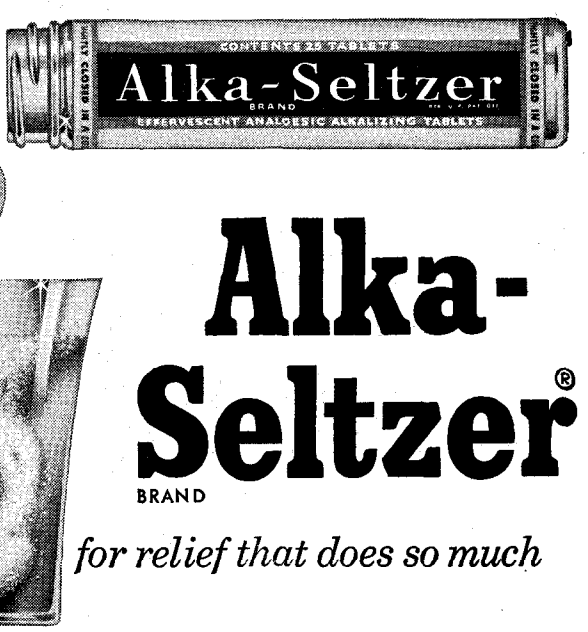

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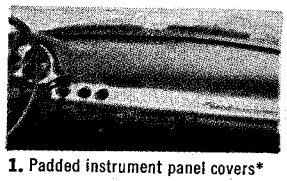

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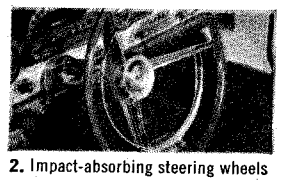

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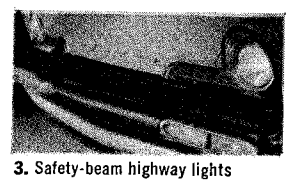

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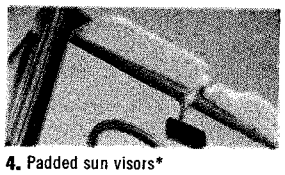

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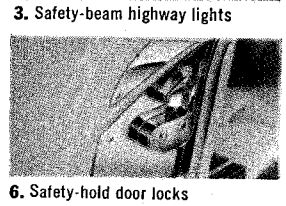

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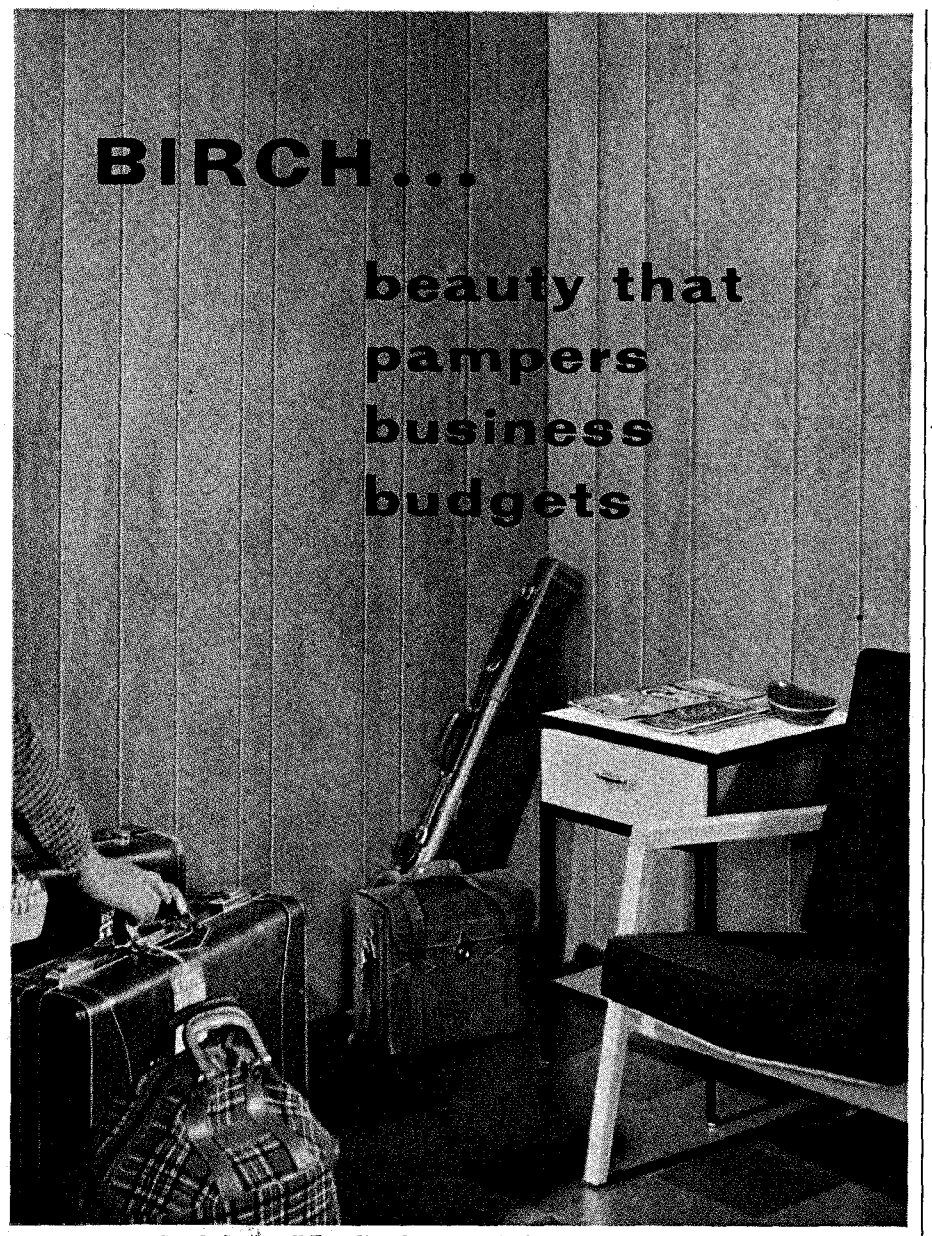

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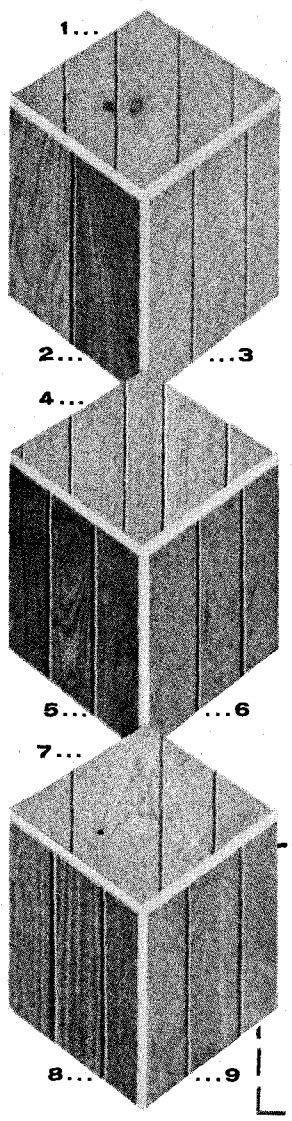

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(*Continued from Page 82*) The Chief wrapped his hands around the rail. "You think I don't know that?" he said harshly. "Who's to handle valves down there, eighteen, twenty feet under? I asked that fellow that ran the swimming pool. He said it was murder, and how would he know which valves to open."

"Well, I know," Jeff said. "I know every valve in her. Remember?"

Mr. Hansen thrust himself away from the rail with a violence that made the grating shudder. "I can't believe this," he muttered. "I'll get the first. I'll turn out all hands. Decide what you need."

What he needed, Jeff thought a few minutes later, was something nobody else could give him. They were all crowded on a lower grating now, directly above the oil-thick surface of the water. A fireman and an oiler, life-jacketed, had volunteered to stand by to go in after him if he had trouble on the surface. But there was no one with the experience to make a deep dive. No one except Jeff Clayton, who had once done it for fun.

He held a stanchion and climbed to the rail for a little elevation. He was naked, so that nothing could snag him, and he had hacked his front hair short to keep it out of his eyes.

The hidden port turbine lay below. Outboard of it was the huge mass of the condenser, just disturbing the surface when Parthenic rolled. And beneath the condenser was the big sea valve.

Jeff switched on his flashlight with one hand and let go of the stanchion with the other. He brought his hands together and gripped the flashlight hard, leaning out and then snapping his legs up. The cold sea water seized him and enwrapped him, and he fought to hold straight, to glide down and forward of where he knew the turbine to be, to turn then and drive under the condenser. A coppery gleam showed in the dim beam of the light; pressure squeaked and snapped in his ears and the bones of his face. His reaching hand found the wheel of the valve. Jeff thrust the butt of the flashlight into his mouth and forced himself down into a standing position and braced himself against the wheel.

His resolve was now a thin thing, shuddering. The wheel refused to turn, and there, deep in the secretness of Parthenic, he found himself rejoicing that this was so, that he could report failure that was no fault of his own.

Yet Parthenic's secretness was her intimacy; she had admitted him upon his own asking, and shame burned in him against the cold. His teeth sank into the casing of the flashlight as he bowed his shoulders over the wheel and broke it free and began to turn it down.

He had to go for air before he was finished, and he slopped and splashed along the treacherous oily surface to a ladder that rose to the grating; and he stood among the waiting men with the blood now pulsing hotly in his skin. When he had his breath, he dived again, and it seemed to him now that she received him with great willingness.

But hot triumph cannot last forever, and Jeff Clayton was a numb and twitching wreck of a man when they finally carried him out of the engine room and rolled him in blankets on his bunk. But Parthenic's engine room was sealed against the sea and her pumps were driving the sea out of her.

Jeff hardly knew. Cold and submersion had skimmed successive layers from his consciousness; at the end there had been nothing left but his will. The springs under his bunk clattered and banged. He was shivering gigantically.

Somebody came in and sat on the edge of his bunk. "Here," the chief said in his rough voice, "drink this." A big hand slipped under Jeff's head.

Jeff bit the rim out of the glass. The chief wiped his lips and probed his mouth. Then the glass crashed in the washbasin and the chief poured whisky into his third from the bottle.

"Ah!" Jeff said. "Ah!" His legs lashed out convulsively and the chief grabbed them and rewrapped them in blankets. It seemed to Jeff that he was swimming back up through the levels of his mind that the water had extinguished. He forced his teeth apart. "I could use another," he muttered.

"You can have a whole case of it, mister," the chief said. "But I don't think the doctor would like that." He tipped the bottle to Jeff's mouth.

Jeff went "Ah!" again. "Wanta go sleep now," he muttered; then his eyes opened wide. "Say," he said clearly, "I've certainly got something to tell Nora, huh?"

"You certainly have," Mr. Hansen said. "She'll give you a decoration."

"You don't know what I'm talkin' about," Jeff said with drowsy argumentativeness. Then his eyes opened wide again, and for the last time in quite a while. "What am I saying?" Jeff Clayton said. "Of course, you know. Of course you do, chief." THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What's the matter . . . don't you trust me?"

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How to Make Champions (Continued from Page 27)

"Some people don't like them; just people with no guts."

I sank back and prepared myself for incineration. But nothing really escapes Kiphuth's notice about his boys, so a few searing minutes later he grunted, "This might be enough for your first time. Go out and lie down."

I made my way groggily to the door and managed to reach a cooler anteroom. There was a kind of mortuary slab, and I laid myself out on it. A faucet let cool drops of water fall on me.

After a while, Kiphuth and Ford came out and we went to get dressed. I expected that Kiphuth, as a coach, would wear clothes which looked beat-up from having been thrown into lockers and yanked out several times a day. Instead, he attired himself like a Wall Street banker. His suit was a discreetly patterned gray, the shirt looked custom-made, the tie had a courtly design. Later I found that he sometimes dressed like an Ivy League student, with bright bow tie, buckskin shoes, tweed jacket and gray flannel slacks. But he never dressed like a coach.

A few days later body building began. We gathered in a white-walled basketball court halfway up one of the major towers of the Yale campus, the Payne Whitney Gymnasium. Ford and a few other stars were on exhibit at the front of the room, and the group dwindled back through well-known returning men to us unknowns at the back.

Kiphuth strode among us, calling out the exercises in his deep voice and keeping time by banging a long pole on the floor. Sometimes he reached out with the pole to crack someone on the rump who was holding it too high during push-ups. Sometimes he threw a huge medicine ball at a would-be swimmer, who had to catch it high over his head. Another boy sat across the catcher's knees to keep him from going over like a tenpin. Staying upright while you catch a Kiphuth-thrown medicine ball gives the big trunk muscles the workout of all time.

"How do you feel?" he asked me after an hour of this, as the session was breaking up.

"Tight as a drum," I said.

"You'll get over that. There may be some tightness at first, but some of the other exercises will loosen you up. You have to be loose to swim, of course. Strong but loose. A swimmer's training is different from some other sports."

I said that I was beginning to realize that, and wondered if being in good condition for swimming wouldn't be a drawback in playing other sports. Tennis, for instance.

"Tennis!" It was as though I had suggested rolling hoops. "What the devil can tennis do for you?"

I thought of the different things tennis could do for me, but before I could mention them, Kiphuth went on. He didn't have anything definite against tennis, I gathered, but the point was that "it couldn't basically do anything for you." Baseball and golf were ticked off in the same way. Polo, which was becoming mildly popular at Yale, disappeared with a sneer.

No, it was swimming which was the "real sport," despite its lack of headlines, glamour and fans. Most other recreation did little for the trunk muscles, and it was when they were weak that people developed paunches and sagging shoulders.

"You can play all the tennis you want," he said, "and it won't overcome the way gravity pulls on your posture, stretching and sagging the stomach muscles, hollowing the lower back, hunching the upper back and flattening the chest. There's only one way to keep from looking like a sack. Build up the trunk muscles by direct attack."

Then he doubled up his formidable fist and delivered a direct attack on my stomach, with a loud laugh. "Like that! You won't even feel that in a few weeks."

Stomach muscles fascinated Kiphuth. He always expressed his pleasure with them in this way—a blow with his fist. This meant more approval, I found out, than a pat on the shoulder.

Two months and many punches later, we at last went into the water. The first day we waited (*Continued on Page 89*)

Can You Name This Star?

This honey-blond tot of five grew up to stardom despite one of Hollywood's hardest hard-luck stories. An auto killed her father soon after she was born at Los Angeles, and her mother was a helpless invalid. Farmed out, she lived with five families before she was ten, washed dishes in an orphanage, then dwelt in five more homes before she married hastily at fifteen. The marriage failed. She became a parachute inspector, model, and finally a starlet living on two meals a day. Her lips and her "wondrous-wiggle" walk helped to make her famous. Her film hits include Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, No Business Like Show Business, and How to Marry a Millionaire. Her second marriage, not to a millionaire, fell apart spectacularly. Can you name her?

Raymond R. Stuart

Answer:

Marilyn Monroe

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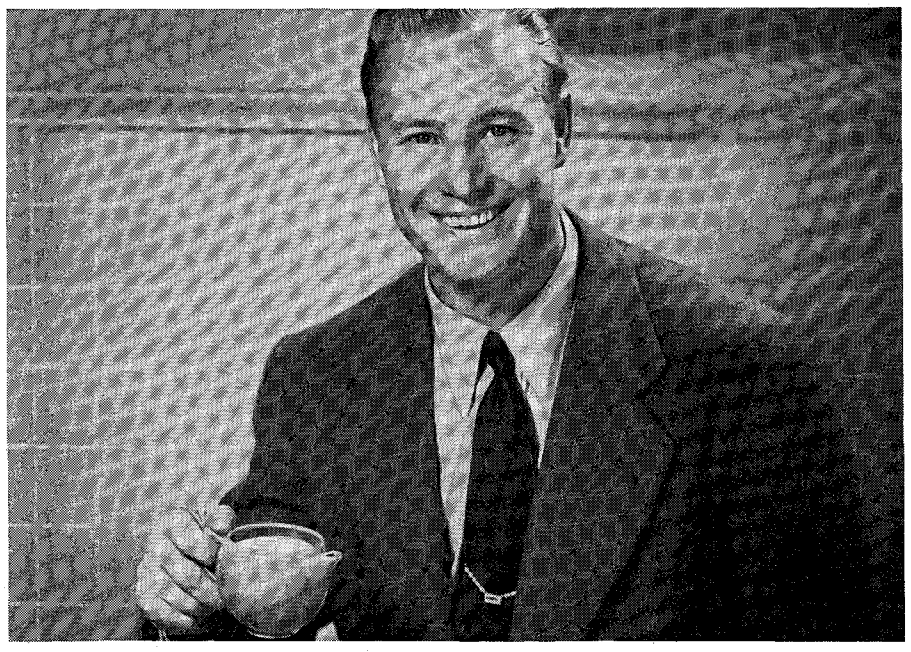

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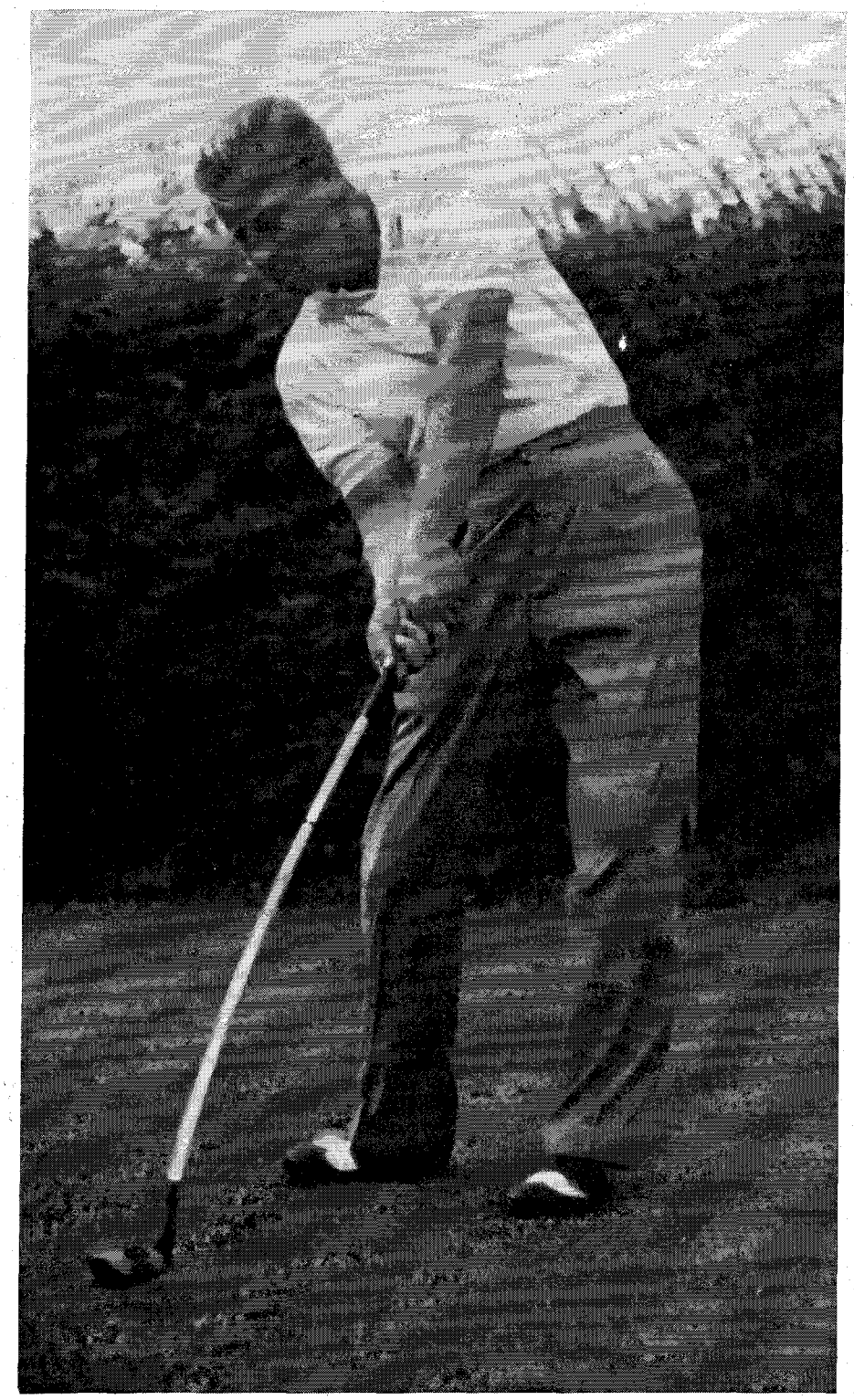

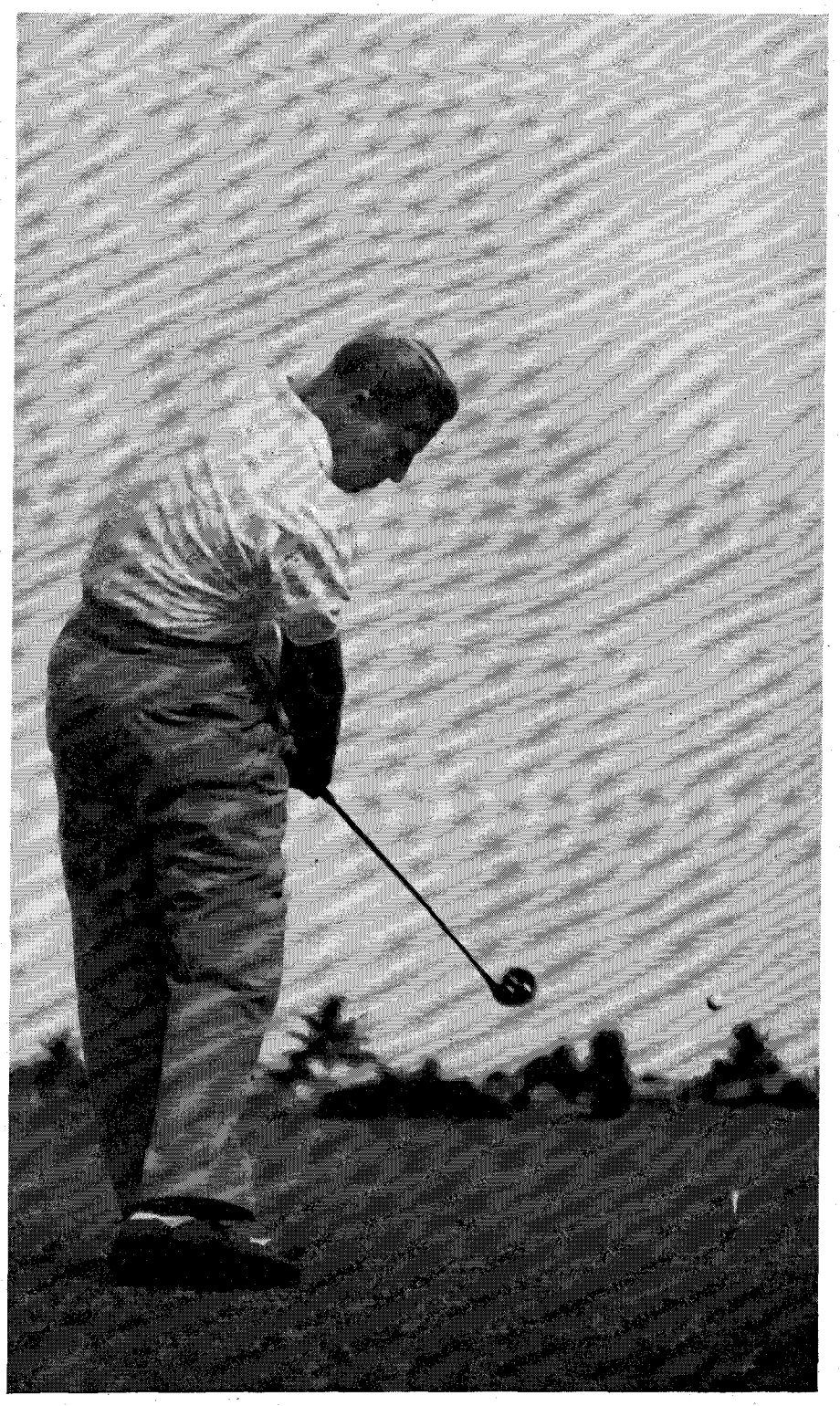

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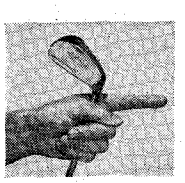

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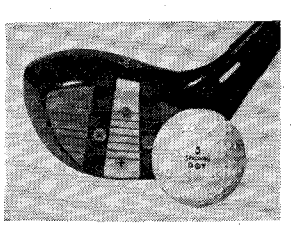

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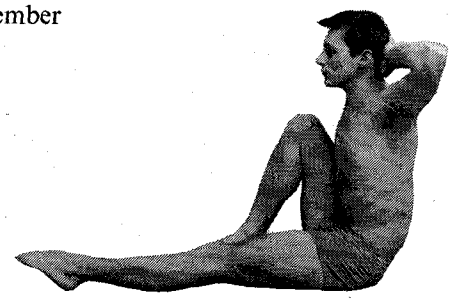
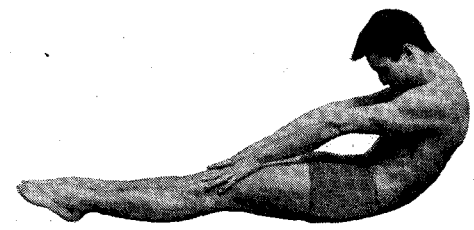
Kiphuth's Ten Rules for Keeping Fit

In his book, How To Be Fit, Yale swimming coach Bob Kiphuth recommends the following key exercises, to be repeated ten to twenty times each morning. John Fleming, a member of Kiphuth's present team, shows how to do them.

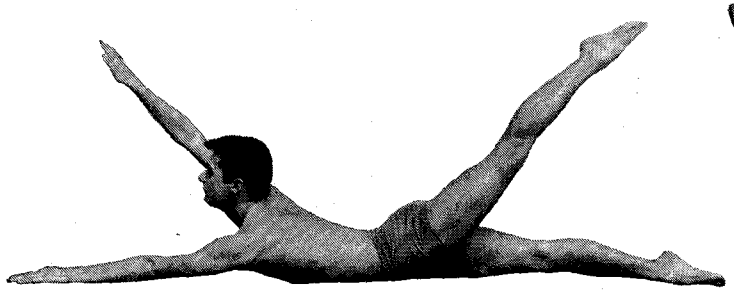
1 Sit on floor with chin up, chest high, abdomen in, hands grasped behind neck, elbows out. Legs together, fully extended. Lean forward, bringing forehead close to knees. Return to original position.



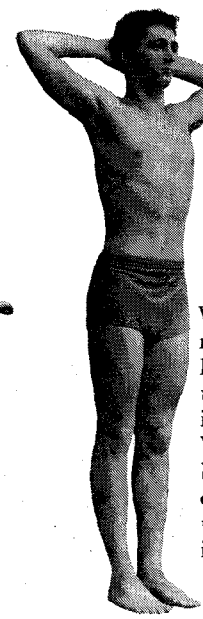
2 Same position; draw right knee far back, then extend full length again. Now the left leg. At first, foot may slide along the floor; later it should be kept in the air.



3 Lie flat on the back, hands on top of thighs. Slowly raise shoulders from floor, sliding hands along legs toward the knees; slowly return to original position.

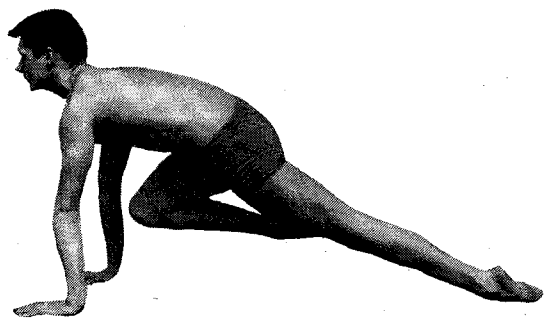


4 Lie face down, chin touching floor, legs flat. Raise and lower right leg, keeping the knee straight. Now the left leg. Next, with arms straight out overhead, raise and lower one arm, then the other.

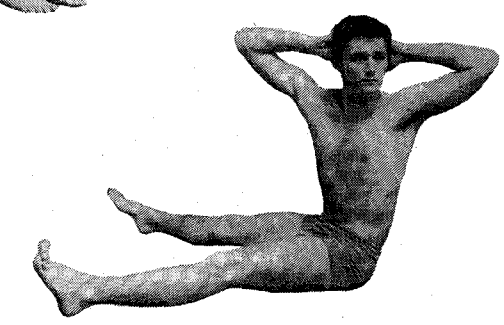


5 With hands clasped behind neck, stand with back to wall, hands, shoulders, buttocks touching wall, heels four inches from it. Inhale deeply. While exhaling, pull the pelvis back so the lower spine is drawn against the wall. Hold three seconds. Return to original position while inhaling.

6 Exercise 1 position: draw both knees far up toward the chest, keeping chest high and back straight. Extend legs straight out again. If possible, feet and legs should be kept off the floor.



7 Balance on the hands and feet, keeping elbows straight. Keep buttocks down so body forms a straight line from head to heels. If possible, rest on instep rather than balls of feet. Draw right knee forward and upward, return to starting position and repeat vigorously in rhythm. Do the same with left leg. The foot should be off the floor during the exercise.



8 Begin with the position of Exercise 1, except that legs are spread. Turn far to the right, keeping chin up, chest high, elbows back and legs flat; then far to the left.

9 Do Exercise 5, but with the arms extended straight over head.

10 Take part in recreational sports such as golf, bowling and tennis, for general exercise and psychological benefit. Eat moderate, regular meals, and cut down on bread, milk, potatoes and rich desserts.

(*Continued from Page 87*) for Kiphuth in the office of the Exhibition Pool, those of us who hadn't swum under him wondering what kind of ordeal this was going to be. The top swimmers stood around in relaxed postures, looking as hard and muscular as Michelangelo statues. Then one of them would shake himself in a way swimmers do, executing a kind of wiggle from wrists to ankles to make sure that everything was loose.

Kiphuth came in, chuckled, peered at us over the tops of thick-lensed spectacles and said resonantly, "All right, let's go."

We were divided into groups of six, and then we began to swim and swim and swim. We kicked endless lengths of the pool, holding oblong wooden flutterboards in front of us. Our ankles were bound together, and we pulled more lengths using only our arms, and, of course, the big trunk muscles. We swam more lengths breathing every third stroke instead of every second, which is like requiring a right-handed golfer to make every other swing left-handed. Rubber kick-fins were put on our feet, which made us shoot through the water very fast.

Kiphuth, stripped to a pair of shorts, marched around the pool, ready to poke us with his pole as we swam by if he saw something to correct, driving relentlessly for top conditioning.

After the first couple of weeks he was no longer tolerant with laggards. One day a swimmer caught a cramp in his calf. He began to wallow around painfully, struggling to reach the "shallow" end of the pool. Water there was seven feet deep. A few people on the sides started forward to help him, but not Kiphuth. He glared at this writhing figure in disgust. "Look at that," he growled. "There you've got what happens to people who don't train. A cramp!"

The swimmer finally grasped the wall and pulled himself out. He got no sympathy from Kiphuth, no pat on the shoulder, not even a punch in the stomach. He got a leg massage, and that was all. A short time later he dropped out of swimming, unable to hold the pace. Kiphuth has never cut anyone from his squads; this is the way they go.

When the winter season arrived and meets began, another side of Kiphuth emerged—the public one. At meets he was calm, even retiring. He chose carefully the swimmers he was entering, sent them in without pep talks and awaited the outcome. Nothing upset him.

Our Yale team's hardest meet that year was against (*Continued on Page 91*)

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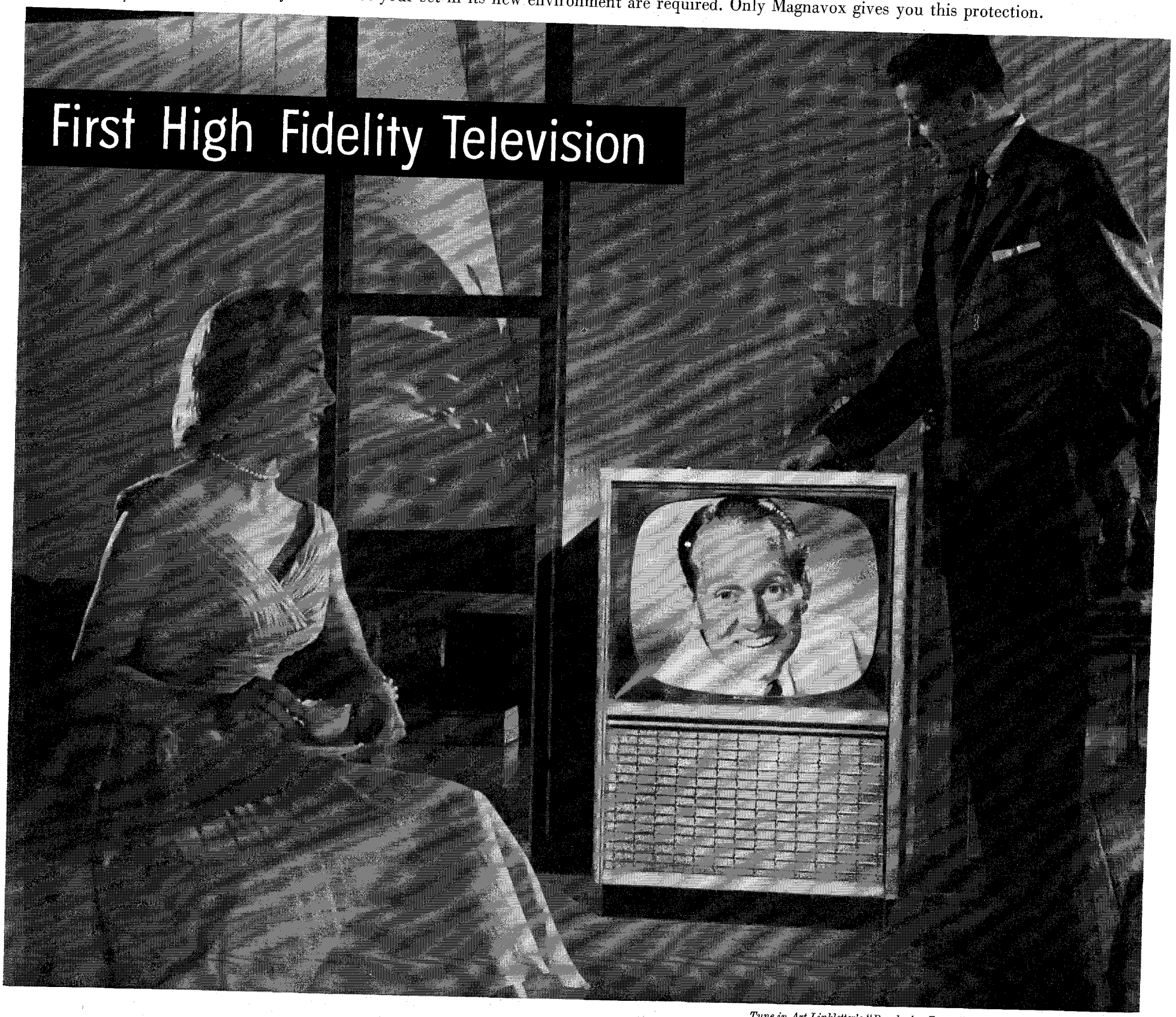

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(*Continued from Page 89*) West Point. We were paced toward it, and Kiphuth was bent on winning. When we began to trail he never turned a hair. Except for the stop watch and papers he carried, he might have been taken for a bystander. The decision went to the final event, the 400-yard free-style relay. Kiphuth entered his four best sprinters, with Alan Ford swimming last. The first Army man got a slight lead. The second increased it a little. The third increased it a little more. By the time Ford was free to spring into the race, the Army man had a lead of ten yards.

The rest of us stood behind the finish line and roared. Kiphuth seemed to have disappeared. Then, as Ford shot toward the finish, steadily closing the gap, Kiphuth, who had been lurking quietly in the background, charged past me. He had held himself under tight control until that last crucial instant, but now he wanted to see the finish. Although Ford unofficially swam 100 yards faster than anyone else ever had, he lost the race by inches.

It was the first Yale swimming defeat in five years. No one who knew Kiphuth's will to win could doubt his disappointment. But he turned quietly away, showing no emotion at all. In fact, there was only one thing to indicate how he felt. In the bus going back to New Haven he lit a cigarette. The rest of us stared in awe. Kiphuth neither smokes nor drinks. But he lit this cigarette and puffed amateurishly on it for a while, without inhaling. Up in its smoke went this loss to West Point. And he hasn't had another defeat—and almost certainly not another cigarette—from then to this writing.

Kiphuth is famous for this lack of enthusiasm for losing. When he took over Yale swimming in 1918, the team had had a respectable but spotty record. It immediately launched into a six-year winning streak. The streak was finally broken in 1924, but a more glittering one began which didn't end until 1937, when Harvard stunned the Yale campus, and the Harvard campus, by winning. Then followed three dank seasons in which, out of forty meets, Yale lost five, recovering in 1940 to proceed unbeaten up to the present, excepting the 1945 loss to West Point.

Is it true that Kiphuth schedules only easy teams to preserve this fabulous record? Along with other Yale teams, the swimming team schedules its thirteen or fourteen dual meets almost entirely with Eastern colleges. As it happens, these teams aren't usually very good, so that Yale goes on winning. It's not so much discretion as distance which keeps Kiphuth from scheduling powerful squads like Ohio State or Michigan.

But he meets them in the national tournaments, and frequently has to surrender the national championship to one or the other. In 1938, he gave in to publicized demands by coach Matty Mann, of the University of Michigan, for a dual meet and lost by a hairbreadth. Michigan licked Yale again in 1939 and 1940. These defeats were avenged at a return meet in 1942, when the Yale swimmers went out to Ann Arbor and obliterated Michigan, taking every first place to win, 59 to 16. This squad went on to collect the Eastern, National and A.A.U. championships.

Coach Mann came away with a forthright declaration that "Yale's is the greatest swimming team that has ever been gathered together, and much stronger than any of our previous Olympic teams." But that was in 1942; Kiphuth has had better teams since.

For someone who was going to revolutionize competitive swimming, Kiphuth showed little promise in his early life. When he was born and christened Robert John Herman Kiphuth in Tonawanda, New York, in 1890, none of his family was notable in sports. He came to Yale in 1914, equipped with only a high-school diploma and some summer courses in physical education. For the first three years he instructed obscurely in physical education. Then, one day in 1917, the swimming captain approached him. Could Mr. Kiphuth suggest anything to improve the team's form?

The answer was hesitant at first, since Kiphuth had had little training and less experience with swimming. He thought the boys should do some calisthenics. Swimmers never did calisthenics, since it might tighten them up, but Kiphuth thought they should try. A few did and it seemed to help; others did and it definitely helped; soon everybody on the team was doing it, and the great winning streak was launched.

The equipment for Yale swimming improved as dramatically as its record under Kiphuth. During his first years, the pool and other sports facilities were centered in the Carnegie Gymnasium. This place would look like a tool shed beside the present Payne Whitney Gymnasium, which has been called the finest gym in the world. It's all in Bob Kiphuth's charge. There is equipment for every kind of college sport—a rowing tank, a rifle range, a golf room, and furnishings for two Kiphuth preoccupations: body building and posture. Besides a fifty-five-yard practice pool, there is a splendid exhibition pool, which seats 2000 spectators—3000 in a pinch. Smoking by anyone is forbidden.

From this great Gothic gym Kiphuth's influence has radiated around the world. The United States Olympic Committee brought him into international sports by naming him coach of the women's Olympic swimming team in 1928, and of the men's team in subsequent Olympics. He held this position so securely that muttering arose among other American coaches.

"Why don't they ever choose someone else, like me?" one coach asked in print after Kiphuth had been named for the third time. One answer is that no coach's success matched Kiphuth's. Another reason may be that Kiphuth is a cultured man. At the Olympics, a swimming coach who could chat about English first editions or Japanese theater did no harm to American prestige.

He drove his Olympic teams, and himself, very hard. During tryouts in Providence, Rhode Island, for the 1936 games, he developed a high fever, but refused to pause for treatment. On board the ship to Europe, seized with severe pains, he went on supervising practice in the ship's pool. Despite his illness, he carried full responsibility for the team, which won two of the six first places. Only after returning to New Haven did he accept the fact that he had a case of streptococcic fever severe enough to put him on crutches for a time.

At the postwar revival of the Olympics in London in 1948, Kiphuth engineered his greatest success. The United States swept the men's swimming events, the first time any nation had accomplished this in the history of the modern games. It was his last appearance as Olympic coach.

He remains a great supporter of the Olympics as "the best force for international understanding we have," and he emphatically favors the participation of the Russians. The Olympics are for amateurs only. Although Soviet athletes have a status that looks rather professional, Kiphuth feels this cannot be held against them now. "We knew when the Russians were admitted to the Olympics what form of economic structure they had," he said recently. "The Russians haven't changed. After inviting them in, are we going to kick them in the teeth? They could quote chapter and verse to us on the way some

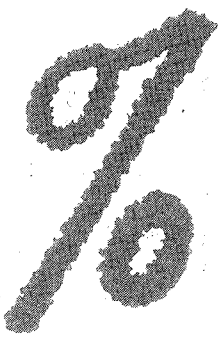
The Perfect Squelch

The big-city detectives worked a forty-eight-hour week with many extra demands on their time. So they were justly disgruntled when informed that they had to attend a six-month training course which would lengthen their day by at least two hours.

Due to an unexplained tardiness on the part of the instructor, an opinionated, pompous police captain, the first class began an hour late. As the instructor droned away, it soon became evident that his course was simply a rehash of what the detectives had learned in rookie school. It was well after dark when the instructor closed his book and asked briskly, "And now, what are you men getting out of this?"

From the rear of the room came a weary voice, "Cold supper."

William J. Storm



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of our athletes are subsidized—on athletic scholarships, for example."

On home ground he is outspokenly in favor of amateurism. Athletes at Yale have no chance to make professional profit out of their skill, but fine swimmers are drawn there because they want to swim under Kiphuth, even if they live in Panama, as Alan Ford did, or in Australia, the home of the great distance swimmer, John Marshall.

Others come unknown to Yale, and have all their development under Kiphuth. Allan Stack was nothing special when he entered Yale in 1945, just another backstroker. His first year made no headlines. In the second year his time for 150 yards improved by eighteen seconds, and he won the Outdoor A.A.U. title. The third year he shot to the top by winning the national collegiate championship, and then in London capturing the Olympic gold medal for the United States.

In 1946 Kiphuth was named athletic director of Yale. He accepted on condition that he could continue to coach swimming. But in 1949, during a handball game, he had a heart attack. One of his jobs had to go. Of course, he stuck to swimming and gave up his athletic directorship; it's now held by his only child, De Laney Kiphuth, Yale '41.

Since the death of his wife in 1941, Kiphuth has moved into a suite in one of the residential colleges at Yale, filling the rooms with his extensive collection of rare first editions. At sixty-five, he appears as tough-muscled and resilient as ever. His hair is thin and nearly white, but still worn in a belligerent crew cut.

Kiphuth's highest loyalty is to Yale, where he is one of the best-known figures on the campus. A department was set up three years ago, under Kiphuth, to train physical-education teachers. The aim is to produce men in athletics who have intellectual breadth and a wide understanding of the world beyond sports. It is an interesting experiment; if the course prospers, it might one day manage to produce another Bob Kiphuth.

I Hate Weekends! (Continued from Page 30)

road and start looking for the Hostetters' house. This is complicated by the fact that you have no idea what the Hostetters' house looks like.

The dirt road proves to be an ancient yak trail, which grows progressively narrower as it mounts into the hills. You notice that more and more people speak French, and your suspicions are further aroused when you pass a group of squaws making bone needles. It ends in a muddy barnyard filled with goats, and the farmer explains that you should have taken the detour ten miles back.

By the time you arrive at your host's farm, Mrs. Hostetter is in hysterics because dinner is ruined and Mr. Hostetter, who started mixing martinis two hours ago, is stoned to the eyes. You are escorted in grim silence to the guest room, which shows signs of having been hastily evacuated by the fifteen-year-old daughter of the house. The top of the dresser is covered with spilled face powder and bobby pins. A colored photograph of a fifteen-year-old boy ("To Essie from her Sinceare frend Elbert J. Murch, Jr.") glares at you jealously from its silver frame.

It turns out there is only one bathroom. A row of family toothbrushes hangs beside the washstand, Mrs. Hostetter's nylons are draped inside the shower stall and Mr. Hostetter's shorts are drying over the towel rack. You open the door of the medicine cabinet and snoop at the contents with interest: nose drops, corn-plasters, Mrs. Hostetter's thyroid pills, a glass denture mug for holding false teeth, and a tube of dark ointment with the intriguing label: "Rub on knees twice daily." There's nothing like a community bathroom to make for a closer relationship between host and guest, particularly if there are two doors and neither of them locks.

The rest of the household is waiting impatiently as you hurry downstairs, bearing your weekend gifts: a bottle of Scotch for Mr. Hostetter (he drinks bourbon) and a set of handblocked doilies for Mrs. Hostetter (there's a set on the table just like them). The atmosphere is further strained by the discovery that you have put on a coat and tie and your host is wearing a lumberjack shirt and moccasins. You are introduced to everyone except an elderly lady in black, whose relationship to the rest of the family is never quite clear. She keeps hovering in the background all weekend, tiptoeing up and down stairs and eating her meals alone. Whenever you enter a room she quickly gathers up her knitting, murmurs "Excuse me," and glides apologetically out the other door.

Everybody turns in right after dinner, because tomorrow morning Mr. Hostetter wants to get up early and show you around the whole farm, which covers three hundred acres and is all uphill. Before you retire, you are given a thorough briefing on the mechanical eccentricities of the house. That switch on your bedside light doesn't work, but all you have to do is jiggle it a little. The window sticks, so you'd better leave your door open into the hall. You'll have to be a little careful of the water, we have our own spring, but in a dry spell like this we usually take a bath in the lake. If you happen to hear the phone, our ring is three long and four short. We're sorry about the septic tank, the man is coming to fix it next week, but it's only a short walk to the barn.

You crawl into the guest-room bed, which is six inches too short. You are just dropping off to sleep when there is a light knock at the door and Mrs. Hostetter whispers: "Could I disturb you just a minute to get Essie's inhaler?" You huddle in bed beside your wife, blinking at the light, while your hostess in dressing gown and curl papers rummages through your things on the bureau, upsetting your shaving lotion. She snaps off the light and you settle back again, listening to the loud ticking of a grandfather's clock downstairs.

The phone rings, and you count automatically: four long, seven short. The bed creaks as you roll over, staring wide-eyed at the ceiling and wondering how you could arrange for an urgent telegram summoning you back to the city. Something seems to be moving around overhead; there is a distinct thump, and the sound of a heavy object dragging. Maybe the Hostetters have an idiot uncle they keep chained in the attic.

The phone rings again, five long and nine short, the clock ticks steadily, and there is a patter of raindrops at the window. The patter increases to a roar. You hear running steps, the banging of doors and windows, and Mrs. Hostetter's shrill cry: "Edwin, quick, there's a leak here in the hall!" Mr. Hostetter sets a pan outside your door, which echoes hollowly: thunk! thunk! thunk! You grip the edge of the mattress and grit your teeth. Thunk! thunk! Tick, tock! And this is only Thursday night.

The rest of the weekend depends on the hostess. Personally I've been collecting hostesses for years, or vice versa, and I find they fall into several distinct types, which any weekend guest should recognize. The problem is to recognize them in time:

The *organizer*—who gets everybody up at seven for a dip before breakfast, then we're all getting out to chop some firewood; as soon as we've finished repairing the float we're driving over to the club at ten-thirty for a little tennis; then at twelve we're due for cocktails with the Kelps on their boat; we'll have to skip lunch because we want to get in eighteen holes of golf and then at four we're all going water skiing; that just gives us time to get to the Frackers' for an outdoor barbecue, and after that we can all relax and play charades because the dance doesn't start till eight-thirty.

"Sometimes I think he expects too much in a wife!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The *worrier*—who wants to know whether everyone's got enough towels, is there a cake of soap in the shower, here's some magazines to read yourself to sleep, don't you want a flashlight in case you have to get up at night, she's sorry to wake you up but maybe you need an extra blanket, be sure to tell her if you'd like a hot-water bottle, she can turn up the furnace a little if you're chilly, why don't you try a couple of her cold tablets?

The *antique collector*. You'd better not sit in that Windsor chair, be very careful of this china because it's been in her family for generations, she'd rather lose her right arm than have anything happen to these Dresden salt cellars. She bites her lip as the drawer-pull of the Chippendale cabinet comes off in your hand, and she manages a brave smile as she gathers up the shattered fragments of a Wedgwood bowl you knocked over with your elbow. "That's all right, it belonged to my great-great-grandmother. It's my own fault for letting people use it."

The *crammer*. You've got to finish everything on your plate, she made this strawberry shortcake especially for you, and if you don't come back for seconds she'll never forgive you. (I wonder whether Mrs. Hostetter ever found that wedge of pecan pie I hid in the upper right-hand drawer of Essie's desk, under her homework.)

The *matchmaker*. Her eye is out for eligible bachelors among her guests, and she's forever locking you accidentally in the broom closet with an unmarried niece from Vassar, or turning out the lights and tiptoeing from the room with an arch smile: "Now, I know you two want to be alone." By the end of the weekend, her guests aren't even speaking.

The *traveler's aid*. If you are driving back to the city, she knows a short cut by way of Albany that saves you two hours. (Three hours later you are still trying to find your way out of Albany.) If you're leaving by train, she's perfectly sure there's one at five-something, she doesn't have a timetable handy, but some friends took the train last year. The station looks strangely deserted as you arrive, and the ticket window is boarded tight. After a prolonged series of farewells on the platform, punctuated by longing glances up the tracks and an occasional cheerful cry of "I think I hear it now!" the stationmaster hobbles out of the baggage shed to announce that the five-something doesn't run on weekdays or Sundays, but there's a milk train at two-thirty A.M. which will get you as far as Pompanoosuc, and you can catch a bus from there.

There are several ways to meet the country-weekend menace. One idea is a five-day week, which would end on Friday and eliminate the weekend entirely. Another idea is a 365-day week, which would mean only one weekend a year. An even better idea is to stay home.

THE END

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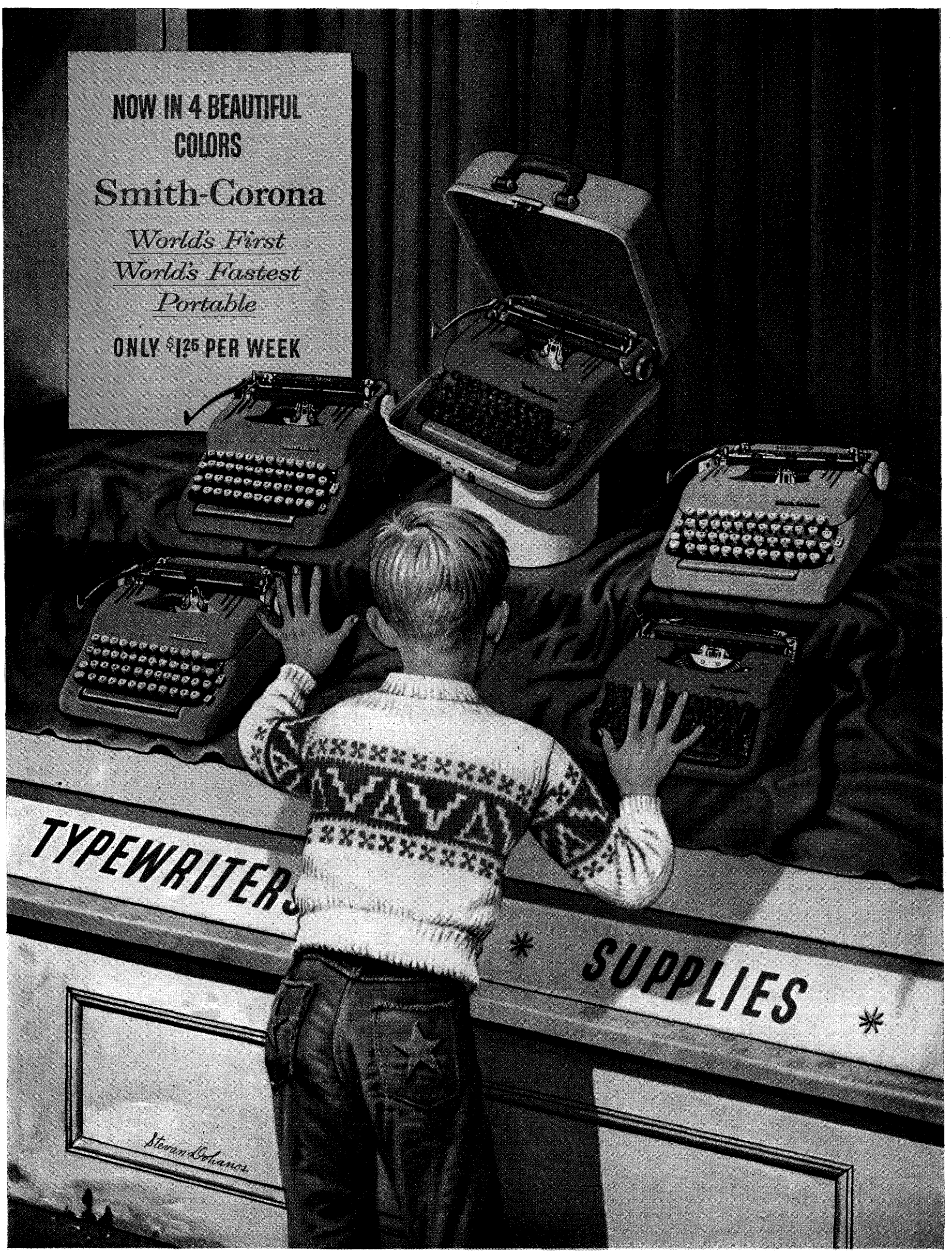

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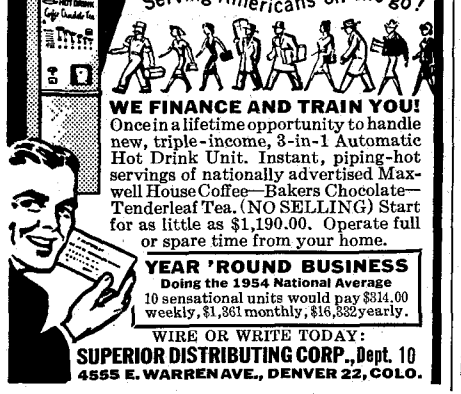

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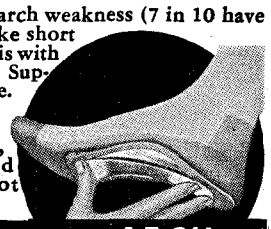

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New Craze for Old Cars

(Continued from Page 23)

more, he looks on his car as a means of fine transportation, not as a museum piece. He proudly calls his car a "classic," and refers to himself as a "classicist."

Just what makes a car a classic is difficult to blueprint. Even the true classicists find it impossible to agree on a definition. For one thing, although most classics were manufactured during the seventeen years prior to Pearl Harbor, not all cars made during that period qualify, while a few turned out before and after do. For example, both a 1922 Stutz and a 1948 Lincoln Continental score as classics; on the other hand, few run-of-the-mill production cars get the nod regardless of when they were made. A true classic, say the classicists, must embody "luxury, utility and a sporting spirit." It must have been an expensive and sought-after car in its own day, and it must have superior styling, preferably a custom body.

Regardless of the fine shadings of definition, however, the growth of the classic-car hobby during the past few years has been phenomenal. So great have the demand and market for classic cars become that newspapers have added classic-car divisions to their classified-ad sections.

Prices of classic cars, meanwhile, have soared. What were rusting hulks in auto graveyards not too long ago may now be collector's items. Junk yards and used-car lots have become happy hunting grounds for the man in search of a classic and classic owners in search of spare parts. Thriving businesses have sprung up to cater to the classicists' many needs.

A good indication of the new hobby's mounting popularity is the growth of the Classic Car Club of America. Founded by a handful of pioneering classic-car fans a little over three years ago, the club now boasts a membership of more than 1000. These dues-paying classicists hail from just about every state in the Union and from Canada, England, Alaska, Sweden, Formosa and Hawaii as well. Joseph Sulley, editor of the club's magazine, The Classic Car, estimates that if all the classic-car enthusiasts in the country could be banded together they would probably number close to 50,000.

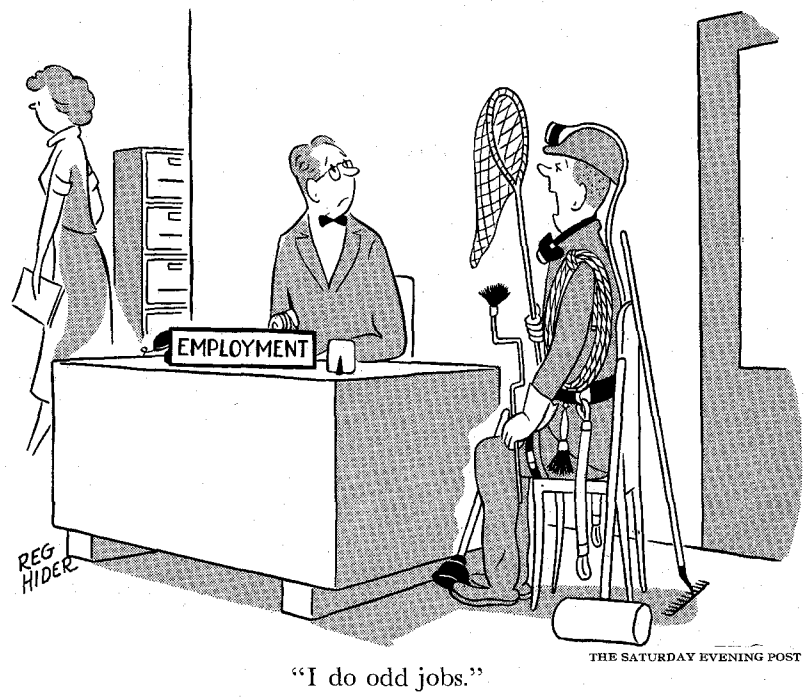
To the true classicist, owning a classic car or cars—and most of the ardent fans own more than one—is not only a fascinating hobby but a way of life. Few hobbyists are more fanatic. He is happy and eager to spend most of his spare time and all his spare money either hunting for and buying a classic or tracking down spare parts to put his classic in shape. He puts ads in the papers, talks to auto mechanics and follows up every rumor, no matter how slight or farfetched, in the hopes of locating a classic gem. He thinks nothing of making a 200- or 300-mile jaunt just to look at a car.

Basically, classic-car fans are a friendly, gregarious lot. They will help one another make repairs, even share parts, tools and old repair manuals, but they won't give out with the smallest titbit of news about the whereabouts of an unrestored classic car that they might be interested in.

Once a classic fan gets on the trail of a car, he lets nothing interfere with the chase, not even a honeymoon. When Dave and Priscilla Bigelow got married, they turned their honeymoon into a car-hunting trip. Both were ardent antique-car fans, since turned rabid classicists. After tracking down—but not buying—a 1926 Pierce-Arrow in upstate New York, they toured on north to Montreal to look at an antique, a 1911 Flanders runabout. When Priscilla fell in love with it, Dave bought it for her as a wedding present. Then, no sooner had they got home to Massachusetts with their prize than they heard of a 1932 Mercedes-Benz hidden away in a town just forty miles away. They bought that too—their first classic. Right now, their stable of classic cars includes not only the Mercedes but a 1938 Jaguar, a 1941 Lincoln Continental, a 1929 Amilcar and a 1930 Rolls-Royce town car.

Not all classic-car fans are as lucky as Dave Bigelow, however. Wives like Priscilla, who go all the way in sharing their husbands' yen to sink all the family funds in vintage cars, are about as scarce as good classic cars. As a result, more than one married collector who already owns several classic cars, but can't resist buying another, registers his new acquisition in the name of a friend, who stores it for him, helps him work on it and lets him sneak over on Sundays to sit and admire it.

Some of the best finds in classics have come through diligent reading of the obituary columns of the daily newspapers. Big estates left by wealthy oldsters often include a town car or a roadster that was bought in the 1930's and little used. They require little or no restoration to put them in "mint condition," which to a classic fan means a vintage car that looks and runs just about the way it did when it first took to the road.



"I do odd jobs."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It was only a suggestion. . . ."

Most classic-car collectors, however, find their cars the hard way—in someone's open shed or yard, rusting, abused, uncared for and almost forgotten. That means a complete restoration job from tail pipe to front bumper. It means locating and buying missing parts, getting oil-smudged and tired tearing the car down and putting it together again, and spending hours poring over old catalogues and service manuals to make sure that when the job is done the car will be as close to its original condition as it is humanly possible to make it.

Ted Fuller, a New York lawyer who lives in Cos Cob, Connecticut, is a typical classicist. He already has restored four classic cars—a 1932 Duesenberg, two 1937 Packard sedans and a 1931 Pierce-Arrow touring car. Yet, parked in a large barn out in back of his home are two more Packards and a Rolls-Royce, all in various stages of restoration. If you were to ask him, as I did, why in the world he needs three cars to work on, he would rationalize, "If I only had one, I'd have nothing to work on about half the time. When I got it torn down, I'd have to sit around until I could locate the spare parts I need. This way I can work on the other two while I'm waiting for replacements for the third."

Although most classicists, like Fuller, do a good part of the restoration work themselves, hiring professional help only for body and upholstery work, there are others who get their biggest kick out of finding and acquiring their dream car. Once they have it, they turn the job of putting it in mint condition over to restoration specialists like Humer-Binder, in New York; the Wendling Brothers, in Macungie, Pennsylvania; or the Foreign Car Center, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

A third group is made up of people who just happen to like collecting classic cars and have the money to ride their hobby the easy way. They simply go to one of the restoration companies and say, "I want a Duesenberg J with a Rollston body. When you find one, buy it and put it in top shape. You can spend up to ten thousand dollars complete." Obviously, there aren't many classicists who can afford that kind of hobby, but, like wealthy stamp collectors who buy ready-made collections, there are some. The true classicist, naturally, looks down on any collector who doesn't do at least some of the work himself.

Among fanatic collectors of cars, however, Barney Pollard, a Midwest builder, stands apart from all the rest. Barney and his collection are legend wherever classic-car fans gather. He just happens to love old cars and can't resist buying every one he sees. Not that he ever intends to fix them up or restore them or even sell them. He simply stacks them up on their ends, like rows of books, in big sheds. At the last rumored count, Barney had more than 700 cars—classics, antiques, and just old cars—stacked up in his collection.

When it comes to true collectors, the recognized champion among the members of the Classic Car Club of America is W. A. C. Pettit, III, of Louisa, Virginia. His collection, numbering more than fifty cars, includes twenty-four classics—ten Chryslers, four Stutzes, four Rolls-Royces, two Cadillacs, a Duesenberg, a Pierce-Arrow, a Willys-Knight and a Wills Ste. Claire.

Runner-up according to CCCA listings is Stanley Grundy, of Whippany, New Jersey, with fourteen classic cars—six Packards, five Cadillacs and three La Salles. Next in line is Bill Bruner, of San Diego, California. He is the proud owner of eleven classics—eight Cadillacs, two Packards and one Pierce-Arrow.

Some classicists fall in love with a certain make of classic car and limit their collections to those cars. Morgan Yost, of Kenilworth, Illinois, is such a specialist. He has six cars, all Packards, ranging from a 1930 Speedster to a 1939 twelve-cylinder Formal Sedan. Walter Dunn, of Natick, Massachusetts, collects classic Lincolns. He has five of them.

The big problem for the dyed-in-the-wool classicist who wants to do most of the work of restoring his classic cars himself is getting replacements for broken, worn and missing parts. Although some fans like to browse through junk yards and auto graveyards in the hope of finding what they are looking for, most end up by visiting or getting in touch with Sam Adelman. Sam, a classic-car fan himself, runs a well-stocked, classic-car-odds-and-ends emporium in Mt. Vernon, New York. His letterhead reads, AUTO WRECKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES—PARTS FOR VINTAGE CARS. His specialty is classic-car junk, but from that junk have come the parts for a good many of the

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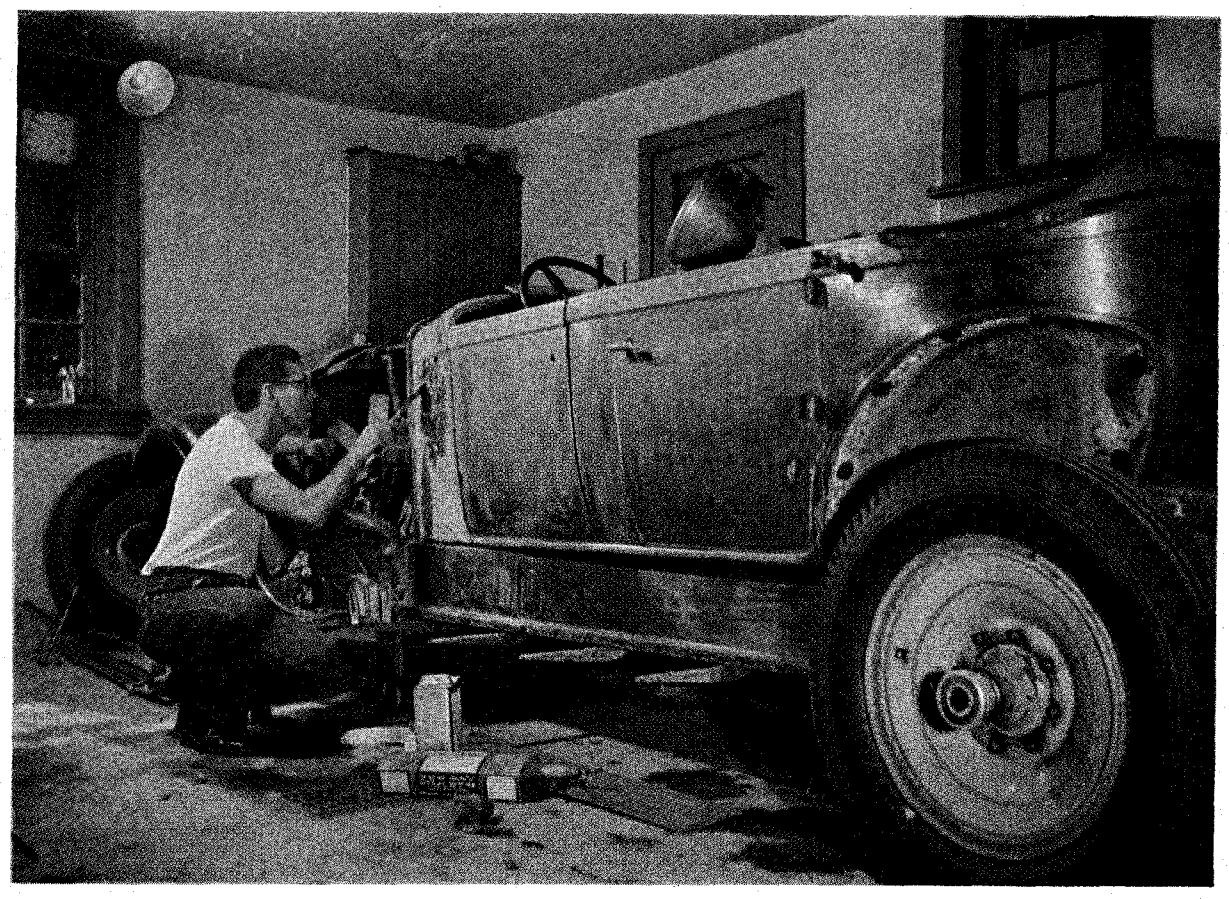

At his home in Whitemarsh, Pa., Jesse Nalle spends the winter scraping away at a 1929 Packard phaeton. Nalle estimates it will take him 900 hours to restore it.

classic cars that now wheel along the roads, shiny, smooth-running and as good as new.

A visit to Sam Adelman's barnlike warehouse and open yard on Mt. Vernon's South Columbus Avenue is an experience that the classic-car fan always remembers. The yard is jammed with Rolls-Royces, Pierce-Arrows, Cadillacs, Franklins and other classics—some whole and some partly stripped for parts. His warehouse is stacked to the ceilings with hubcaps, taillights, jack gears, springs, wheels, pistons, bearings, bumpers and miscellaneous classicana. Whatever a classic-car fan needs to put his car in shape, the chances are good that Sam Adelman has it. If he hasn't got it on his warehouse shelves, he will cannibalize one of the cars in his yard to provide it.

Adelman, a New York City cabbie for thirty-two of his years, got into the junk-parts business in 1936. However, he flinches at the phrase, "car junk dealer." His business, he will tell you proudly, with a few colorful punctuations, consists of "stocking and selling dismembered parts extracted from unusable motorcars."

Regardless of how Sam's business is defined, however, any classicist who has worked on his own cars will shout his praises. Orders come to Adelman from all over the world at the rate of about 5000 a year. Every part he ships he sells with a money-back guaranty. And in the twenty years that he has been in the parts business, only four orders have ever been returned as unsatisfactory. Oddly enough, all of these were for radiator caps—three of which, although they matched make and model specifications, for some reason or other did not fit. It's a mystery that Sam is still trying to solve.

Sam Adelman's is not the only business that has got a big boost from the classic-car craze. The A-C-D Company, located in Auburn, Indiana, specializes in supplying Auburn, Cord and Duesenberg owners with spare parts. They also can help out classicists who are restoring Graham-Paiges, Hupmobiles and Franklins.

Radiator ornaments—the classicist calls them "mascots"—have become a good side-line business for Don Clairmonte, a New York sculptor and classic-car fan. Clairmonte can provide an authentic copy of just about any mascot at prices that range from fifteen dollars for an Auburn "Girl" to sixty-five dollars for an Isotta-Fraschini "Winged Man."

All told, the fan who has restored a classic car, even though he has done a good part of the work himself, has an investment that may range from a little over $1000 to as high as $2500. If he had a good portion of the work done by professional restorers, his investment may run as high as $8000 or more. Multiply those figures by two, three or a half dozen cars and it amounts to quite an investment.

The important thing—and it is one of the things that make the average classic-car fan tick—is that he does consider it an investment. Classic cars—even rusting skeletons in outdoor lots—are getting scarcer and scarcer. The classicist can give you facts and figures. During the "classic era," approximately 50,000,000 cars were produced. Of these, less than 3,000,000 were true classics. Because they contained large quantities of aluminum as well as steel, those that weren't destroyed by time before World War II became prime meat for the maw of war industries. Classic cars, the classicist will argue, are getting harder to come by, and therefore the classic cars he owns will increase in value, not depreciate.

Another very important thing that makes the classic-car fan tick—and most classicists will frankly admit it—is "ego," the joy of owning something that few other people have. As one owner of a trim sixteen-cylinder, 1931 convertible-sedan Cadillac expresses it, "Most of us don't get too much recognition in our ordinary daily lives, but when you drive up to a gas station or stop at a roadside stand in one of these cars, you're the center of attraction. Folks ask you what kind of car it is, how old it is and how fast it will go. They want to look under the hood and sit behind the wheel. It gives you a feeling of importance, even though you know it's the car, not you, that's causing all the fuss. But then, after all, it is your car."

Each year, the Classic Car Club of America gives its members plenty of opportunities to show off their cars and to enter them in competitions based on general appearance, mechanical condition and restoration. Two of the biggest events each year are the National Grand Classic and the annual Classic CARavan.

To the classic owner, the National Grand Classic is the Kentucky Derby and the Grand Prix rolled into one. It provides him with all the color, competition and conviviality of both. It is held each summer to name some one car the champion classic of the year. To make it easier for the maximum number of classicists to enter, competitions using identical scoring systems are held at several widely separated points throughout the country. In 1955, for example, the classicists in the East held their regional meet in Morristown, New Jersey, over the July ninth weekend. More than sixty top classics, scrubbed, waxed and polished until their bodies and metalwork sparkled and their engines purred, showed up from all over the East to enter the big competition. Fully another sixty classicists drove to Morristown in their classics just for the ride, the show and the chance to talk about carburetors, chassis and custom bodies with fellow fans.

At the same time, fifty-four cars also converged on Buffalo Park near Algonquin, Illinois, for the Midwest Grand Classic. Twenty-five of these entered the competition. It had been hoped by those in charge of the 1955 Grand Classic that a similar group would be gathering at some point west of the Rockies for a West Coast competition, but the Southern California group, a relatively new region in the parent CCCA, decided to wait another year before entering the big-time national competition.

When the two sets of judges—one in New Jersey, the other in Illinois—had inspected their last cars and the points were totaled, a 1936 Packard coupé-roadster owned by William Wharff, of Clinton, Iowa, had won the 1955 National Grand Classic Gold Cup. Wharff is one of those lucky classicists who are the envy of anyone who has ever wanted and hunted a classic car. When he found and bought his classic in July, 1954, it was practically in mint condition, with less than 8000 miles showing on the odometer. He swears that all he has had to do to it since is treat it to a new set of spark plugs, new radiator hoses and new ignition points—except, of course, for the general sprucing up he gave it before he entered it in the Illinois competition.

Second place went to an Eastern car—a trim 1930 Duesenberg phaeton owned and restored by C. Richard Bell, of Laureldale, Pennsylvania. As is often the case, Bell was sitting on the anxious seat for the week before the meet, waiting to get back some parts he had sent to the platers for chroming. They arrived the day before he left for the meet in Morristown.

In 1954, the National Grand Classic resulted in a dead heat between a classic from the East and one from the Midwest. At a runoff, held a month later, the Gold Cup finally was awarded to a white 1927 Rolls-Royce Pall Mall Tourer owned by Stanley Tarnopol, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Besides a pure-white body and fenders, the result of applying twenty-five separate coats of finish, Tarnopol's Rolls has white leather upholstery, a white leather boot for its folding top, a white leather-covered trunk, white kid tire covers, white kid spring covers, and, to top it all off, a white fox tonneau rug!

Second in importance to the annual Grand Classic on the classicist's calendar of events is the yearly Classic CARavan—a long tour made by classic-car owners to some central point where classicists can gather from the North, South, East and West. This year's CARavan centered on Detroit, where the classic fans were the guests of Packard. After marshaling in Toledo, Ohio, the more than 100 classicists and their cars went on to the Motor City, where, guided by a police escort, they paraded through the center of town to an assembling point where they could park their cars under the watchful eyes of special guards. After four days of exhibiting their cars, picture taking, note comparing and other events—including a red-carpet visit to Packard's Utica testing grounds—the classicists headed for home again. A good many of the vintage cars clocked better than 1500 miles before the CARavan was over.

Despite the popularity of such events as the Grand Classic and the CARavan, however, the true classicist is still primarily a collector. And as such, he is genuinely worried about the growing shortage of classic cars for him to hunt down, buy and restore. Just how many unrestored classics remain undiscovered in this country is anyone's guess. But more than one collector has already resorted to importing a classic or two from Panama or South America.

This odd switch on the usual practice comes about because of the fact that during and after the depression quite a few American luxury cars were exported south of the border for well-heeled South Americans and Panamanians. Some of these cars are still around, and most of them are in the kind of well-kept shape that makes restoration easy.

Of course—who knows?—the classic-car craze may well move right on across the Rio Grande; then another source of rare classics will disappear. Fortunately, the classicist isn't easily discouraged—he couldn't be and be a classicist. He will find some other way to get more cars to restore and add to his collection. One thing is certain, if he has anything to say about it, the classic car is here to stay.

THE END

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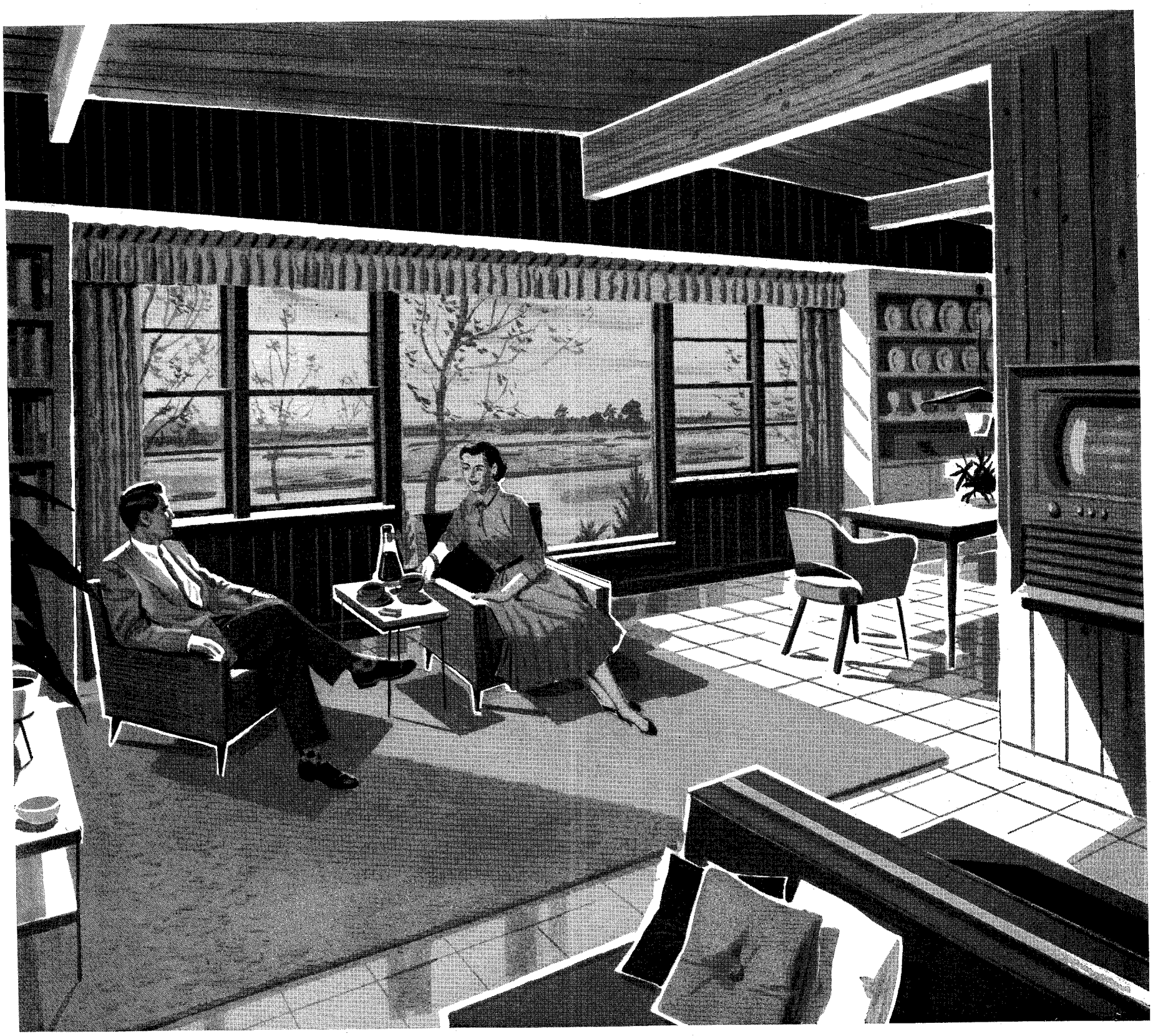

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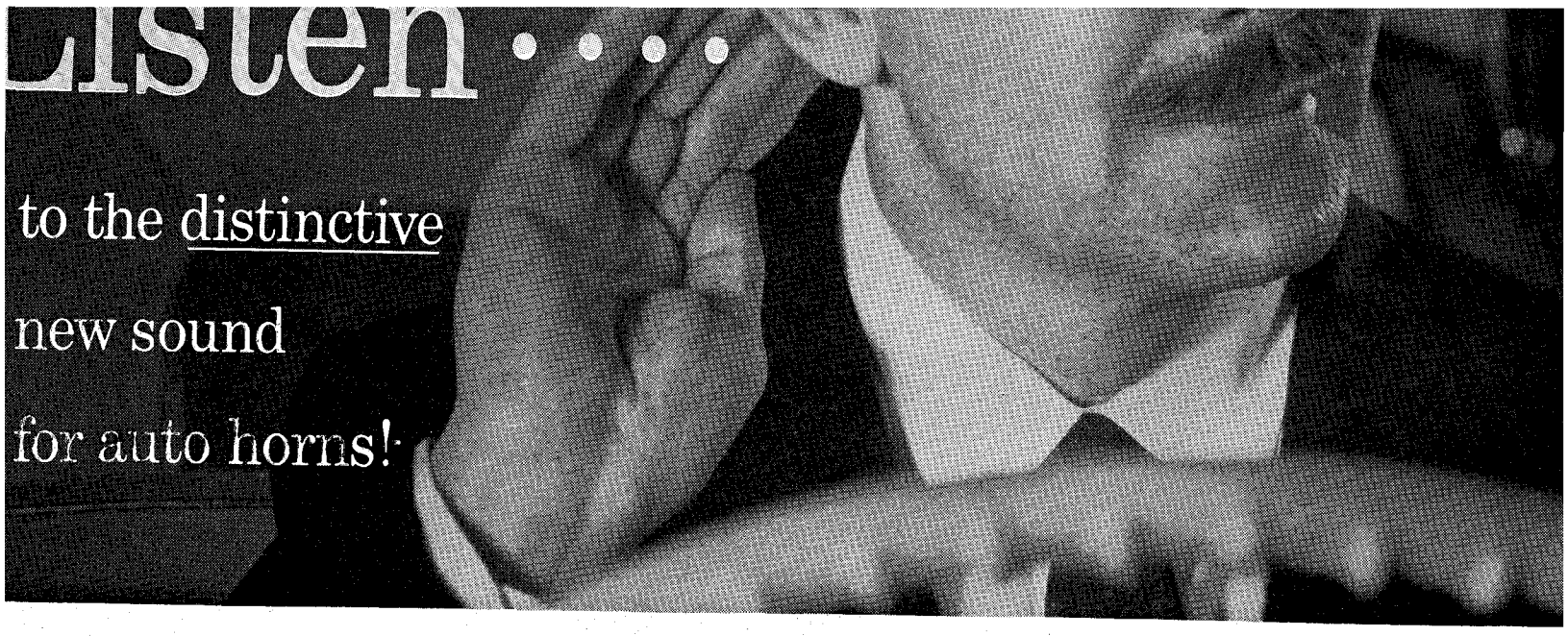

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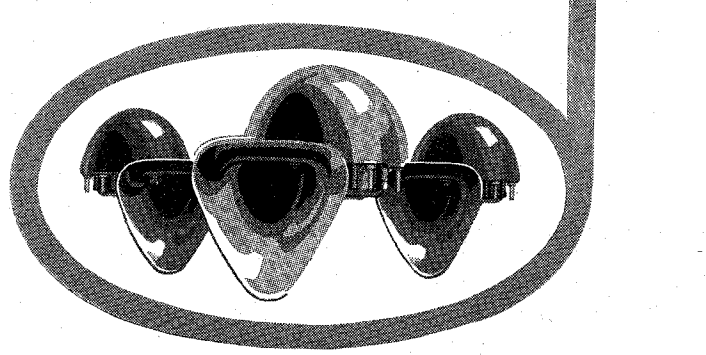

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Pursuit of a Princess (Continued from Page 31)

sometimes invited the Kirks to parties. At one of these, the Ollendorfs unveiled a baffling piece of sculpture by a modern master, that they had newly acquired for their collection. Ollendorf, to amuse himself and his more sophisticated guests, tricked Kirk into making a naïve remark about the sculpture.

Whereupon a lady was heard to whisper, "Splendid. Splendid. A perfect reflection of his vulgar soul."

Later on, Audrey, arriving home in Great Neck with a number of drinks circulating through her system, infected the wound by saying, "Sometimes I do wish you knew something about something besides money, sweetheart."

"Well, I don't," Kirk said shortly, following her up the broad stairway to their sleeping quarters.

"I know you don't. Anybody can see you don't. It's painfully evident, darling. You're a dolt. A jackass. An ignoramus."

Though she smiled over her shoulder as she spoke, one face cannot smile enough to wash away the poison of such epithets. Kirk made no reply, but he was conscious of a deep, corrosive pain in his heart; the more so because his wife's words contained some truth.

From this humiliating evening dates the hatred between Kirk and Ollendorf. When Ollendorf, a few weeks later, began his historic efforts to absorb Oxides, Ltd., he discovered Kirk pitted secretly against him. So, too, in the Transair-Sixways merger, which is still under investigation by the FCC.

Such instances, however, are for the business historian. The case of Princess Liz, which arose from the same circumstances, will prove more illuminating to the layman, for it brings the antagonists face to face and reveals them as human beings rather than as shadows stalking through Wall Street.

Desiring, then, to make a contemptuous gesture against Ollendorf, and against modern art as well, Kirk himself became a collector of sculpture. For his field, he chose the wooden Indian, which, fifty or sixty years ago, guarded and advertised thousands of tobacco shops in the United States, but has now become even scarcer than the living original. In the latter half of the nineteenth century, he was carved from a pine log or a section of a ship's mast, by urban Phidiases who had perhaps never seen a live Indian, but he was a noble, stoic fellow just the same, unabashed by the stares of the curious, firm to all weathers, uncomplaining in adversity.

Indeed, there was much in his nature that recommended him to a man such as Kirk, who had suffered many a rude knock on the way to eminence. At first, the collection was largely a bitter joke, but by the time he had assembled half a hundred Indians and built a museum for them on the grounds of his estate, Kirk had become mysteriously attached to them. When he was tired of human beings, he liked to go, preferably about the time of twilight, to commune with the austere and silent company in the museum—which was built in the shape of an Iroquois Long House. Gravely he would review the ranks—the seven-foot buck with tomahawk and scalp lock; the fatherly Indian extending his hand in greeting to the perfidious white man; the stolid squaw with twin papooses, one peering over each shoulder; the alert brave with hand shading eye, as though he discerned already, in the approach of the paleface, the downfall of his tribe.

Though most of the faces were commonplace, a few had character and individuality, and Kirk concluded that they had been copied from living models, perhaps the revered grandfather or detested creditor or cherished sweetheart of the sculptor, or some friend or business foe of the purchaser. One of them Kirk called Cotton Futures, another the Bleeding Investor, another Short Interest, after persons he knew in the business world; while still another was called Mr. Bartlett, after the handy man who had been kind to him at the orphan asylum. Sitting in the Long House, smoking an expensive cigar, Kirk enjoyed the company of these beings who sought nothing from him, said nothing to him and had no dollar to lose and no dollar to make.

The antagonism between Kirk and Ollendorf in business soon spread to art. Through his own agents or paid informers in Kirk's organization, Ollendorf was more than once able to anticipate Kirk in the purchase of an Indian. This was said to give him more satisfaction than outwitting Kirk for control of a corporation.

It was in this atmosphere that the two men, who had not met since the night of the Ollendorf dinner party, encountered each other once again. Many a friend or enemy of the two would have paid a hundred dollars a ticket to see the combat that, in the end, had but one witness, an aged woman named Miss Elizabeth Clayton.

Miss Clayton lived alone in a drafty farmhouse on the outskirts of the Vermont hamlet of Hatterfield, in a region where even the weekend skiers have scarcely penetrated. A rumor, amplified and embellished in devious transmission, came to Kirk that Miss Clayton was harboring a particularly fine Indian in her attic. Kirk dispatched a discreet young man, a lawyer in his employ, named Cranley, to buy the Indian if it was a good specimen.

Three days later, the young man returned. Admitted to the presence, he confessed that he had not got inside Miss Clayton's house at all, and had had only a brief personal interview with her through a slightly open window, beside which she sat in a rocking chair, with what appeared to be a shotgun across her lap. "She's almost ninety," Cranley reported, "and nobody's been in her house for twenty years, except a doctor that treated her for a broken leg once when she tripped over a cat. The doctor's dead now." A farmer named Smith had spoken of seeing a wooden Indian, male, with a rifle, in Miss Clayton's barn many years before, but the barn had been destroyed by lightning. A storekeeper named Williams remembered that his mother—now dead—had mentioned a wooden Indian, female, lying on a heap of blankets in Miss Clayton's attic, with a girdle studded with diamonds and other precious stones, but no arms. "Other persons," Cranley added, "told me that Mr. Williams' mother was not quite right mentally."

Kirk glared at his subordinate. "A most illuminating report," he said. "You may go."

Cranley's visit to Hatterfield was by no means such a secret as Kirk supposed. Ollendorf had got wind of it and sent an agent of his own, who returned with a quantity of testimony quite as varied and unreliable as that assembled by Cranley. Yet, Ollendorf felt, the likelihood was that an Indian did exist or had existed on Miss Clayton's premises, and he guessed that Kirk would come to the same conclusion. Would Kirk take further action? Ollendorf had Kirk watched.

The following Saturday, a January day that threatened snow, Ollendorf was notified by telephone about eight in the morning that Kirk had just set forth alone in his Mercedes-Benz, presumably for Vermont. Levering himself out of bed, Ollendorf rapidly prepared for the pursuit and leaped into his Jaguar. He headed north.

By midafternoon, Ollendorf found himself within twenty miles of Hatterfield; he felt confident that he had outdistanced Kirk, though he had not seen him anywhere along the way. The countryside was covered with snow, and more snow had been falling for the preceding hour. The road, however, was still clear, and Ollendorf proceeded at his usual pace, which was considerably beyond the bounds of common sense.

It was in this promising phase of his journey that, without cough or splutter or rattle, but in the well-bred silence one would have expected of a Jaguar, the car stopped. Ollendorf indignantly tried to start it again. He lifted the hood and peered inside, but he did not see anything familiar. Looking up and down the road, he saw neither human being nor sign of humanity. He tried to start the engine again; it would not even turn over.

At that moment, there appeared far down the road behind him an automobile. Ollendorf stood at the roadside, waving his arm. As the car approached, it put on speed and passed him in a swirl of snow. He had a glimpse of a stout, middle-aged woman at the wheel, who glanced at him with suspicion as she shot by. Probably, Ollendorf thought, there would not be another automobile on the road until next day.

However, half an hour later, another car did appear. Again Ollendorf signaled. He saw, in a moment, that the car was a foreign one, which gave him a touch of warmth and hope, for he and the unknown driver were evidently of the same fraternity. The car was slowing. It stopped. Stepping closer and peering through the descending snow, Ollendorf saw Kirk at the wheel.

Lowering a window, Kirk said, "Well, are you stuck?"

A number of sarcastic replies occurred to Ollendorf, but he did not feel himself to be in a position to indulge his feelings, so he replied, "Engine conked out. Never did before."

"Always a first time," Kirk said, rather cheerfully. "Where you headed?"

"Up the road."

Kirk appeared to be deliberating. "So am I," he said.

This did not seem to Ollendorf like an offer of assistance, and he was determined not to beg for it, so he said nothing. His determination did not last more than eight or ten seconds, though; there was no use being pigheaded. But he would get even, he said to himself.

"Got room for me?" he asked, in a voice just short of a snarl.

"Shouldn't wonder," Kirk said. "Hop in." His tone indicated that he could not well leave a fellow creature in such a predicament, but that he'd like to. "Want me to tow you?" he asked, after Ollendorf had got in. "Didn't think of that."

"I haven't got a rope," Ollendorf said.

"Neither have I. Push you?"

"No. No, thanks. Might as well leave it. When we get to a town, I can send back and have it towed."

"Any towns around here?" Kirk asked, putting his car in motion.

"I don't know."

"Cigar?"

Ollendorf accepted one. "Thanks."

"Light?"

"Got one. Thanks."

They went along in silence for two or three miles. On either hand lay woods and hills. The snow swirled against the windshield.

"Surprised to see you here, Ollendorf," Kirk said.

"Surprised to see you."

Another silent mile passed.

"Business?" Ollendorf asked.

"In a way." Kirk lighted another cigar. "Going to get a corner on maple sirup," he gravely said.

"Oh."

Ollendorf tossed the butt of his cigar out the window into the snow. Kirk offered him another cigar.

"Business?" Kirk said, in his turn.

"A hundred dogs in the pet shop and I had to pick a comedian!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Ollendorf nodded. "Ski area," he said. "Thinking of buying a mountain. Ever ski?"

"No."

"Great fun," Ollendorf said gloomily.

After some miles, they came to a fork where a signpost indicated Hatterfield to the left and White River Junction and Bradford to the right. Kirk turned to the right. It was growing dark. The road was, in general, rising.

"Ought to come to a garage pretty soon, I'd think," Kirk said.

"Seems so."

They rolled into a town presently and Kirk drove to a garage, where Ollendorf alighted. "Much obliged," he said, holding out his hand.

"Glad to help you. Imagine us both being on the same road, Ollendorf."

"Life is full of coincidences, isn't it? Good luck with the maple sirup, Kirk."

"The what? Oh, yes. Thanks. Good luck with the mountain."

They saluted each other grimly and Ollendorf closed the car door and went into the garage.

Kirk continued toward White River Junction, but only for a block, when he circled about and returned in the direction of the Hatterfield fork.

Ollendorf, for his part, having made arrangement for a wrecker to tow his car in, engaged a young man in the garage to drive him to Miss Clayton's.

"Hurry up," Ollendorf said. "I'll make it well worth your while. Know any short cut?"

"Sure," the young man said. "Take you around a back way."

In spite of Kirk's lead, Ollendorf drew up in front of the house first. It was a large, whitish house in considerable disrepair. A light shone in a window on the first floor. While Ollendorf was paying his driver and engaging him to return in two hours, the lights of an automobile approached along the road; and just as Ollendorf's man left, Kirk stopped his car. He shut off his lights and got out.

It was dark by now. The snow had stopped falling, but the sky was heavy with clouds and night. The two men said nothing to each other. Side by side, in deliberate step, they walked through the snow toward the front door.

Just before they reached it, as though some secret signal had been given or as though the exasperation, resentment and enmity of the previous months needed only this final friction to set it roaring into flame, they turned on each other. Not a preliminary word was said. Who struck the first blow cannot be determined, there having been no impartial witness. But in an instant, they were rolling and grunting in the snow, lashing out with hands and feet, clawing, grappling.

Kirk, though the smaller, was more agile and perhaps in somewhat better condition. There was also a sense of righteousness in his heart that added to his strength, for he felt that Ollendorf had persecuted him. Ollendorf, on his side, could not afford to be worsted by a smaller man, and he struck and grabbed with all his strength. Like Hercules and Antaeus, they contested in the snow of Miss Clayton's front yard.

Unlike Hercules and Antaeus, however, they were not used to such exercise. Their battles were customarily fought with proxies, writs, credit and similar weapons wielded by mercenary armies of lawyers who neither drew nor lost a drop of blood. Now, pitted hand to hand, both champions were panting mightily in less than two minutes, blowing snow out of their mouths, and uttering groans of rage and suffocation.

The door above then opened and a figure with an oil lamp in hand stood in the doorway, then retired into the house. In a moment, the figure reappeared, this time with a pail of water, which she poured onto the jerking mass at her feet as though she were separating two tomcats. The mass bellowed and broke into two parts.

"You stop that!" the voice of Miss Clayton said. "Who be you, anyway?"

Kirk and Ollendorf got to their knees, then to their feet. They put their hands down their wet necks. Both were breathing desperately through their mouths.

"Strangers," Miss Clayton said. "I ain't seen either of you before." She picked up the lamp, which she had set on the floor behind her, and examined them. They were wearing sport clothes, plainly of the best quality. "Ski people, I suppose," she said. "You're all soaking wet. If you can mind your manners, you can come in and get dry."

Shivering, they followed her into the house. She led them into a front room, where she put the lamp on the table. A wood stove was casting a gratifying heat. There was a cot in the room, and a rocking chair. An old steamer trunk was at one wall. Green plants stood on a bench that might once have been a church pew. A framed sampler on the wall said: BE NOT THEREFOR ANXIOUS FOR THE MORROW.

Miss Clayton had probably never been a big woman; now, bent with age, and gaunt of face and hand, she seemed tiny. Her gray hair was braided and wound onto the top of her head. Her eyes, of a faded blue, still had a bright, birdlike glance. She did not wear spectacles.

"I thought you was village men," she said, "but I see you ain't. Who be you?"

"My name is Kirk."

"Ollendorf, madam."

"Well, both of you better dry your clothes. You can go in the next room and I'll fling in some old things used to belong to the hired man. They're clean. You can dry yours by the stove." She regarded them sternly. "You got something to do with them men been pestering me about wooden Indians?"

They looked at each other, then nodded.

"Get in there and change your clothes," she ordered. "You two great children."

They went into the room she indicated. It was dark, cold and absolutely bare. They began removing their clothes. The door opened again for an instant and something was thrown into the room. Saying nothing, they dried their faces and necks with their shorts. Kirk's nose bled a little. Ollendorf's lower lip was cut.

Dressed in the hired man's random clothes, Kirk and Ollendorf returned to the warm room and distributed their own wet garments on chairs near the stove, which was set up in front of a fireplace blocked by a sheet of metal. The stovepipe went through a hole in the metal sheet. They introduced themselves more formally to Miss Clayton, who was sitting in a rocking chair beside a small table. They saw that she had never in her life heard of either one of them, and they were mortified. She motioned for them to sit on her bed, which they did.

Now they were able to give more attention to the room. On one wall was an aged photograph in a frame. Kirk arose to look at it. It was of a pretty young woman.

"You?" he asked Miss Clayton.

She nodded. "Wouldn't believe it, would you?"

There was a Bible on the table, with three or four other books; and a cabinet on one wall held some dishes.

When he turned about and saw Ollendorf sitting on the bed in the curious garments, Kirk could not help grinning, and Ollendorf, too, grinned, for a similar reason.

"Young man," Miss Clayton said to Kirk, "you might put some more wood on the fire."

Kirk went to the stove, opened the door and picked up a chunk of wood from the woodbox. The chunk had a touch of gilding on it. He thrust it into the fire. The next stick he took out of the box had a hand on the end of it, the fingers partly closed. He looked at it in consternation, then at Ollendorf, then at the old lady.

"What's this?" he demanded, holding out the wooden arm and hand.

"Why," she said, "it's the Chief's arm, that's what it is. You just threw in a piece of his belly."

"Miss Clayton!"

"Why, you big ninny, the both of you!" she said. "What do two grown men want with wooden Indians? I got short of firewood and I took the tomahawk to him yesterday forenoon."

"I might've given you good money for him," Kirk said.

"'Good money'!" she exclaimed, her voice high and withering. "You set too much store by money, you two. Ain't you never heard 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth'? It's right here in this book." She patted the Bible beside her. "Anyway, what would I do with money? I'm ninety-two years old. Put it in and shut the door."

Reluctantly, Kirk placed the wooden arm in the stove and closed the door.

"You didn't want him anyway," Miss Clayton said. "Had worms in his head, the Chief did. Maybe I have too. I dunno. We was both about the same age. Only he was eight feet tall, the Chief was."

"Where'd you get him?" Ollendorf inquired, enjoying Kirk's plain anguish.

"My father had a tobacco shop down in Baltimore when I was a girl. There was a Mr. Caspari sold wooden Indians then. Had a man in New York carve 'em out. Father bought the Chief from him. He had a real Civil War musket right in his hand. Held it out like this." She stretched out her arm as though she were grasping a cane. "All gilded and painted. He was a sight, the Chief was."

"What'd you bring him up here for?"

"Well, when father died, I run the shop for a while, then I come up here to grandmother's farm, and I been here ever since. I used to like the Chief when I was a little girl. Had an idea he come alive at night, like something in a fairy story, I guess. Anyway, when I sold the shop, I didn't sell the Chief. Father was awful fond of him too. I brought him along with me."

"Do you know," Kirk said, "that people collect Indians nowadays, and one eight feet tall—why ——"

"World's full of fools," she said briskly. "Always has been. Want some tea? I ain't got much to offer you, but you're welcome to what I got."

She made tea and they ate homemade doughnuts with it. Through a window, they could see other doughnuts hanging by strings from a bar close to the house.

"Birds eat 'em," she said.

Ollendorf presently got up and felt of the clothes. "Dry enough," he said.

They went into the bare room again and put on their own clothes. Then they took leave of Miss Clayton.

"Sorry to have given you this trouble," Kirk manfully said.

"Why, I guess I enjoyed it, seeing you didn't kill each other. You really did want that Indian?"

"I really did."

"Well, I declare." She shook her head. "I suppose there's lots of queer people in New York." Turning to Ollendorf, she said, "Now, you behave. The both of you behave."

They went out and got into Kirk's car. With a courteous toot of the horn, they drove away. The sky had cleared. The stars were brilliant.

"Going batty, I guess," said Ollendorf.

"From living alone, probably. Cigar?"

"Thanks."

"And contrary. She chopped up that Indian just out of cussedness, knowing we wanted it."

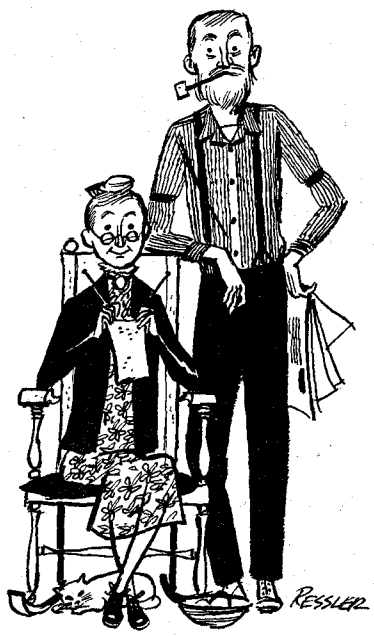
"Maybe so."

They smoked in silence all the rest of the way to the garage where Ollendorf's car was. Then Ollendorf put out his hand. "Childish of me," he said. "Sorry. No hard feelings?"

"No hard feelings."

They shook hands and parted.

As he drove along, Kirk began thinking of the old lady alone in the empty house, and the emptiness itself struck him with a new (*Continued on Page 102*)



People are Like That

In what section of our country do you suppose people are likely to live longest: Florida, California, the Midwest, or where?

People live longest in Nebraska, according to a vital-statistics survey. The healthiest section of the nation from a standpoint of longevity is the Western North Central portion: Nebraska, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Iowa, Kansas and Missouri. While the death rate among persons in their prime—twenty-five to forty-five years of age—is lowest in New England, the average New Englander of forty-five has a shorter life expectancy, by two years, than residents of the Western states mentioned.

Henry C. Nicholas

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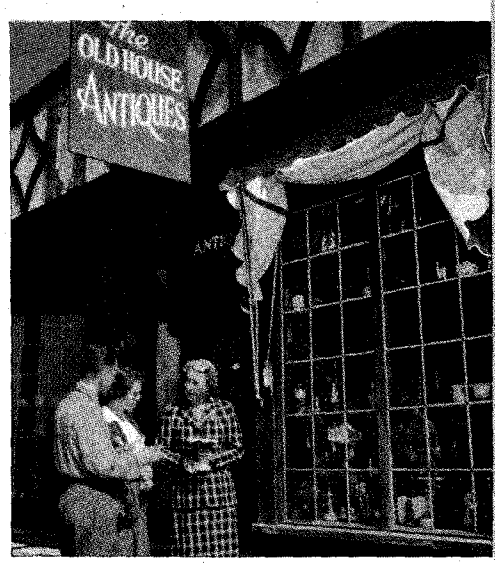

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(*Continued from Page 100*) significance. Why was there no furniture? Because, ten to one, she had burned it to keep warm, as she was burning the Chief. And almost nothing to eat, evidently. Determined to stick it out on her own resources to the end. Some sort of personal independence involved. And sentiment, too, perhaps. Rather burn the Chief than sell him. Looking out on the silent, snowy fields he was passing, a sense of loneliness, such as he had experienced in his orphaned boyhood, oppressed Kirk, and he thought again of the old lady alone in the cold, barren house, living in one room. Turning round, he drove back to the village and stopped at a general store. Inquiring for the proprietor, he drew him aside, introduced himself, and asked, "Do you know Miss Elizabeth Clayton?"

"Sure thing."

"I want you to do something for me. I want you to see to it that as long as she lives, she has all the wood or coal she wants to burn, and all the food she wants to eat. Will you do that? Send me the bills. Here's my card." Producing a roll from his pocket, Kirk handed the man a hundred-dollar bill. "Here's something to start you off."

"O.K.," said the merchant, whose name was Detwiler. He was a middle-aged man with spectacles and he glanced curiously at his customer.

"And nobody is to know about this," Kirk said.

"Not a soul," Detwiler agreed. "Want a receipt?"

"No. One more thing: Who's the undertaker around here?"

"I am."

"When she dies, give her a nice funeral. Whatever you think she'd like."

"O.K. I'll ask her someday."

It was several months before Kirk had his first bill from Detwiler. Others followed at shorter intervals. With characteristic attention to detail, Kirk kept close watch over the bills, and once sent Detwiler a sharp note, as follows: "Please explain charge for 20 pounds sunflower seed. Does Miss C eat sunflower seed?"

To which Detwiler replied: "No. But birds do."

A year and a half went by. One summer morning a telegram arrived from Detwiler: MISS CLAYTON PASSED AWAY FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.

Sadness—and confusion—smote Kirk, leaving only sadness as soon as he understood that a period had been omitted after AWAY. *Well, well,* he said to himself. *Poor old lady.* He was glad that he had acted kindly toward her. He ordered his secretary to telegraph flowers. Then, such was the pressure of affairs, he forgot about Miss Clayton.

Three days later, when he reached home about nine o'clock in the evening, he was informed by the butler that a box had arrived for him and had been placed in the garage. Having had an exhausting day, Kirk did not bother with the box, but took to cigars, whisky and the solitude of the Long House.

By ten o'clock he felt calmer. Curious about the box, he walked slowly and thoughtfully through summer moonlight from the Long House to the brick garage. Entering, he put on a light and took a prybar from the caretaker's collection of tools.

He thrust the thin edge of the bar under one of the long boards on the box and pried. Nails groaned. The board rose. Peering into the opening, Kirk saw packing materials. He raised the board higher. Cautiously, he inserted a hand and felt of the packing. His hand, going deeper into the paper and excelsior, then made a ghastly discovery. Under his stiffening fingers, he felt a nose, eyes and a mouth.

Not a squeamish man, Kirk nevertheless tingled with horror. He withdrew his hand with fearful stealth, as though something inside the box might become aware and seize him.

After a time, his equanimity returned. Grimly he pried three boards off the box and carefully he pawed aside the packing. A face came to view—a face that in some odd way reminded him of Miss Clayton, but it was no face of flesh; and, as he continued to remove boards and packing, he saw before him an Indian maiden carved from wood, handsomely painted and gilded, and with a girdle of colored stones. She had no arms. But, seeking farther, he found the detached arms lying beside her.

He observed her with a peculiar fascination, not able to rid himself of the feeling that she was alive or had once lived. He noticed the gilded moccasins, the fringed skirt, the bosom that almost seemed to breathe, the charming features of a young girl on the verge of womanhood.

The hands that had fashioned her had evidently possessed an extraordinary competence and no little human sensitivity. Kirk had never before seen so exquisite an example of the craft.

His eyes discerned an envelope among the packing materials. Opening it, he drew out a letter written in precarious script:

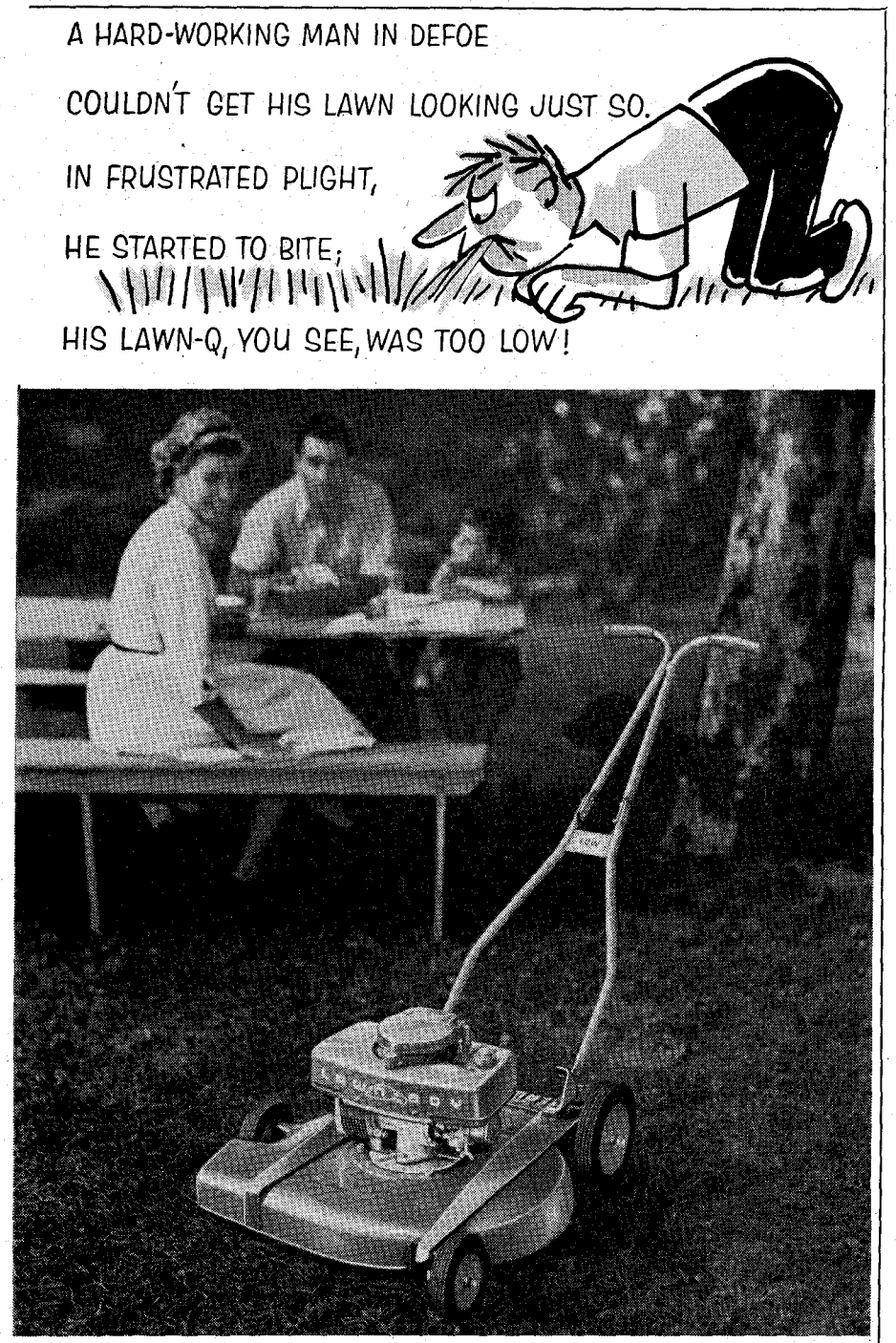
Dear Mr. Kirk: Father had this statue made in 1878, I was the model for it, and it sort of looks like me, like the way I was then. The Indian you helped to burn up was called the Chief, as I told you, and father called this one Princess Liz. He always kept me inside the shop. Only the Chief was put outside.

I've hid Liz in the house for a good many years. I kept her because she reminded me of myself when I was pretty. I told Bert Detwiler he could send her to you when I was gone, with this letter.

God bless you. ELIZABETH CLAYTON

After reading the letter twice, Kirk leaned on the side of the box for some moments and gazed at the young, unchanging face. Then—for violent men are often curiously sentimental as well—he bent and kissed Princess Liz on the forehead.

THE END


A HARD-WORKING MAN IN DEFOE
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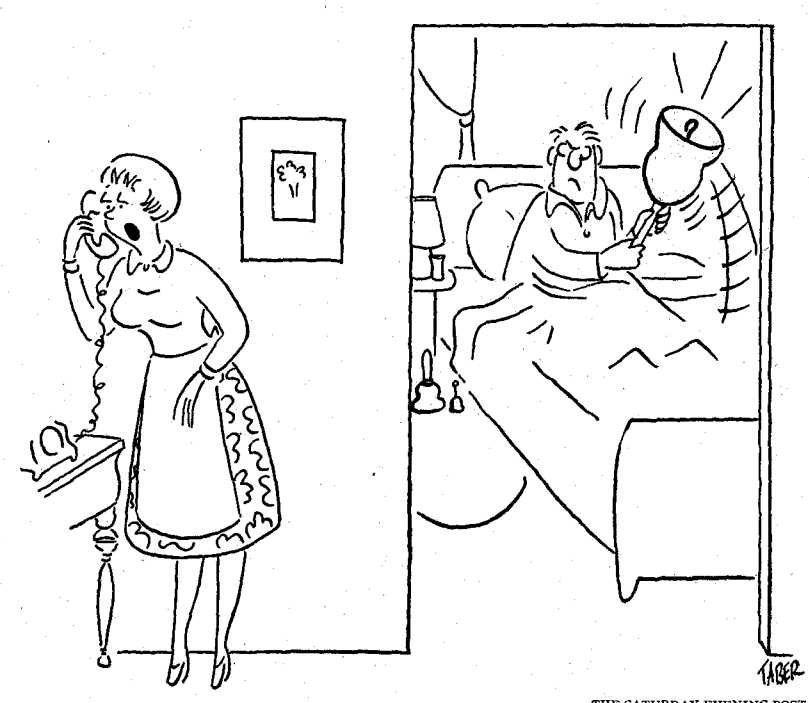

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He's feeling much better today, doctor."

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Too Late for Love (Continued from Page 21)

big for her, and in spite of it, she looked exquisite and feminine. Her blond hair was short, curling over her head like a child's, and her bare feet were small and slender.

"Why aren't you in school?"

Her deep blue eyes widened owlishly. "I am not in school, Howie, because I am here, and I have not yet learned how to be in two places at once," she answered. "Any more questions?"

"Kicked out again?" asked her brother.

"Alas, no," she said. "I had a free weekend."

Howie grinned. "Where are you supposed to be spending it?"

"With Joan Hall. But I wanted to be by myself."

"So did we," he told her. "But if you behave, I guess we can stand you. This is Wade Russell—my sister, Sally."

She stood up and held out her hand. "Hello, Wade," she said. She had not smiled before, and now her eyes crinkled and the corners of her mouth jerked. "Are you possibly as serious as you look?" she inquired.

He had not known how serious he looked. At twenty-one he was a lanky young man, his cheeks gaunt below wide cheekbones, his gray eyes preoccupied with his own problems. He seldom had quite enough to eat or time to eat it in, and the various jobs which he had held during the past four years, combined with his studies, never gave him time for enough sleep.

"He's tired," Howie told her. "We're both tired."

She looked at them respectfully, the two college men. "I could pack us a picnic," she suggested. "We could have supper on the beach."

After eight years, Wade still remembered almost every moment of that first evening. He did not tell them that it was the first beach picnic he had ever had in his life. Sally and Howard were experts. When he saw the baskets and bundles which she had assembled, he was mystified. It looked like equipment for a safari. Steamer rugs and a roll of newspapers, a phonograph and record case, sweaters and a grill, vacuum bottles, plastic cups —— On the beach, she said, briskly, "You and Howie get wood and I'll unpack." When he returned with his first armful, she had a small fire crackling against a log. Blankets were arranged with backrests, flat boards were covered with a checked tablecloth, and the phonograph was playing.

"Beer's in that ice bucket," she told him. "Would you open me a ginger ale?"

Howie dropped a load of driftwood to the sand and got himself a beer, stretched out on a rug.

"Canapés coming up," murmured Sally, arranging sardines on crackers.

The surf pounded on the shore, and behind the dune the sunset had deepened. At the house, Sally had changed from her jeans to a striped cotton skirt and blue sweater. She was still barefooted. Wade leaned against his board and watched her as she buttered bread, formed hamburger into patties. The smoke from the fire smelled good, and the cooking meat smelled better.

Howie yawned and closed his eyes. "Peace, it's wonderful," he said, and went to sleep.

"Coffee?" Sally asked Wade. "Black as death, strong as love and hot as hell," she quoted solemnly. "Sugar?"

The sunset faded and the sea grew dark. Stars appeared, slowly at first, and then in little explosions, forming their familiar groups. When Sally collected the plastic plates and cups to wash them, Wade walked with her to the water's edge.

"I'm afraid it's too cold to swim," she said.

"Strictly for polar bears, I'd say," he retorted. He could scarcely feel his own toes.

They climbed the slope toward the red glow of the fire. Howie was still sleeping. Wade had been exhausted when they left Cambridge that morning, but he felt wonderful now. He watched Sally collect the debris—paper napkins, bread crusts, bags—and drop it into the flames. Each flare illumined her intent, oval face, so that it looked like a cameo, etched against the darkness of the night. She put on a record.

"It won't wake Howie," she explained. "When my brother sleeps, he sleeps."

Later, trying to awaken Howie, Wade said, "I see what you mean. Shall I drive?"

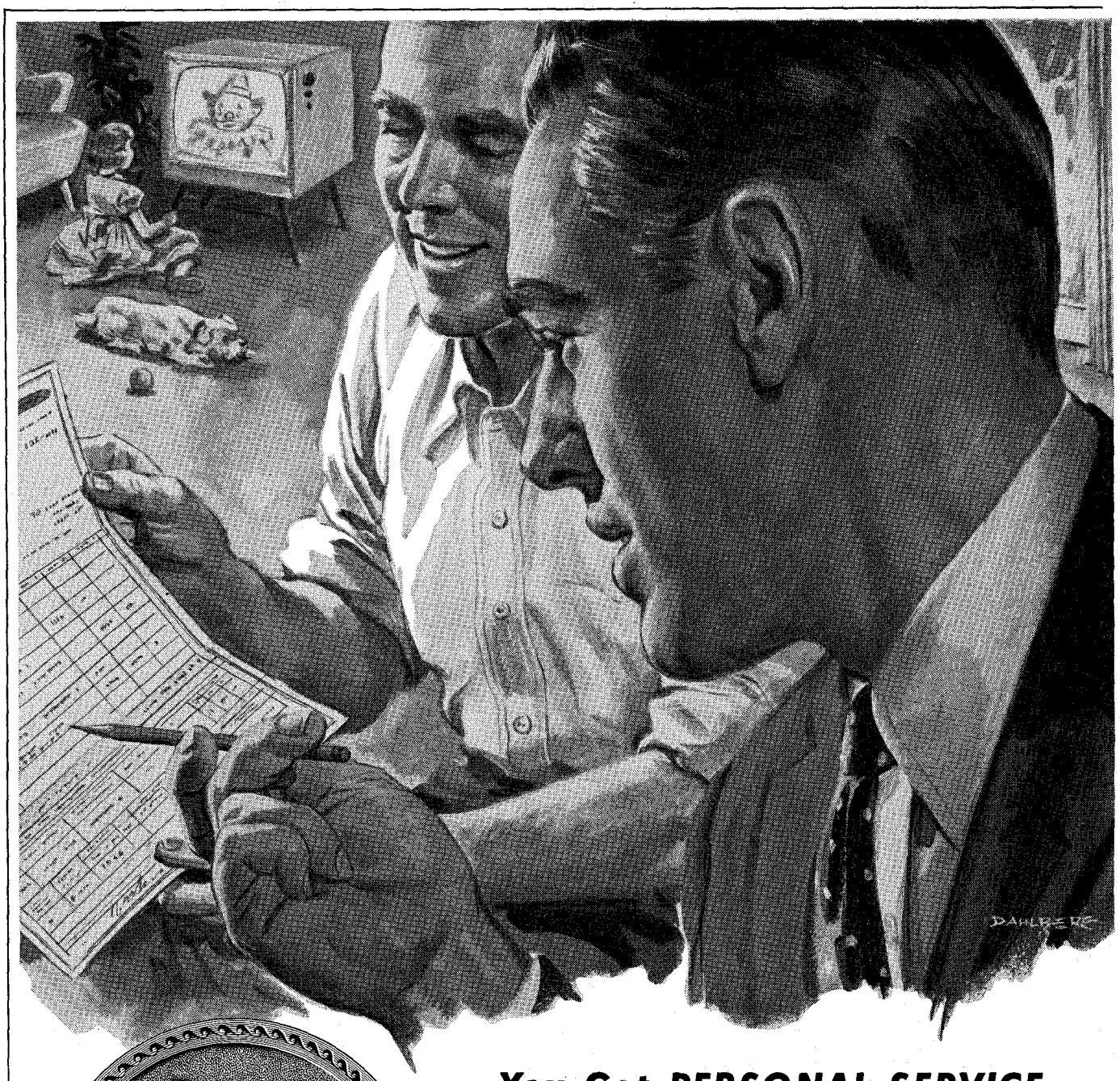
Howie was scarcely more animate than the rolled steamer rugs and instantly fell asleep again in the car. Sally directed Wade through the narrow woodland roads to the highway. On a straight stretch the lights of a trailer truck came toward them, and he flicked his lights up and down several times. The truck driver responded.

"Why did you do that?" Sally asked him.

"Just saying hello," he answered. "On all-night hauls, it breaks the monotony to have someone aware of you."

"How do you know?" she demanded.

"I used to drive a truck."



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She said, "Oh." After a moment, she said, "Wade! Could I do it too?"

"Do what?" he inquired.

"Blink my lights," she said.

"I don't know why not," he told her.

"I'm always going to, then," she said decidedly. . . .

Now, in New York, eight years later, Wade Russell wondered if she remembered. Eight years was a long time. He recalled having heard or read that the entire chemistry of a human body changes every seven years. Certainly he had changed. He bore little physical resemblance to the hollow-cheeked undergraduate he had been. Good clothes and a five-figured bank balance made a difference. He enjoyed the daily details of the business which he had built up, enjoyed the people he met.

"The trouble with you, Wade Russell, is that you're too darned comfortable," Gail Kittredge had said the evening before. "It isn't decent for a bachelor to have an apartment like this and a cook like Maria. It's unfair to women!"

He had continued to live in the apartment he had rented when his mother was alive. It was larger than he needed, but he was used to it and he could afford it. It was large enough for a wife, but during the three years in which he had been alone he had not felt the need of one. He called, "Get me Miss Kittredge, please," to his secretary. He was not sure whether he wanted to marry Gail or not. For the past month he had been aware of an increasing pressure in their relationship. Shoot or give up the gun. Gail was a marrying-type girl, and an extremely attractive one. His desk telephone buzzed.

"Like to drive out to the country for dinner?" he asked her. Without the slightest premonition, he heard himself adding, "Think it might be fun to take a picnic?"

"A picnic!" Gail echoed. "You mean those meals with ants?"

"Just a notion," he murmured. "I'll pick you up at six."

They dined at a French restaurant on Long Island. It was air-conditioned and comfortable, the dry white wine properly chilled, the salmon aspic surrounded with crisp water cress and thin cucumber slices. Gail looked across at Wade, her slanting dark eyes amused.

"Picnics yet," she said. "Whatever got into you?"

"I was to a picnic once," he said.

"So?" she said. "Blonde or brunette?"

"Blonde. And sixteen," he answered. "Kid sister of a college classmate."

"Very significant," said Gail. "Is she still sixteen?"

"I haven't seen her in eight years, but I assume that she isn't." He added, "There were no ants. Just for your information."

"Idyllic, hey?" she commented. "Wade, you surprise me. I've always thought of you as a typical city dweller. Shall I pack us up some sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs someday? We could go to Central Park."

"No, thanks," he declined. "Maybe I'm a one-picnic man."

It was not literally true. They had had an entire week of picnics in 1947.

Gail's eyes were bright. "If you'll come up to Maine, I'll organize an old-fashioned clambake. We guarantee melted butter from head to foot and plenty of sand in the lobsters."

"You're staying the whole month?" he asked. "I'll try to get up."

She looked away from him abruptly, and he knew why. She was spending her vacation with her parents, and his appearance at her home would be definitely that of a suitor. Meet the folks. . . .

Sally's telegram arrived at his office two days later. It said: I'M GLAD YOU BLINKED. THERE'S SUCH A LOT OF FOG. He smiled. It sounded like her or like the sixteen-year-old girl he had known. It was difficult to imagine her twenty-four and married. She had had an elfin quality at sixteen, at once more mature and less sophisticated than the occasional teen-age girls he encountered now.

She had not returned to boarding school that first Sunday in Hendonport. For two days she had cooked for Howie and him, made herself useful and unobtrusive. The three of them had been eating a noonday breakfast, when she spoke. "Howie. Would you do something for me?" Her eyes on her brother's face were very still. "Would you telephone Miss Emerson and tell her that I have a perfectly frightful case of poison ivy and can't possibly go back to school yet? Have another waffle, Howie. Would you like me to cook you some more bacon?" Howie had grinned and made the call.

He was still holding her telegram when his secretary came into the office. "Mr. Shaw is here, Mr. Russell."

"Ask him to come in, please."

The morning was already hot; the early newspapers had carried the familiar headlines: NO RELIEF IN SIGHT. RECORD CROWDS SWARM BEACHES. There was no reason why he should not be on a beach himself tomorrow. Maine would be even cooler than Massachusetts. The swimming was colder, of course. He still remembered the delicious temperature of the water at Hendonport during that long week. . . .

He said, "I beg your pardon," to Mr. Shaw, because he had not heard a word the man was saying. He smiled apologetically. "I'm overdue for my vacation, I guess," he explained. In answer to Shaw's polite inquiry, he replied, "Going up to Maine." Maine was a matter of three hundred or so miles; Hendonport was eight years away.

He did not telephone Gail. For one thing, he had no intention of staying at her parents' house. He would get himself settled in some local inn, and then call her. There was no rush. He might even spend a night or two on the road. Look up old friends. He knew a lot of people in New England—classmates, clients.

He wound up the unfinished business at his office, told his secretary that he would let her know where he would be. In his apartment, midway in his packing, he paused and picked up the photograph of Gail Kittredge from his dresser. He had known her for five months. She was attractive and intelligent and companionable. He wondered why she was not enchanting. Perhaps a man met only one enchanting girl in a lifetime. One to a customer. It had not been a buying market for him in '47.

There was a picture of his mother on the other side of the dresser. His mother would have liked Gail. His mother had wanted him to marry. He opened the top drawer and took out the leather box in which he kept studs and cuff links. The engagement ring which his father had bought before the crash, in the '20's, was wrapped in a piece of tissue paper. His mother, dying, had slipped it from her thin finger and put it in his hand. "If you bury it with me, I'll haunt you, Wade Russell," she had said. "This ring has been pawned more times than you'd believe. After dad lost his business, when you were born, when you went to camp. I hope your wife will wear it." His wife, thought Wade. He put it carefully into his wallet.

It was after nine when he carried his bags down to his car. The city still quivered in the heat; the sidewalks were steaming. He liked to drive, and he would drive until he was tired or until he was cool. Haze drifted over the parkway, misted the drooping trees. He bypassed New Haven and kept on. Approaching Providence, he realized that he was hungry. He turned off the parkway, heading east.

Outside a lighted diner, the hulking oblongs of trailer trucks were silhouetted against the magenta neon glare. Wade stopped and went inside. The smell of coffee and fried eggs, the wire covers over slabs of apple pie and pound cake were nostalgic. The big men seated on stools glanced up and looked away. The counter girl said, "Yes, sir?" Once, she would have asked, "What'll it be, Mack?" He ordered a bowl of chili, and saw his reflection in the mirror behind the coffee urns, his smooth-shaven face, the casual jacket over a clean white shirt, the seven-dollar tie.

"Foggy night," he said to the man beside him.

The man shrugged. "Ain't too thick."

Back on the road, he snapped on the yellow fog lights. I'M GLAD YOU BLINKED, Sally had wired. THERE'S SUCH A LOT OF FOG. He wondered what she had meant by that. Wondering, he was not sure what he had meant, himself, in his swiftly written message. The fog that swirled over Providence was not symbolic. It crept about corners, twisted around buildings, gave a dreamlike, ghostly quality to the sleeping silent city. He knew that the way to the Maine turnpike would be a left turn, and he drove slowly, looking for it. Newport, the Cape, Hendonport would be to the right. The left route appeared first. He passed the intersection as though he had never had any intention of taking it, and he crossed the town line of Hendonport at three in the morning.

A night light burned outside a new motel, and he rang the bell.

"Sorry to wake you," he told the sleepy man who appeared at the office door.

"That's what I'm here for," the man answered, yawning. "Mean driving, ain't it?"

Mean, and beautiful, thought Wade. From somewhere out in the shrouded night the hollow warning of a foghorn sounded. The air smelled of salt and of clam flats. He undressed and fell asleep almost instantly.

The sun was high when he awoke, the grass already dry. He had breakfast across the road and returned to the office.

"I'll stay over tonight, at least," he told the proprietor. He added, "It's a long time since I've been here. Can you tell me how to get to the Howard James place?" Following the directions, he realized that he need not have asked. He remembered the small Common with the white church facing the post office; he remembered the first turn, and the second. The shrubs at the entrance to the James drive were eight years taller. The figure seated on the front steps was so unchanged that for an instant he thought he imagined her.

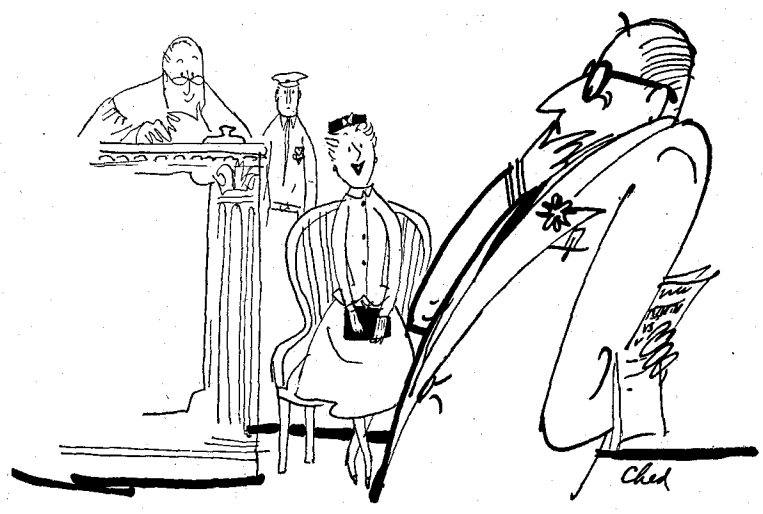
She wore blue jeans and a white jersey. Her slender feet were bare and the sun glinted in her short, honey-colored curls. She lifted her chin from her hand and looked at him without recognition.

"Like Rodin's Penseur—only you can think with your clothes on," he quoted.

Color flamed over the deep tan of her face. He was out of the car and she was on her feet, her blue eyes incredulous. She said, "Wade Russell! I wouldn't have known you!"

They shook hands. "I wouldn't have thought you'd moved," he told her.

Her color deepened. "I didn't mean it in criticism. (*Continued on Page 106*)



The Perfect Squelch

The defense attorney was an expert at discrediting prosecution witnesses. His sarcastic questioning soon reduced them to quivering courtroom butts whose word no jury would accept. To break the state's case in an important trial, he fired questions unrelentingly at a mild little housewife who insisted that she could identify the car used in the crime.

"It was," she reiterated patiently, "a 1949 model in medium gray with a flat finish and whitewall tires."

"You are so sure," the attorney sneered, "that I would like you to tell this jury—how long have you been studying the colors of 1949 models?"

The housewife replied, "Since 1949."

Pete Pedersen

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Refresh without filling

GLANCE in the mirror, lovely lady. Be glad you're so slender, so easy to dress, so admired wherever you go.

Then take time to bless your own good sense for making you what you are.

It's your modern taste for the lighter, less filling foods that gives you that slim waistline —and keeps you always feeling fine and fit for fun.

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Have a Pepsi—the modern, the *light* refreshment.

Pepsi-Cola

The Light refreshment

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(*Continued from Page 104*) You're much handsomer than you were. Whatever are you doing here?"

She was Sally Pendleton, not Sally James. "I'm on my way to Maine," he answered easily. "Last night I had a sudden impulse to detour. Blink my lights."

She had been looking up into his face. Her lashes dropped and she turned abruptly toward the house. "Come on inside. Wouldn't you like a drink?"

He followed her, watching the way she put down her bare feet, firmly, lightly, like an Indian. The living room was unoccupied. The house was silent, with a sense of emptiness.

"Sit down, Wade," she said. "It's too bad Howie isn't here."

Wade sat down. "He's in California, isn't he?"

She was still standing. "Yes. And I'm all alone again, like last time. What would you like? A highball?"

"Your husband isn't with you?"

"No. You can help break out some ice, if you like."

Wade grinned. "I think we need some ice broken," he said.

Sally laughed. "You have changed, you know. You were such a serious young man."

"I had reason to be serious," he said.

"And now you haven't?"

"Only intermittently. Besides, I'm on vacation."

They made two drinks. The big, old-fashioned kitchen, with a metal hood over the stove and copper pans hanging from a rack, was immaculate.

"I was so surprised and delighted when Charley Baxter gave me your message," Sally said. "We had fun that week, didn't we?"

"I've never forgotten any of it," he told her truthfully.

"I was so afraid that Howie wouldn't let me stay," she remembered. "Are you married, Wade?" He shook his head. "Girl?"

Gail had asked, "Blonde or brunette?" when he had mentioned the picnic. "That's why I'm going to Maine," he answered, smiling. Gail was a brunette. He looked at the sunlight on Sally's hair and realized that, like certain other gentlemen, he definitely preferred blondes. "Could we have a picnic tonight?" he asked.

"I don't see why not," she said. "Would you like to ask the Baxters?"

"No," said Wade. "That is, unless you'd prefer it."

Her dark blue eyes had the solemn, owlish look that he remembered. "No, I don't prefer it," she answered. "What time would you like to go?"

"Now?" he suggested.

She laughed. They were still in the kitchen. She opened the door of the large, built-in wooden refrigerator. "We'll have to get some provisions. Could you drive me to the village? I'll go put some shoes on. Don't you want another drink?"

"No, thanks." He felt odd enough, as it was. "I'll wait for you on the steps. With my chin in my hand."

The broad, dappled lawn was not so well cared for as he remembered it. The house was as dignified, as comfortable, but it was shabbier. He wondered what Sally's husband did. He wondered whether she had any children.

She had put on a pale pink dress with a pleated skirt. Her brown legs were bare, and her arms were deeply tanned. Her figure had not changed in eight years. Rising, looking at her, he thought of the much-used phrase, *Slim as a boy*, and wondered at Sally's subtle and pervasive femininity.

They bought supplies. Wade drove back to the motel, and she waited in his car while he put on bathing trunks beneath his white linen trousers. He glanced out the window, through the open Venetian blind, and she was leaning back, her hair bright against the black leather upholstery of his roadster. She was close enough so that he could see every detail of her face, her wide-set eyes, the small straight nose, the short upper lip above her serious mouth.

Suddenly he remembered a story by H. G. Wells, which he had read long ago. About a young English countryman who had been kidnaped by the fairies, and, released and returned at last to his mortal world, could never love a mortal woman, because he had held the fairy queen on the palm of his hand. . . .

He had locked his suitcase, and with sudden decisiveness, he unlocked it, took out a small package and slipped it into his pocket.

When they had carried everything from the car to the beach, Wade sat down on the sand. "This isn't laziness, Sally, but I want to watch you set up camp. I'll get the wood later."

She looked at him questioningly, and he smiled. He wanted to watch her, because he had made up his mind to leave Hendonport as soon as this picnic was over.

"Remember how hard I tried to be useful, so that Howie wouldn't send me back to school?" she asked. Her brown hands moved swiftly, setting the makeshift table, sorting out various items. "I was so thrilled at keeping house for you boys." She laughed. "Boys!" she repeated. "You were college men, and I felt so grown-up and flattered." Her hands were still as she looked across at him. "I thought about you for a long time, Wade, after I went back. You were the first boy I'd ever kissed."

He stared at her. He could not have forgotten that Sally kissed him.

"You don't even remember!" she accused. "I kissed Howie good-by, and then I kissed you. It was a big moment in my life."

"I've been robbed," said Wade.

She laughed again. "I even cut a picture of you out of the class book and kept it on my bureau."

He said, "Good Lord!"

Something in his gaze disturbed her. She stood up, her back toward him. "Why don't we swim now?" she asked.

The bathing suit beneath her pink dress was black, and becoming. She did not wear a cap, and when her head emerged after her first long dive, her hair looked seal-brown, plastered against her head. Later, he watched the gold return as the sun dried it.

"What's your girl's name, Wade?" she asked. "Tell me about her."

He told her about Gail. He was not going to Maine, but there was no reason to tell Sally that.

"She sounds nice," Sally murmured. She was trickling sand through her fingers. "Howie's wife is a darling, and they have three sweet kids."

"You haven't any?" he asked.

"I'm just an aunt." She spread her fingers wide and let the sand fan out. "A hungry aunt too. Let's get the wood."

She started the fire. Everything that she did, every small motion of her hands or changing expression of her face, he watched. He wanted to preserve every moment. If he had gone to Maine, he would have had only the memory of an enchanting girl, a girl so close to childhood that he had forgotten her kiss. He could feel his heart thumping. He wondered whether she knew that he was going to kiss her tonight.

She had said that she was hungry, but neither of them ate much. When she poured the coffee from the vacuum jug into two plastic mugs, he said, "Black as death, strong as love and hot as hell."

She looked up, startled. "That's what my father says."

"It's what you said eight years ago," he told her.

"Think of your remembering," she commented. The sun had dropped behind the dune, so that they sat in shadow. "Want some music?" she asked.

It was a different phonograph, but the record was the same.

"You seem to remember too," he said.

"It was a very special evening," she told him lightly.

"So is this," he said. "For me, at least."

The record ended and she put on another. Wade poured them each a little rum. There was no wind, and the incoming tide made a soft, padding sound, like cats' feet, on the hard sand.

"You know," Sally said abruptly, "I've always been glad that you told me about blinking my lights. I've driven a lot in the past years, from here to California several times. You said it was friendly to have someone aware of your existence, and it's true. It makes the night seem less lonely, somehow."

"Or the fog less thick?" he suggested. "Sally, what did you mean by your telegram? There's such a lot of fog."

He could see her face, but less distinctly. He leaned forward and threw a carton on the fire, and the blaze illuminated her.

She shrugged. "After I'd sent the telegram, I thought it sounded silly," she said. "I didn't mean anything in particular. I suppose it was a foggy day." She edged away from the fire as he threw on more wood. "I'm going to take another swim."

He did not move. He watched her run down the beach through the twilight, heard the splash as she hit the dark water. She swam for a long time.

"Shouldn't we think about packing up?" she asked briskly, when she came back.

"Pretty soon," he said. "I want to say something first. Because we'll probably never see each other again. The fog will close in, and even our lights won't blink."

"Goodness!" said Sally. "Goodness gracious!" She dropped to the rug.

"I don't want to explain, and I'm not even sure that I could if I wanted to. I'd like to give you a present. I don't see why your husband should object to your accepting it. It isn't very valuable. I'd like to think that sometimes you wore it." He had unwrapped the ring and he put it in her hand. "It belonged to my mother."

She was very still. When she spoke, her voice was low. "But, Wade, shouldn't Gail have it?"

"No," he said.

"Why not?"

"I told you that I didn't want to explain," he said.

With her left hand she scooped up pieces of driftwood and flung them on the fire. When the flames leaped, she looked at him searchingly. "It's sweet of you, but I can't take it," she said. "I wasn't going to tell you. I thought that we were just blinking our lights and going on in opposite directions. As we are." She was smiling. "My marriage lasted three months, Wade. My husband thought that he was marrying an heiress. I guess I thought I was an heiress, too, four years ago. I've learned better. That's why dad and mother are in Boston. Selling more securities. I'm just here for a month. I have a job in Hartford." She held out the ring. "If I had it I'd probably pawn it," she added.

Wade's breath caught. "You don't know what you're saying," he told her.

"Yes, I do," she said.

"No, you don't," he contradicted. He quoted his mother. "That ring has been pawned more times than you'd believe. When my father lost his business, when I was born ——"

"Please take it," she said. "I don't want to drop it."

Wade took the ring. He found the tissue paper and wrapped it carefully. "How much more vacation do you have, Sally?"

"Two weeks."

"What a coincidence! That's precisely the time I'm planning to stay here."

Her eyes were wide. "But I thought ——"

"I thought too," he interrupted her. "But we both thought wrong." He laughed. "Sally, will you telephone my office and tell them that I have a perfectly frightful case of poison ivy?"

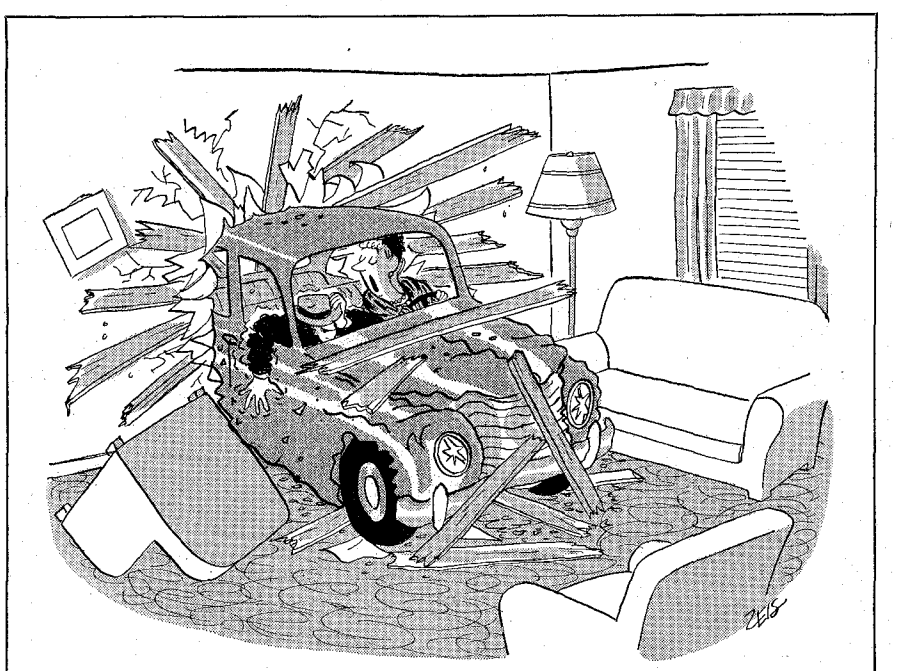
She said, "But, Wade ——"

He threw a fistful of sand on the fire. The flame died and a shower of sparks shot upward against the night.

Sally said breathlessly, "Don't, Wade! We'll need the light to pack up."

He tossed another handful of sand. "I'm not putting it out," he told her. "We'll leave a steady glow. We can build it up again, whenever we like, because we'll both be right here together."

THE END



"You can sit up now, dear—we're home."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Wrong Kind of Girl (Continued from Page 24)

determined, because if he was on the first court, Sally Adams would see him when she came to the club to swim. Rodney didn't care if he played on the first court or the tenth, but still he would get up and dash out of the house at seven in the morning simply because Marblehead wanted the first court. She wished Rodney had more of a mind of his own.

She thought of making Rodney's unformed character her worry for the day, but she had been awake too long and couldn't organize the proper mood. Usually Nancy woke up very slowly and turned her first waking thoughts to selecting a worry for the day—Matthew's golf, or the menace of Wanda Carling, or Rodney and television—and by the time she was awake she had established a central worry which helped determine her basic approach to the day: gay and gaminesque, bright and efficient, martyred and motherly, or what have you. She thought it was a useful routine in integrating her daily personality.

The back doorbell rang—which meant Bertha had forgotten her key again—although it was only seven-thirty. Nancy ran down the stairs and through the kitchen, still stacked with last night's dishes waiting for Bertha, and opened the back door.

The man in the baseball cap and the long-legged girl in shorts and a woman in a straw sombrero, and a black-and-white collie dog, stood in a group on the back step. The man in the baseball cap held a watermelon in his arms.

He said, "Hi. I'm Lucas Prawle." He grinned. The woman and the girl smiled and the dog panted and thrashed his tail. "We thought we'd pay a call and get acquainted. We're your new neighbors."

Nancy found her voice and said, "Not really. I mean, how nice."

"We brought you one of our own watermelons."

"How nice," Nancy said. "You mean you've grown it already?"

"From New Mexico."

"Well, but do come in," Nancy said. She led the way into the kitchen. "There must be someplace to put it down," she said desperately, looking for space among the ranks of dirty dishes. "Oh, of course, the sink."

Mr. Prawle put the watermelon in the sink.

The girl in shorts said, "Daddy never introduces us. I'm Jumps and this is Mumps and our dog is Bumps."

"I'm not really Mumps," her mother said. "My name is Margaret."

Nancy introduced herself, and the girl in shorts said rather shyly, "We're going to like you, I can tell." She was taller than either her father or her mother, and very pretty. She seemed to be about seventeen.

"Why, I hope so," Nancy said. She added, "Rodney is sixteen."

"Jumps is so tall for her age," Mrs. Prawle said.

"As a matter of fact, I'm not quite fifteen yet," Jumps said.

Mr. Prawle opened a jackknife and cut a plug out of the watermelon and handed it to Nancy and said, "Delectable?"

"Oh, yum yum," Nancy said. "I'm so sorry Rodney isn't here. He's playing tennis."

"Jumps has never learned," Mrs. Prawle said.

"As a matter of fact, I'd like to," Jumps said.

"Now she's so wrapped up in her butterflies."

"Got to get back," Mr. Prawle said. "Lot to do."

"You must have been up all night," Nancy said.

"We were able to stop for a while in a motel," Mrs. Prawle said. "But we did get up early. We don't usually get up until after six."

They all filed out the back door.

"Thanks loads for the lovely watermelon," Nancy said.

After they had gone, she fell to wondering if she could, after all, still be asleep.

She provisioned the coffeepot in the dining room and turned it on, and then went upstairs. Matthew had at last got up, and while she brushed her hair she told him everything that had happened.

"Well, the guy probably shoots a tough stick of golf," Matthew said.

"He looks like a cowboy."

"I look like a secret agent."

"But really. Mumps and Jumps and butterfly nets, like something out of a book for junior-teen-age girls."

Matthew leaned over her shoulder and made himself a mustache of a strand of her hair and gave her a sinister look in the mirror. "Ruthless, fearless, a modern Scarlet Pumpernickel, touchingly loyal to his plain and aging wife."

"M'm-m. Except when giggling behind pepper trees with glamorously girdled Wanda Carling."

"She said I was a little boy lost in the dark."

"I can't imagine them fitting in. They explained that they usually don't get up until after six."

"Didn't somebody say Tony Stafford got the house for them? Must mean the guy's quite a golfer."

"There are other things than golf."

"Not to Tony."

Later in the morning, Nancy telephoned Virginia Stafford and learned that the new neighbor was not a golfing buddy of Tony's, but an important employee.

"He's some kind of engineer," Virginia said. Tony was an assistant to a vice-president at Tripod Aircraft. "It has something to do with wiggle. I can't remember exactly, but Tony says he's practically a genius. Tripod stole him from some project in New Mexico."

"You mean he doesn't play golf at all?"

"Oh, of course, he must. Have you met them? Aren't they all right?"

Nancy told her about the very heavy airplane at sunrise, the flip-flops, the butterfly net and the seven-thirty call with watermelon.

"Holy cats," Virginia said. "That doesn't sound as though they'll fit in at all. I wonder what Tony could have been thinking of. But it must be golf. I'm going to feel awfully guilty if they aren't all right."

At eleven o'clock Nancy and Bertha went to the supermarket in the ranch wagon. Nancy saw several people and described the arrival of the Prawles several times more, but it was Bertha who came back with news.

"They've got a pickup truck," Bertha said, settling herself in the car with her sack of chocolates.

Nancy remembered the pickup parked at the curb. She said, "Oh, that's nothing new. I saw it this morning. I imagine they used it to move a few things."

"It's all the car they've got," Bertha said.

"Why, that couldn't be. How absurd."

"Freddy from the filling station said so."

"He must be wrong."

"He knows," Bertha said complacently, eating a chocolate. "The mister came in this morning for gas and Freddy talked to him. He told Freddy he was always dragging around tools and such to where a truck was all he had use for."

"But that's incredible. Do you mean they go to parties and things in a truck?"

"Everybody calls it truckin'," Bertha said with a callous laugh.

In the afternoon Nancy and Jayne Creavey, who was Marblehead's mother, stopped at the club for a cocktail after a shopping trip in town. A number of their friends were present, discussing the Prawles, and Nancy had to tell over again, in detail, the story of her early-morning introduction to them. It was much appreciated, but there was a noticeable undercurrent of anxiety. Virginia Stafford had become somewhat defensive, in her certainty that Lucas Prawle must be a red-hot golfer. Old Mrs. Fenweather came in from riding her motor-driven gocart around the course, to throw a new bombshell in announcing that the Prawles did not have television. Rather, they did have a set, but its insides were missing and the cabinet had been turned into a sewing basket for Mrs. Prawle. Mrs. Fenweather had it from a greenskeeper who had it from the man who had just connected the Prawles' telephone.

"Telephone," Mrs. Fenweather said significantly. "In the singular. They said they didn't want extensions because they might be bothersome to Mr. Prawle because he worked at home."

This was an extra added bombshell of genuinely heavy caliber. It was Mrs. Fenweather's usual tactic to set up an apparent climax and then top it, and it always worked. She was pleased with the effect.

Virginia Stafford, obscurely annoyed, said, "That shows how ridiculous rumors can get. I'll bet it would be news to Tripod Aircraft that he's supposed to work at home. Why, even Tony wouldn't be allowed to do that, and dawdle through things in his own sweet time, not to mention the fact that I most assuredly wouldn't permit it even if they did. What a ghastly thought, having him underfoot all day."

"An opinion I'm sure he would share, my dear," Mrs. Fenweather said.

Matthew, when he came home that evening, had forgotten the Prawles, and reacted with irritating unconcern when Nancy filled him in on the latest developments.

He said, "They'll probably turn out O.K."

"How can you say that? They're positively strange."

"I just don't want to be too hasty in judging people."

"Darling, if you mount your pontifical soapbox on this issue I swear I'll leave you."

"Your mother won't take you back. She's said so."

"That's all right. I can get my old room at the Y. W. C. A. But honestly, it's serious. They're going to be our next-door neighbors."

"I'll get acquainted with him in a day or two," Matthew said. "Maybe I'll play a round with him sometime this weekend."

Bertha came in with her hat on, ready to go home. She said, "He's here, that Mr. Prawle. He's at the back door."

"My goodness, he's allowed to come in," Nancy said, getting up.

"He don't want to come in. He just wants to see the mister. He wants to borrow a block and tackle."

"The last block and tackle I saw was against U. C. L. A.," Matthew said. He got up and went out, carrying his Martini.

"Ain't he the funniest man?" Bertha said.

"I could die," Nancy agreed. "Frequently." She, too, wandered idly out to the kitchen.

Lucas Prawle was still wearing his baseball cap. He had a grimy look, as if he had been installing a furnace.

He said, "I wanted to get my shop set up right away, but I seem to be missing the clevis of my chain fall." He winked at Nancy by way of greeting. "I thought you might have something I could use."

Jumps appeared outside the back door and said, "Oh, daddy, we found it." She joined her father and put her arm around his waist and gave Nancy her lovely, shy smile. She said, "It was in the Number Twenty book box, as a matter of fact."

Matthew said, "Your daughter?"

"I'm Jumps," Jumps said, transferring her smile to Matthew.

"Well, well," Matthew said.

"Then we'll get back," Mr. Prawle said. "Sorry I bothered you."

Nancy said, "Matthew was just saying he wanted to have a round of golf with you someday soon."

"Oh, golf," Lucas Prawle said with an engaging grin, placing the unfamiliar word. "I'm afraid I don't play."

Matthew was shocked. "Not at all?"

"Daddy keeps in condition by tumbling," Jumps said. She sensed something wrong, and added loyally, "As a matter of fact, he's terrific."

Her father was pleased. He said depreciatingly, "It's about all I have time for. You can tumble in odd moments."

They departed

"Good Lord," Matthew said. "Tumbling in odd moments. What kind of people are they?"

"I told you," Nancy said.

A slamming of doors and the crash of the overturned wrought-iron planter in the entrance hall announced Rodney's arrival.

"Dear, you're so late!" Nancy called.

Rodney stopped in the midst of thundering up the stairs. His distant voice uttered some unintelligible reply.

"Tough on that kid of theirs," Matthew said. "She's going to be a knockout. Better lash Rod to the mast."

"I don't think we'll have any complications there," Nancy said, in the tone of voice that meant she was speaking with the mystic tongue of feminine wisdom. "Children are more conservative than anybody. I think we can depend on the kids to avoid them."

The telephone rang and Matthew went to answer it. Rodney came back downstairs, with house-shaking leaps, and turned on the television set. He was a lanky youth apparently hung together with elastic, a carbon copy of Matthew at his age, on the testimony of Matthew's mother, even to what she called his stuttering eyes. Nancy hoped so, for the sake of her own maternal vanity, but she found it hard to believe, since Matthew was now tall and lean and, on the testimony of Wanda Carling every time she saw him, formidably handsome.

She said, "You might at least speak nicely to your parents when you come in, Rodney. For (*Continued on Page 110*)

... ...

Helpful Hint on Keeping Friends

By Hal Chadwick

The best time to find
That your mind is a blank
Is when you are asked
To be "perfectly frank!"

... ...

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Every time the family's shopping is done these days, you realize how things have changed . . . how much more money it takes just for the necessities.

It's true, too, about the money your family would need if you were not there—for food, clothing, shelter . . . for your children's education and the other advantages you want them to have.

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(*Continued from Page 108*) all you know, we could have been carried away by gypsies."

"Hi," Rodney said.

"Is something the matter with your lip? It seems to be swollen."

"Bumped it. Where's dad? Gypsies keep him?"

"Telephone, I think. Is there something wrong with your eye too? Or is that dirt?" She went over to him and looked at his eye. "Don't tell me that's a black eye."

Matthew came back from the telephone. "The Staffords are coming over this evening. Tony's all upset. I told him the guy couldn't play a lick."

"I should think he would be. . . . Darling, look. Your son's got a black eye."

"As a matter of fact, I fell on a lawn mower," Rodney said. He regulated dials and a woman baking a cake came and went on the television screen.

"Somebody push you?" Matthew asked.

"Well, yes, as a matter of fact. I got kind of sore at Marblehead and went a couple of rounds with him."

Nancy said, "You're not serious."

"I think I busted his beak."

"Rodney, you didn't!"

"He kept making remarks."

"Where was this? Did you go to the beach this afternoon?"

"As a matter of fact, we didn't."

"As a matter of fact, where do you get this matter of fact?" Matthew said, with a glance at Nancy. "Could it be you met our new neighbors?"

"As a matter of—I got to talking to them while I was waiting around for Marblehead after lunch."

"That's nice," Nancy said, with a glance at Matthew. "Then you met Jumps."

"Ahm." Rodney found the program he had been seeking, Dr. Purdom Lardman and Hot Discology, and the inquisition was recessed.

An attempt was made to revive it during dinner, eliciting only disjointed information from Rodney between mouthfuls that Mr. Prawle was going to show him some step-rocket calculations.

"That should be fun sometime," Nancy said.

"I'm going over this evening."

Nancy gave Matthew a distressed look. Matthew came to the rescue. "Hey, wait a minute. Let 'em get moved in."

"That's all right. I'm helping him get set up."

"But you can't go barging over there so soon," Nancy said.

"For gosh sakes, mom, I promised."

"Well, O.K. for this time," Matthew said. "But in the future, get clearance. We don't know these people yet."

"He's working on a thermoelement converter," Rodney said, as if presenting a credential. He finished the last piece of cake and said, "Excuse me, good people," and left the table.

Tony and Virginia Stafford arrived shortly after dinner, and Jayne Creavey telephoned at the same time, with a fairly full story on Rodney's fight with Marblehead. It seemed that Jumps had been showing Rodney how to catch butterflies when Marblehead had appeared. Marblehead and Rodney had then started for the beach, with Marblehead kidding Rodney about the butterfly net, and the fight had occurred. Afterward, Rodney had gone back to the Prawles', and Marblehead had gone to Doctor Klenny's to get his nose fixed, which was indeed broken.

Nancy said, "I'm so sorry. I simply couldn't believe it. Rodney has a terrible black eye."

Jayne refused to be appeased. She said in a strained voice, "I've been wanting to tell you for a long time, Nancy, that I think you should do something about Rodney's domineering temper. I suppose it's caused by being an only child, but there must be some measures you could take. Maybe a good psychiatrist could suggest something."

Jayne hung up before Nancy could reply. Nancy stuck out her tongue at the phone and went into the living room.

"All I know is," Tony was saying, "that Mr. Talbot, who is my boss, told me to settle him someplace here where I could keep an eye on him and keep him happy. He's a wheel with the Space Research Society; I think he's kind of cracked on that stuff—I mean to say, dedicated. Your best engineers are dedicated types. But he's also a whiz-bang with flutter and vibration, and he designed a wing for us that saved our necks. I saw the fellow for five minutes in New Mexico and he seemed ordinary enough. Naturally I supposed he played golf. It never occurred to me they'd turn out to be a bunch of odd balls."

"Now that they have, everyone's going to hate us," Virginia said. "Old Mrs. Fenweather fired the opening gun this afternoon with an exceptionally nasty crack at me, even for her. Is it true that this funny little man gets to work at home?"

"I think that's the setup," Tony said. "He's got a sort of shop of his own where he works and keeps tests running twenty-five hours a day, and so forth, as I get it. But look here. What's so wrong about them? Matt, you're a lawyer. After all, what's the evidence?"

"Don't be an idiot," Virginia said sharply. "They simply don't fit in. Everything about them is wrong."

"Evidence—precise evidence," Tony demanded, his voice rising. "Give me a bill of particulars."

"I'll give it to you in one word," Virginia said. "They're corny. They're hopelessly corny."

"All right, they paid a neighborly call at the crack of dawn," Tony said. "But the guy's used to being up working at all hours and probably his wife is, too, and they didn't think, that's all."

"They do mean well," Nancy conceded, thinking of Jayne, who didn't.

"But they don't comprehend," Tony said. "Right? That's what I mean, dedicated. But now look. Suppose we make an effort with them. Meet them halfway. Maybe they're not so bad as they seem. Nobody's perfect. I realize it's up to me to start the ball rolling, so we'll have them over tomorrow night, we'll give a quiet little party and ask everyone. O.K.?"

"The things I go through to help you keep your job," Virginia said.

Tony's effort failed to get off the ground, due to faulty timing. Virginia asked people to come at what she called ninish, and Lucas and Margaret Prawle thereupon appeared at nine, while Virginia was dressing. Tony hastened to make them a drink, but it developed that they preferred root beer. The only other guest to arrive before the Prawles left was Wanda Carling, who clasped Lucas' hands and cried ecstatically, "You're cute!" Lucas, startled, said, "You're goofy!"

At a few minutes before ten, Margaret said they had to leave; Lucas had some work to check. Tony protested in desperation that other people were coming, and Lucas appeared to be genuinely sorry to be, as he said, a marplot, but it couldn't be helped. They left in their pickup truck and the other guests arrived a half hour later.

Telephones were busy in the Walnut Club Estates the next morning. The feeling was unanimous that the Prawles would have to go, and by noon a method had been suggested of putting the idea across to them. Lillian Adams, Sally Adams' mother, had thought of it, Virginia told Nancy. The first of the Club Summer Junior Dances was coming up on Friday night, and the mothers concerned would simply see to it that none of the boys asked Jumps to go.

"The Prawles know about the dance," Virginia said, "because I spoke of it to Margaret Prawle—that is to say, Mumps—last night. She said some boy had already asked Jumps to go. She said both Rodney and Marblehead were over there yesterday, so it would have to be one of the two, or maybe both. Anyway, it will be up to you and Jayne to see that it's canceled. That should be enough to give them the idea but quick. She told me last evening one of the boys was going to teach Jumps to play tennis, too, and she was so glad Jumps was getting acquainted, so they'll be sure to notice if all that comes to a quick whoa. I realize you and Jayne aren't speaking, but Lillian has already called her, and she's promised to put Marblehead under lock and key, if necessary. Do you think you can manage Rodney?"

"I think so," Nancy said. "Frankly, I think he's more interested in Lucas' space-ship pitch than in Jumps."

"Honey, are you giving away your age? Mumps said both of the boys were helping Jumps catch butterflies yesterday. She doesn't collect them, by the way, since she doesn't want to kill them. She turns them loose against the proper background where the light is right, and then takes moving pictures of them. Oh, for an hour of Herod."

"I don't think it's fair to blame Jumps too much," Nancy said. "She's only trying to be a child."

"Goodness, nobody's blaming anybody," Virginia said. "Except us, for bringing them here. It would just be better for all concerned if they were someplace else, where they belonged. But whatever it is that Rodney's interested in, simply make him quit. They probably won't notice if they're ignored, but it will surely get through to them when it happens to Jumps. They'll be gone in a week. Tony's quietly looking out for another house for them right now, on the other side of town. In fact, clear out of town."

"That probably would be best," Nancy said.

She hung up with a feeling of uneasiness. Still, she thought resolutely, it really would be for the best. The Prawles would surely be happier, too, someplace else where they would belong, wherever that might be.

She didn't think Rodney would be too difficult. She would only need to say something casually about the risks of getting mixed up with people who were different, and that one always regretted it later on. He might not entirely understand, but he would give in if he was made to understand that it was important to his father and mother. If she could keep it casual enough. Rodney got embarrassed and shied away from anything that sounded serious.

Bertha came in and said, "He's here again."

"Mr. Prawle?"

"In person."

Nancy went down to the kitchen. Lucas Prawle was holding another watermelon in his arms. He said, "I thought I'd bring this one over to you folks, since we don't want to pack it again."

"Oh, thanks," Nancy said. "The first one was delicious. You didn't say you were packing?"

"We're moving again. Turns out I can't set up all my equipment here." He produced his grin, but it looked a little weary. "I'm afraid it was my fault for not getting it all straight beforehand."

"Moving?" Nancy felt that she was blushing and tried to look away. "You mean you're leaving already?"

"I need more space than our lot for a couple of twenty-foot towers I use," Lucas explained. "I understood from Tony that I could put them up on a corner of the golf course next to our back line, b it turns out they're going to make some kind of a practice place there and I can't have it. I just called up Tony and asked him if he thought he could find a bigger place. He said he happened to know of one right away, outside of town."

"Why, that is too bad."

"We're sure sorry to go. We thought we'd be pretty happy here. Mainly because of Jumps, that is. We stick kind of close together, and I think she gets lonely for different people. A community like this would have been all right for her. You get all turned in on yourself, the way I am in my job, and you forget the world is full of other people."

Suddenly and unaccountably, Nancy's eyes filled with tears. She ducked her head over a drawer and found a knife and blindly cut a plug out of the watermelon in the sink.

She said, "Yes, I know what you mean."

"A kid needs a lot of other people."

She gave him the piece of watermelon and said, "Delectable?"

He grinned. "Pretty fair."

"Our lot's awfully big," Nancy said. "Couldn't you put your towers up here?"

He was astonished. "Why, heck, you wouldn't want that."

"I don't see why it would matter. If they weren't dangerous."

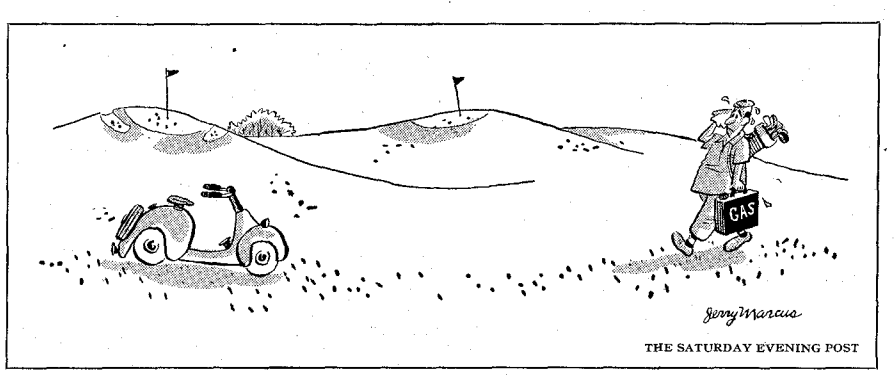
"No, nothing dangerous. Shouldn't get in the way too much either. But I couldn't ask you for something like that."

"You're not," Nancy pointed out. "We're offering. I just think it would be nice if you could stay. I mean, you've been nice to Rodney, taking time to explain things to him."

"I'm certainly grateful," Lucas said earnestly. "I don't see why it wouldn't work. Let me do some thinking and figuring on it. I'll drop back this evening."

"All right. Matthew will be here then."

Matthew would be on her side as soon as she explained, she knew; but for the rest, for Virginia and Jayne and Lillian and—she shivered, closing the door—for old Mrs. Fenweather, it would be war, open war, civil war, the roughest kind. She was not happy at the prospect, and she thought she must have lost her mind, but in some way that she could not quite understand she was at the same time tranquil and very proud and, curiously, triumphant. THE END



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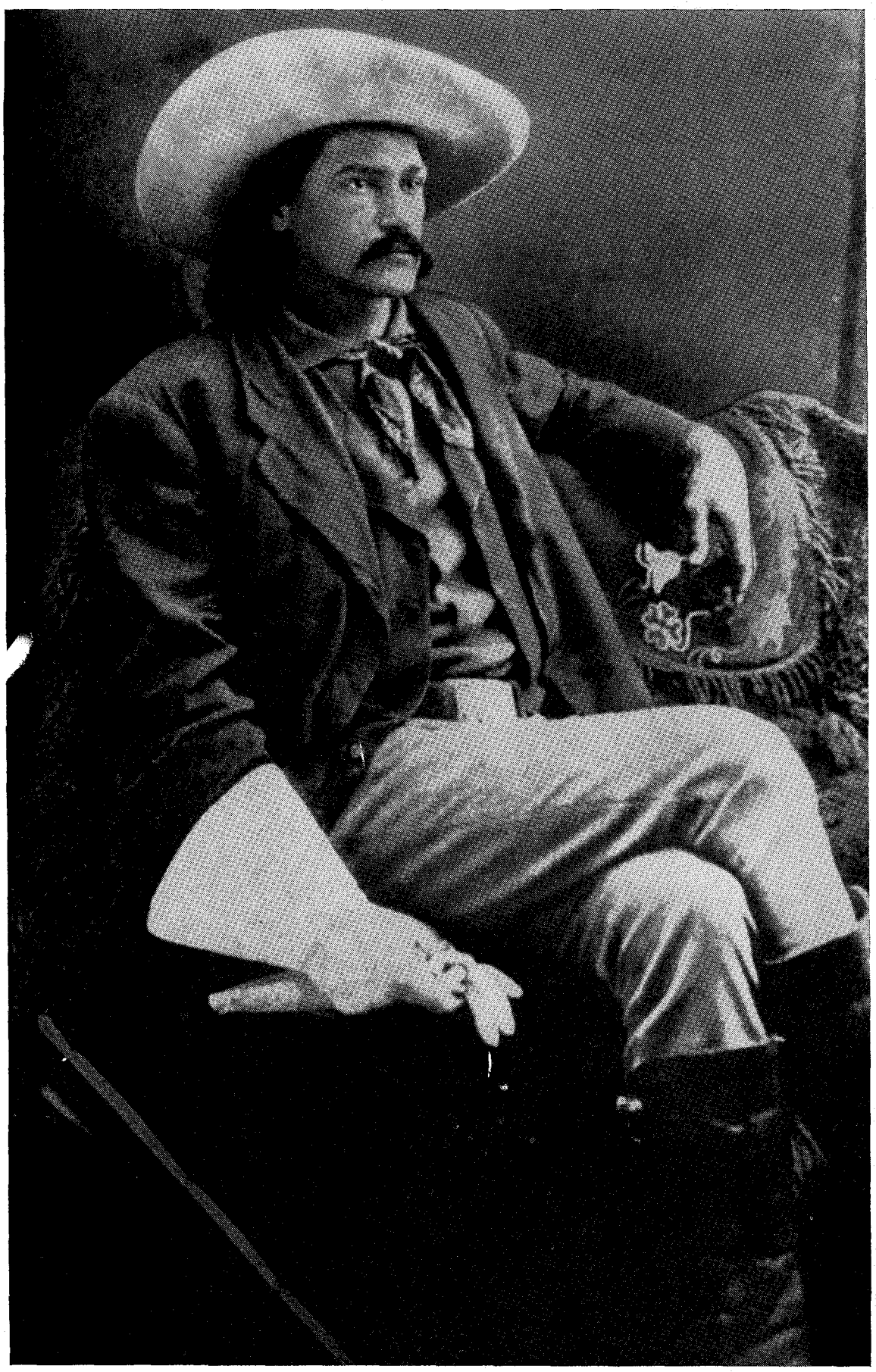

His calling card had claws on it

LUTHER KELLY lied about his age and got into the army at 15. They sent him West in 1865 and the wild new country suited him. He stayed.

He liked living off the wilderness. Game abounded. In Trappers' Lake, "trout were so thick they obscured the bottom."

Hostile Indians were also pretty thick. But when two tried ambushing him, he fought his way out, killing both with his Henry .44.

He learned Sioux and sign language, read Shakespeare and Scott.

One day, he visited General Miles, sending a huge fierce-clawed bear's paw to Miles' tent as his calling card. Miles, seeing that man matched card, made him chief army scout against the Sioux.

But by 1885, the country was taming down, and Yellowstone Kelly left it.

Almost two decades later, Teddy Roosevelt praised the heroic treasurer of Surigao in the Philippines who saved the town from outlaws. Name: Luther S. Kelly.

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Timebomb in Germany

(Continued from Page 25)

Right at the beginning, a foreign reporter must hasten to record that he is in no sense trying to scoff at or ridicule a legitimate national aspiration. Nobody would deny that the Germans, or for that matter any people, have a natural, obvious right to live together in a single community, run and governed by men and laws of their own choosing. Nor can it reasonably be denied that in any nation sliced down the middle, this natural longing can become a national frustration. Today the Iron Curtain separates many nations; it literally divides the Germans, and along a line that divides the world. If the unification of Germany were merely a German problem, it would vanish tomorrow. But it is much more than that. Western Germany, a state that has sought and been accepted in alliance with the free world, thus commits all of us to the German unity struggle, and gives us a right to ask certain questions. For the problem of German unity is very much like the task of navigating the rock of the Lorelei—there are two ways to approach it. Serious German politicians, like Rhine bargemen, know that the true course toward German unity will be long, difficult, arduous all the way. But here in Germany today aspirant demagogues, dreamers, neutralists and political romantics seem, like the Rhine skiffer, eager to be seduced into easy solutions. The Lorelei is chanting German patriotic tunes again, but for those who listen carefully, the babe has obviously acquired a Russian accent.

German unity, the very phrase has become a shibboleth, a touchstone of present-day diplomacy, a political catchcry, and at times an obvious blab word. World statesmen have now twice journeyed to Geneva to proclaim their solemn dedication to German unity. They are for German unity the same way they are against sin. They are for it in the way they are also for peace, prosperity, disarmament, freer trade, the charter of the United Nations, *et cetera ad infinitum*. Molotov supported German unity, all right, in the way the rope supports a hanged man. But the three Western foreign ministers, did they tell the truth and the whole truth, or were they at times just going through the emotions of political piety?

France, Great Britain and the United States all had certain *a priori* reasons for accepting a split Germany—France because she fears united German manpower, Britain because she is already locked in a brisk trade war with Western Germany, and the United States because the Pentagon wants West German soldiers in NATO promptly. Nevertheless, the Western foreign ministers plumbed vigorously for German unity because any other course would have had a disastrous impact on German opinion. And it is precisely because of this play for German opinion that we must now ask how successful it really was. The glum result, from the German point of view, was that the two Geneva conferences showed the futility, at least for a long time to come, of trying to achieve German unity under the Western formula.

Moreover, there was a second and worse result of the limelighted global bull sessions on the shores of Lake Geneva. After the Conference of Smiles in July, and the deceptive "spirit of Geneva" that ensued, the usually wise Chancellor Adenauer was suckered into accepting an invitation to Moscow, and walked right into an artfully prepared booby trap. Up until the year 1955, everyone had assumed that the problem of German unity would be solved, if at all, at the four-power level. But in 1955, while incurable Pollyannas of the Western world were announcing the great thaw in the cold war, the Soviet leaders managed to shunt the unity debate onto the sinister tracks of direct German-Soviet negotiations.

Direct German-Soviet negotiations, that's the nightmare thought that haunts the minds of Western statesmen, a bad historical dream in which real ghosts walk—Lenin in the sealed train of the German General Staff in 1917, Rapallo in 1922 between the young Soviet Union and the Weimar Republic, in 1939 Ribbentrop and Stalin toasting each other in Crimean champagne over the caves of the Kremlin. Serious German-Soviet negotiations can lead to many things, none of them good. One hastens to add that such a deal does not seem imminent; nor, given a reasonable amount of sagacity in Bonn, Paris, London and Washington, that it is even probable in the foreseeable future. But it is not, given a certain set of circumstances, impossible, which is what the rest of this article is about.

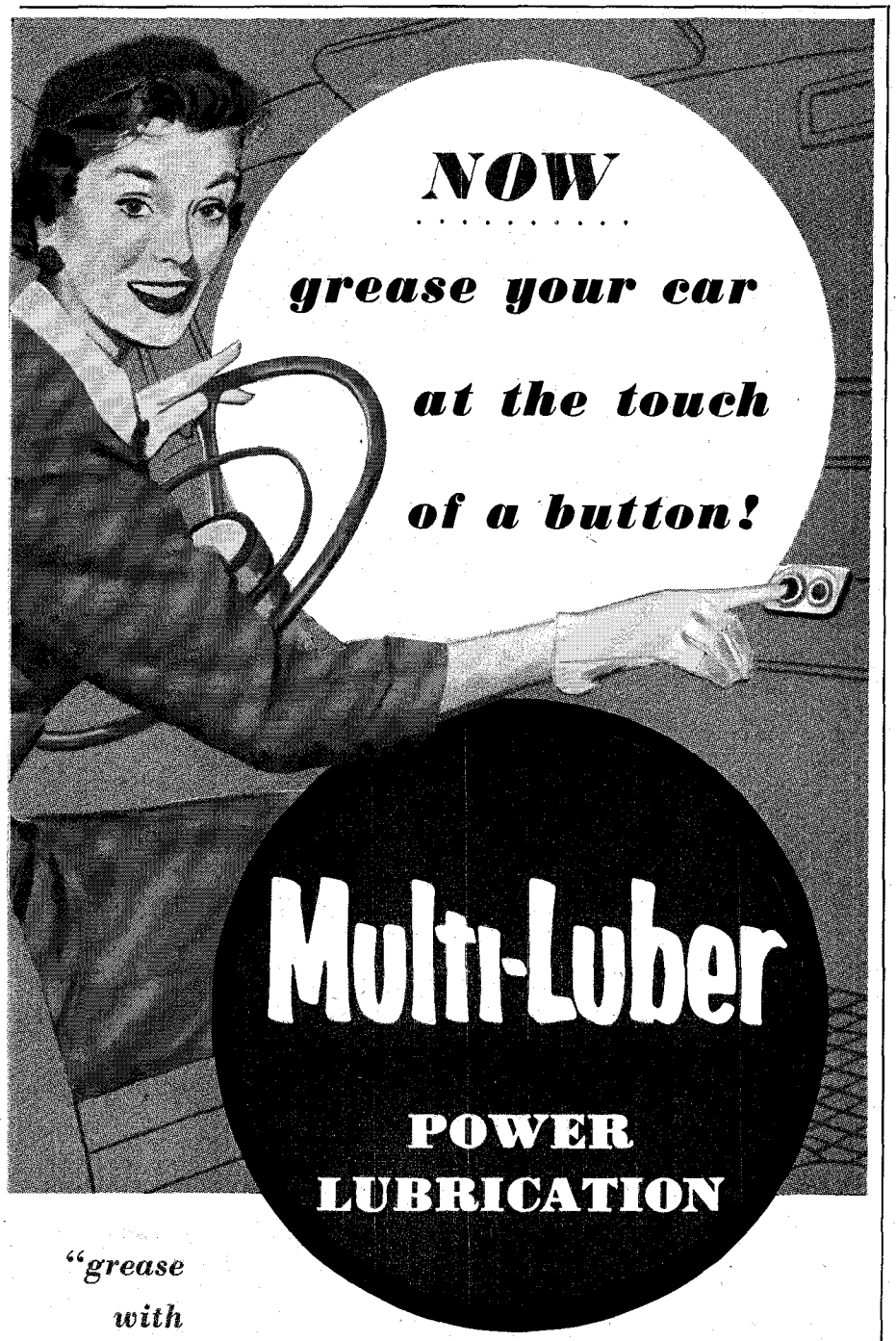
It has become fashionable today to blame Yalta for everything that botched the peace, and the Germans themselves are great ones for overdoing this. They forget that, in the first place, the unity of Germany was shattered because Adolf Hitler, chancellor of the "Reich that will last one thousand years," launched an aggressive, vicious and completely unnecessary war, a war that lost for Germany vast eastern territories that German colonists, workers and peasants had slowly built up over a real one thousand years. This said, one does not have to be a German nationalist to admit that the territorial provisions of Yalta were indeed a horrible blunder, the kind of blunder that in politics is worse than a crime.

At Yalta the fate of Poland was sealed, and the fate of a large part of Germany, and for a long time to come. What concerns us here is not the sheer diabolism of the deal, but the mortgage it placed on the present and on the future. Stalin, who had already gobbled up the three Baltic states of Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania in 1940, now proceeded to annex German East Prussia, down to and including the city of Königsberg. Moreover, he announced his intention to retain the Polish province of Lwów, which the Red Army had taken in 1939 while the Polish army was fighting Hitler in the west. President Roosevelt, whose ignorance of the map of Europe was profound, acquiesced jauntily in all this. But Churchill angrily insisted that Poland must be considered a victor power, since it was, in fact, for the territorial integrity of Poland that Great Britain had declared war in 1939. To quiet Churchill's voice, although not his conscience, Stalin then proposed that Poland be given compensation in the form of German lands east of the Oder and Neisse rivers—the southern part of the province of East Prussia, Outer Pomerania, East Brandenburg, Lower and Upper Silesia. This called for the expulsion of 10,000,000 Germans, 1,000,000 of whom perished in the process, the greatest forced migration in history.

Churchill knew that by thus "transplanting" Poland, forcing Poland to cede to Russia territory Poles regard as Polish, and to accept territory Poles knew to be German, he was selling Poland down the wrong rivers. As a result of Yalta, the Soviet Union was dealt the trump card—in fact, the ace of trumps—in all future relations with Poland and with Germany, a blackmail card for dealing with both.

We Americans must be absolutely clear about what is at stake here, for it is at the heart of the real issue in today's complex German unity question. When our Secretary of State and the spokesmen of the other Western powers talk about German reunification, they confine their remarks to the "four zones" of Germany. But these four zones finally emerged not at Yalta, but later at Potsdam, where the carving up of Rump Germany into Zones of Occupation was formalized and confirmed. When, today, German politicians talk about German unity, they have two things in mind. First the fusion of the four zones, the present east zone being to them "Middle Germany." And then, the preliminaries over, serious discussion about the return, in whole or in part, of the historical East Germany that lies behind the Oder and the Neisse. The Germans know this is the real issue, although they do not always say it out loud. The Soviets know it is the real issue, and they never say it out loud.

United States diplomats know it, too, and they today have a dread that the rest of us Americans may regard it as just another of those interminable European border squabbles. It is that, but it is a good deal more than that. In European



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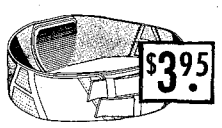

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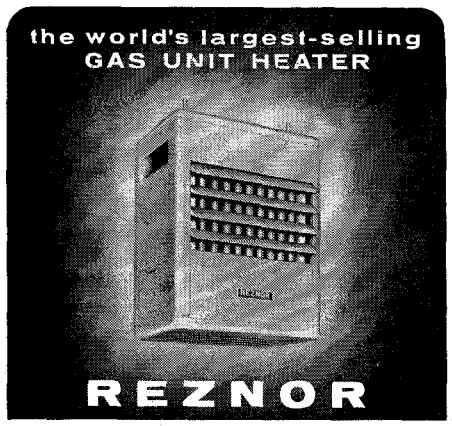

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terms these territories are immense. Suppose, to give a roughly fair example, that Huey Long had become dictator in the United States in 1933, and that in 1939 he had launched us into war against Germany, Italy and Japan. Suppose we had lost that war in 1945, and were faced with the following territorial concessions: California, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas to be ceded to Mexico; Michigan, Upper New York State, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine to Canada.

Now, in 1956, the politicians active in the remaining thirty-nine "Disunited States of America," many of whom emerged from the Kingfish's concentration camps, are asked where they stand on American unity. Would anybody running for mayor of Boston, governor of Virginia or Illinois, or even for dogcatcher in Reno, ever urge the "writing off" of these American states in the name of peace, national repentance, or whatever? If he did, the question would not be whether he could get elected, but whether he would still be alive by nightfall.

And yet this is the really hellish situation that confronts the democratic politicians of West Germany.

. . . . . .

No Interference

By Stephen Schlitzer

We get along well with our neighbors,
And the secret I gladly release:
We simply let their kids and our kids
Battle together in peace.

. . . . . .

Once again, to nail down this crucial distinction between the historical East Germany beyond the Oder and Neisse rivers, and the present east-zone Germany beyond the Elbe, let us assume that by some miracle the present four zones of Germany were suddenly reunited; that Bonn and Berlin, Munich and Dresden, all became again part of a single German state. Like "walking Ruth to get Gehrig," this would not solve the problem of real German unity, it would only make it more acute. For all Germans regard Königsberg, Breslau and Stettin farther east as very much a part of the national patrimony. Not to admit this is only to fool ourselves. Many pessimists in the Western world, who follow the argument clearly up to this point, now suddenly are overcome with despair. Since Russia does indeed have both the carrot and the stick in this territory matter, must not the Germans, sooner or later, and willy-nilly, turn to Moscow?

Not necessarily. To make a real political coup in Germany, Soviet policy makers would have to take several drastic risks. They would have to betray satellite Poland by forcing her to disgorge the disputed territories, and although Poland is not so important to the Kremlin as Germany, it is the largest and most important of the satellite states. Secondly, such a betrayal would have mighty repercussions throughout the East European bloc—would, in fact, shatter it. Thirdly, by playing with the fire of renascent German nationalism, the Soviets would be pushing the clock of history back to 1939, when a similar cynical deal looked so good to Stalin and Molotov.

Moreover, the entire Western horizon becomes suddenly brighter once one exorcises the ghost of Yalta in the clear light of present day, and above all here in Western Germany, where we come flush upon another major paradox in the whole unity hassle. Despite the Summit and other conferences, the ringing proclamations, despite the paragraphs this writer has just been recording about the intrinsic importance of this unity thing, anyone who does any extensive pub-crawling in today's Western Germany really stops and wonders. Once you get down below the level of professional polls, editors, commentators and other public figures, "German unity" loses a lot of its oomph.

Ask almost any West German today where he stands on unity, and he is for it, of course. But ask him whether he prefers his new television set or *Volkswagen* to another chance to die for dear old Danzig, and the answer is craftily qualified. At long last, in this country, there is a distinct shortage of heroes. For the past several weeks I have been moving about Western Germany. I listened to vintners on the slopes of the Moselle, university students in the Red Oxen Tavern in Heidelberg, bog-hoppers on the Lüneburger Heath, professors in Tübingen, farmers in the Palatinate, managers behind their polished desks in Düsseldorf, Ruhr miners at the pitheads of Essen and Dortmund. I spent several evenings in Munich's Hofbräuhaus, and I didn't hear a single Bavarian pound his stein on the wooden tables demanding reunion with his Prussian cousins.

Come down the Rhine to Bonn, to the slumbering Beethoven shrine which is the provisional capital of this provisional state called Western Germany. Here we are at the heart of the dilemma. Stroll into the Bundeshaus, once a girls' school, but now expanded into a spacious and modern parliament. Through giant plate-glass windows facing the Rhine, we get the most moving picture of booming West German prosperity, the constant parade of barges laden with the coal that has stoked a fabulous recovery. A deputy, facing away from this scene, strikes a Patrick Henry pose and gives a ringing speech about German unity. The speech is so moving and the applause so terrific that a naïve visitor might feel that this deputy and all his colleagues have their bags packed, ready to move to the old capital of Berlin tomorrow morning. But then why did they vote the money to erect a building like this? Just outside, within walking distance of the Bundeshaus, are the new Foreign Office, the new Ministry of Information, the new Finance Ministry, all skyscrapers designed, literally, to last at least half a century.

Here seems a strange exercise in the modern art of double-think, or a glaring example of how often politics consists of the difference between what men say and what men do. A skeptic might draw the cynical conclusion that the oratorical rumpus about German unity is a fraud or a phony. He would be wrong, although it is not so wrong to conclude that there is a huge silent vote in West Germany in favor of the status quo. Ten short years ago, less than that even, life in war-ravaged Germany was a primitive struggle for existence in an economic desert of despair. In the Bonn Republic today there is a heady boom atmosphere, and nobody really wants to shoot at Santa Claus.

Like an iceberg, the most dangerous angles to the German unity issue lurk beneath the surface; the visible scene is calm and almost too placid. For this "West Germany" is not a real nation, it is only part of a nation, a provisional state that inspires only provisional loyalties. What happens if this rampant prosperity gets caught up in a less happy phase of the business cycle? What happens if

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the expanding markets of the West contract and Soviet trade missions arrive in the Ruhr with promises of Eastern trade? What happens when the Silver Chancellor, Konrad Adenauer, the symbol and political architect of the Bonn Republic, is no longer here? Adenauer is eighty, someday he might get hit by a bus, and the struggle for the political succession could open up a Pandora's box. These are some, only some, of the lurking worries.

Hence the Bonn schizophrenia. Seek out any intelligent deputy, as I did one morning in the restaurant of the Bundeshaus, and the dialogue runs as follows: He begins by stating unity is the overriding problem in present German politics.

"Do you want," I counter, "a united but communist Germany, which you could get tomorrow morning?"

His answer is "No, of course not."

"Would you want the four powers to rediscover the 1945 Potsdam Agreement, which called for Germany to be treated as a political and economic unit, but with steel production limited to five and seven-tenth million tons a year?"

Again the answer is a vehement "No."

"Do you want, perhaps, a neutral Germany, with the Soviet troops withdrawing to the Oder River and the Anglo-Americans behind the Rhine?"

He shudders at the suggestion.

"Then what you really want is unity, but subject to several major conditions?"

"Yes," he whispers, "but for heaven's sake don't repeat that in the presence of my voters." Many German politicians are peculiar birds; they want to be eagles by day and owls by night, to have the best of both worlds.

With at least one remarkable exception—Konrad Adenauer. Sensing the demagogy latent in waging the unity battle with patriotic slogans only, Adenauer fought the elections of 1953 on precisely the ground his opponents had hoped to defeat him—the tricky unity issue. He spelled out clearly the kind of German unity he was for, but with cool courage he was equally explicit about the kind of German unity he was against—namely, anything that broke or weakened Germany's new ties with the Western world. The resultant landslide victory was not only a personal triumph, it took the form of a national plebiscite.

Has anything happened since 1953 to change the situation, to undermine the platform Adenauer stood on then? Yes; not so much in Germany as elsewhere. In September, 1953, the memory of communist aggression in Korea was still fresh, and even fresher in the minds of German voters was the dramatic but bloodily quashed revolt of the East German workers in June, 1953. In this climate of opinion Adenauer's championing of the policy of integration with the West—Marshall Plan, Schuman Plan, Germans in the European Army and the European Army in NATO—seemed the only way, or certainly the best way, to cement Western Germany into the Western alliance.

Less than one year later this policy lay in a shambles, and Adenauer suffered his first public catastrophe. On August 30, 1954, the European Army treaty was defeated in the French Assembly on a procedural motion, and mainly by votes controlled by Pierre Mendès-France. Four months later these same votes switched about and voted approval of a West German army in NATO. Of the many dubious laurels on the brow of Mendès-France, this one may yet become a crown of thorns for all France. For there was a world of difference between drafting Germans as soldiers into an international command (EDC) and the creation of a national army in West Germany.

The second catastrophe for the chancellor, which really shook the myth that "God knows everything, but Konrad knows it better," came in the summer of 1955, when a peculiar chain of circumstances led him not only to Moscow but to a bearish embrace with Bulganin in the loge of the czars in the Bolshoi Theater.

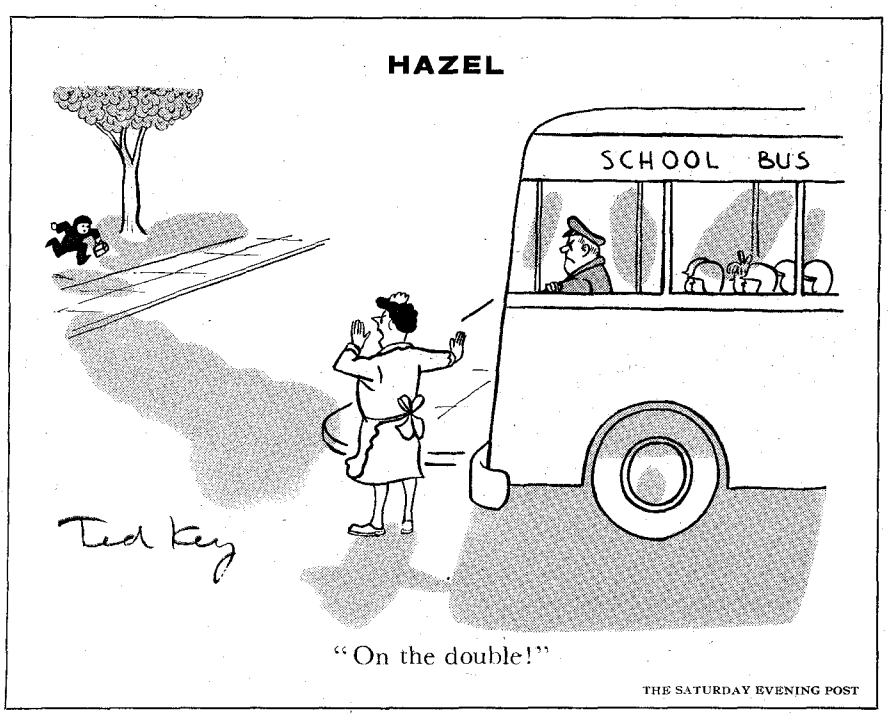
The arch Soviet invitation to the German chancellor to visit Moscow was beautifully timed. It came in to Bonn about a month before the Geneva Summit Conference. Adenauer's first and natural instinct was to shove it under the rug or get it lost in a bulky file. A cardinal principle of his policy in Bonn, in full agreement with the Western powers, was to refuse relations with any power that officially recognized the East German state. Now, for him to deal with the very power that created and sponsored that state, and supported it with guns and bayonets, would make him look ridiculous.

So at first Adenauer gave no answer. Then came the first Geneva Conference, "at the Summit," and the Old Man was trapped. Now German public opinion, caught in the false thaw of the cold war, began asking, "If the President of the United States, the British prime minister and the premier of France can break bread and drink toasts with the Soviet leaders, why is it so wrong for our chancellor to pay them a visit?"

Adenauer himself began to say privately after Geneva, "If now I refuse to go to Moscow, I will be called the Syngman Rhee of Europe."

And finally the decision to fly to Moscow was made by Adenauer himself, and he felt to exact preconditions would be impolite. Only in Moscow did Adenauer, the pale Galilean of Christian Democracy, discover the blackmail position he was now in. The Soviets held 9626 German war prisoners; they would release them in return for exchange of ambassadors, nothing more, nothing less. All the weapons of Bolshevik diplomacy were now brought to bear on the German delegation. There was flattery—"Germany is still one of the world's major powers"; cajolery—"Germany is the birthplace of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, our spiritual homeland"; culture-vulturing—"The nation of Tolstoy greets the nation of Goethe"; *Realpolitik*—"Only Russians and Germans know what World War II was about, we shed so much blood in common"; temptation—"We need German help in the industrialization of China." It was all a boisterous affair. The ebullient Khrushchev challenged the German Carlo Schmid to an Indian wrestling match across the banquet table, and gave up only when the powerful Schmid dragged his shirt front into the butter dish. This was the sole German victory recorded. Whenever Adenauer or any other German tried to broach German unity, the Soviets had their bland answer: "Not our affair. Go talk to your East German blood brothers."

At the last minute, Adenauer yielded. He felt that he could not return to Bonn and leave 9626 Germans behind Soviet barbed wire. Granting the human emotion involved, he had taken an awful clobbering, and it has to be recorded just how much Adenauer really did yield. At first sight, to the American reader, the exchange of ambassadors may seem trivial, a mere formality. In reality it was a terrible concession to Soviet diplomacy, and precisely in this German unity matter. Today the Soviet Union is the only power to have an ambassador in both Bonn and Pankow—seat of the East German Government. They have two German ambassadors in Moscow. The Soviet ambassador to Bonn, Valerian Zorin, was the scenario writer of the *coup d'état* in Prague in 1948.



"On the double!"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Moreover, we in the Western world have now to ask ourselves a very ugly but relevant question. If Chancellor Adenauer, a man of democratic background, dignity and absolute integrity, a real and proved friend of the Western cause, was forced to yield to Soviet power politics in the relatively minor matter of 9626 war prisoners, what in the name of God may happen when some future German chancellor is worked over in Moscow, not with threats only, but with promises? Say, for example, a promise of a return, in whole or in part, of the Oder-Neisse lands?

Luckily, it is most refreshing to go around Bonn these days and talk to some of the very German political figures who made the trip to Moscow—"the voyage into the blue." They are a remarkably chastened lot. Like all other political pilgrims who have gone to negotiate with the Soviets for the first time, they left Bonn with a boyish and buoyant confidence that they had the answers, the fresh start, the new magic formula and the man-to-man approach. Now that our German friends are back from the bear pit, pawed, mauled and still groggy, we can welcome them not like prodigals, but new boys, freshmen who have survived the hazing and paid the initiation fees into the Western club.

The reality of the Western alliance, and the fact that it is a two-way street, was now brought home to the West Germans, and a good thing too. Previously, many of them looked on "NATO and all that" as something they were entering as a favor to the Americans. In Moscow they discovered they were dealing, on their lonesomes, with a world power, the U.S.S.R. And that Germany, now a European power only, was like a middleweight up against a heavyweight. Moreover, when they discovered what Soviet policy really was in the unity question, they clutched again for the NATO alliance and the friendship of world-power America as their only salvation.

For the Soviets have now dropped all talk about free German elections, all hints of negotiating German unity with the Western powers. They are out to force a fusion between the Bonn Republic and the east zone, through threats, subversion and trickery. They are trying to push them together like two balls of mercury. They hope thus to divorce Bonn slowly from the Western alliance, and force it step by step east, until one day West Germans must sit down at the same table with the men of Pankow. We see the beginnings already in the renewed threat to Berlin, the elevation of the East German state to "sovereign" status, her capable of running a blockade themselves.

This brings us to where we are today, or where we may be tomorrow morning. And yet, for all its bravado and tenacity, the more one studies Soviet policy in Germany, the more it resembles the loud bankrupt trying to hide his real status by producing a run on the bank. Ambassador Zorin will find that Bonn in 1956 is not the Prague of 1948. There is no mass Communist Party here in West Germany, there are no real friends of the Soviet Union here. In Eastern Germany, judging from 2,000,000 refugees and one mass revolt, there are even fewer. As it becomes increasingly evident that Moscow's real German unity policy is a fraud, a combination of swindle and terror, they may have to change it, and admit that Stalin was right when he said communism on a German looks like a saddle on a cow.

The tremendous asset of the West in Germany is that as long as the discussion is kept cool and rational, a solid majority of Germans agree there is no other course to pursue than the sane one chosen by Rhine skipper Adenauer. The one thing that can be said about German unity for sure is that there is no easy answer. Much as many Germans continue to hope for German unity, to pray for it, in their hearts they know that a trick solution, a magic formula, would be another Soviet snare, a song of the Lorelei. As evil a thing as it is for a nation to be partitioned, a far worse fate is to be engulfed, which is what has happened to the rest of Eastern Europe. The liberation of East Germany concerns the Germans in the first instance, a patriotic duty. But it concerns the rest of us in the Western alliance along with the fate of the Czechs, the Poles, the Balts—in fact, all Eastern Europe. The prickly Oder-Neisse dispute can be solved, if at all, only between free Germans and free Poles, and then only as part of what can honestly be called an all-European settlement.

How and when? That involves issues far larger than German unity, including the retreat of the Red Army to the legitimate borders of the Soviet Union, and the military concessions the NATO powers might make to bring that about. As a cure for their impatience, the Germans might meanwhile ponder just who triggered the Red Army into Europe in the first place. THE END

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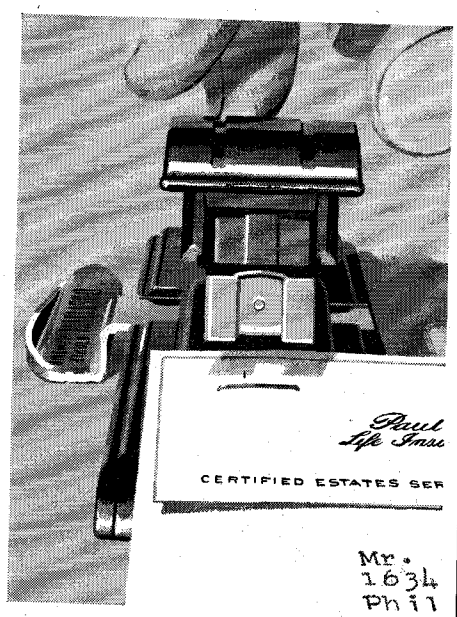

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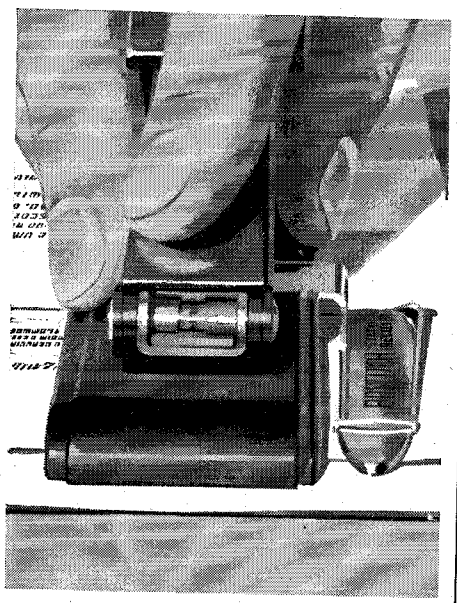

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Goings-on Above and Below Water Level

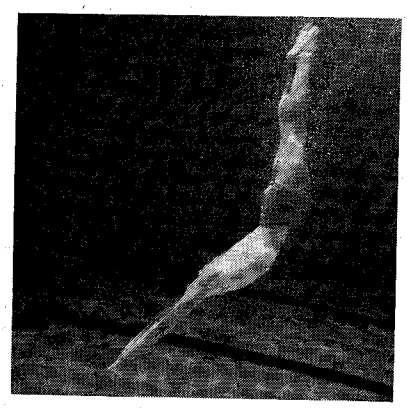
Messrs. Burns will try anything once.

John Knowles, page 26, had a rough time getting Bob Kiphuth to hold still long enough to explain how, while coaching at Yale, he has revolutionized competitive swimming. Knowles, a not-so-old grad of Yale, had wanted to write up Kiphuth for some time, and when he decided the favorable moment had come, Kiphuth took off for Iceland to run a swimming clinic. He returned just in time to take off for Israel to give pointers to their Olympic candidates. He returned from there a little before he left with an All-American team to tour Japan, but during that hasty lull Knowles captured him—in a sense. That is, Knowles ran up and down beside the Yale pool while Kiphuth ran up and down as Yale swimmers swam time trials. Kiphuth did sit down while eating lunch and driving his car, but Knowles found his notes after these sessions pretty squiggly and befuddling. Once, though, Knowles really got his man, caught the guy in bed.

"By the way," the author remarks, "it seems quite appropriate for the Post to be running a piece about a leading contemporary authority on swimming." Explanation: while examining Kiphuth's fine collection of first- and early-edition books, he found an early copy of a volume called The Art of Swimming, the author of which was Benjamin Franklin. The Post's founder was an early authority—Knowles doesn't mean that Mr. Franklin invented swimming.

Quite a time was also had by brothers George and John Burns in experimenting with submerged photography while illustrating this watery theme. They tried diving into the H_2O, George with the watertight camera, John endeavoring to keep in cahoots with him with the lightbulb extension. They had masks and goggles, but no mechanical "lungs," wherefore after flashing each hurried shot of an overhead swimmer, they had to go topside pronto to avoid drowning.

Later the waterlogged men tried rigging Strobe-light units on the diving board, pointed into the water; these they connected by bell cord to a camera stationed beside a window which some TV people had recently cut in the side of the pool. They made the above diving shot thus and nobody got wet but the diver. Finally, the photographers coached one of the swimmers, Tom Bilimski, to work their camera and, descending one last time in the liquid, had *their* photographs took, as you see.



Down goes a diver.

Look What He Didn't Catch

Herewith is published, with a great sense of relief, an untrue fishing picture. George Loveridge, seen there beside his wife, Luisita, and also on page 31, wishes to say that he did not catch the vast tuna he is holding up so victoriously. Loveridge, a journalist with the Providence, Rhode Island, Journal, was aboard a fishing boat, going along for the ride, "when that tuna snapped, or whatever tunas do, at a baitless jig that happened to be trailing astern." He did not pull in the fish; somebody else did. What he did do was to think of his two sons who then were in the Navy (they recently finished their hitches), and reflect that they would like to see a picture of their mother looking as pretty as usual "and of their old man looking less conservative and forbidding than usual." No sooner thought than done.

Loveridge explains that he rejoices in the out-of-doors, the woods, the sea, even his city back yard with its one apple tree. But he is not a hunter. He is not a fisherman. "I am not even elated that the tuna was caught. I guess I just am." What a refreshing fisherman!

Lo, the mighty fisherman.

So What's Wondrous About a Classic Car?

The man who on page 22 describes the growing craze for fine cars of bygone years lives on Manhattan Island, where "classics" don't abound; but in summers George Waltz and his folks escape to Connecticut, where vintage vehicles are all over the landscape. One day, driving along in just a non-vintage new auto, Waltz passed a well-preened Packard town car, circa 1933 and in "mint" condition, and he remarked to his wife, "Now, that's material for my article, an extra-fine example of a classic car." Whereupon his seven-year-old daughter, Nancy, observed, "Huh, what's classy about it? Not even two-toned. And look, it's only got half a roof." The subdued father wrote his piece anyway.

George Waltz, Nancy, classy car.

When the classic cars were being re-duced, in the '30's and early '40's, W was automobile editor, then manag editor, of Popular Science magazin though he wasn't planning his Post article at that time. During the big war he was a writer-in-uniform on one of General Arnold's special staffs; for example, to do a survival-at-sea manual, he and other Air Force volunteers spent eight days and nights bouncing about the Caribbean on a rubber raft. After the war, he took off his uniform and went right on being a writer.

Authors are Hard to Understand

Some time ago William Brandon went to Europe and wrote a book about the Rocky Mountains—The Men and the Mountain, published by Morrow. He lived in Europe for two years, and immediately after his return wrote a story about American suburban life, published by the Post, page 24. He then went to Vermont and began writing about Indiana, but soon journeyed to California, where he wrote a story about Europe, to be published by the Post anon. Maybe beginning writers can draw some conclusion about successful working methods from the above, such as: writers are funny.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

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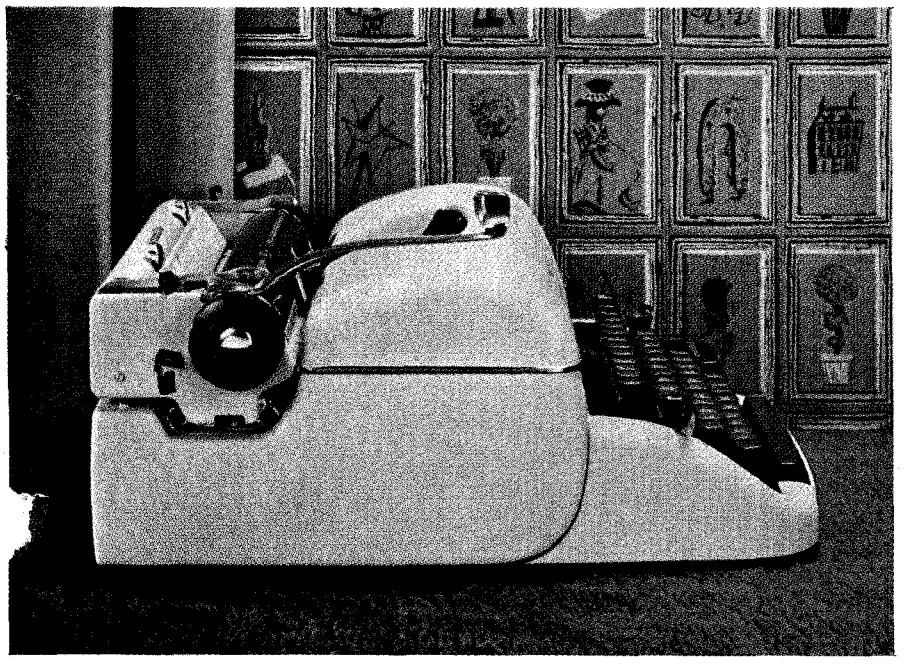
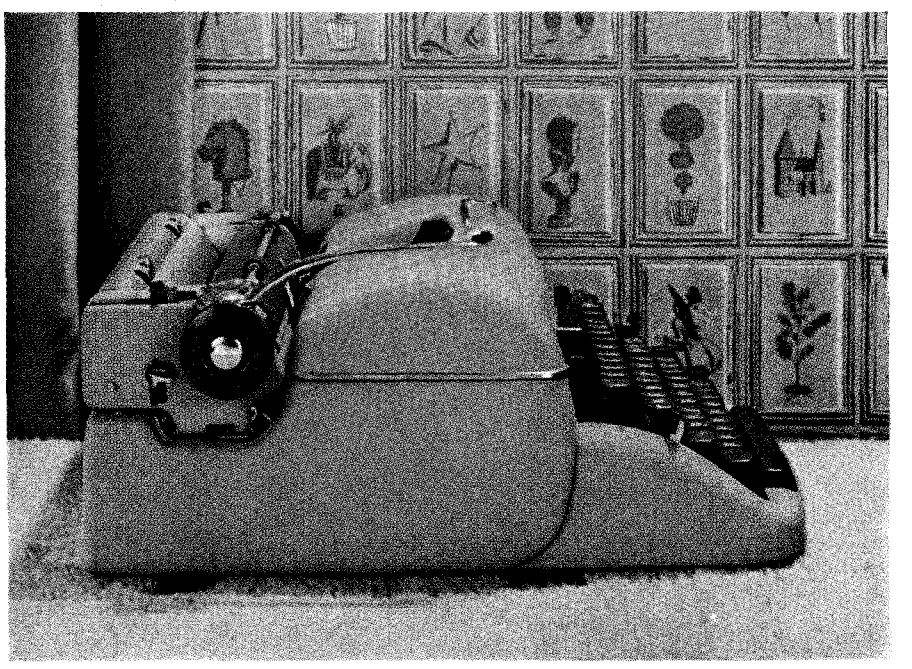


White Sand A distinctive color in the modern mood



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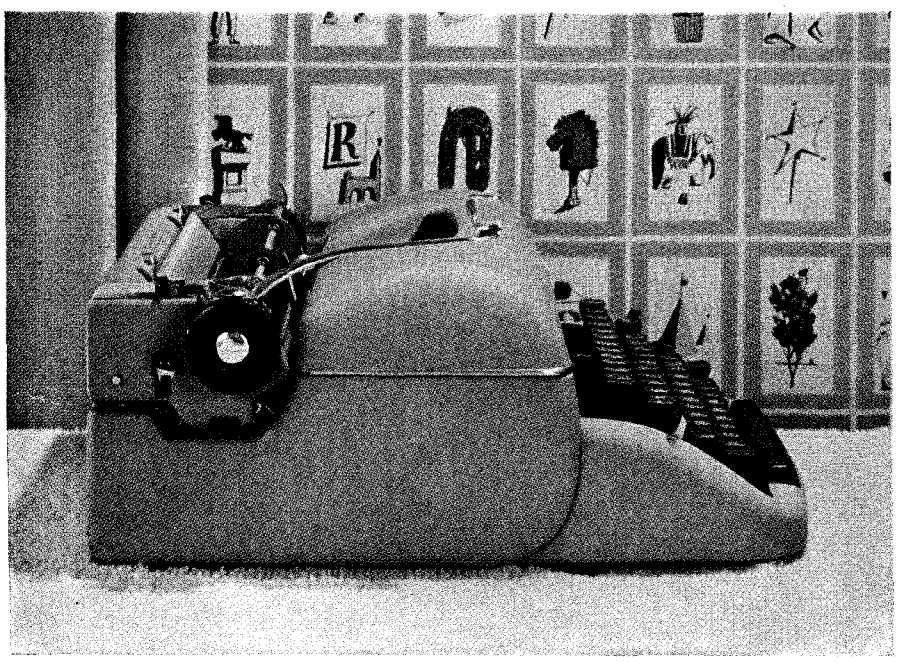

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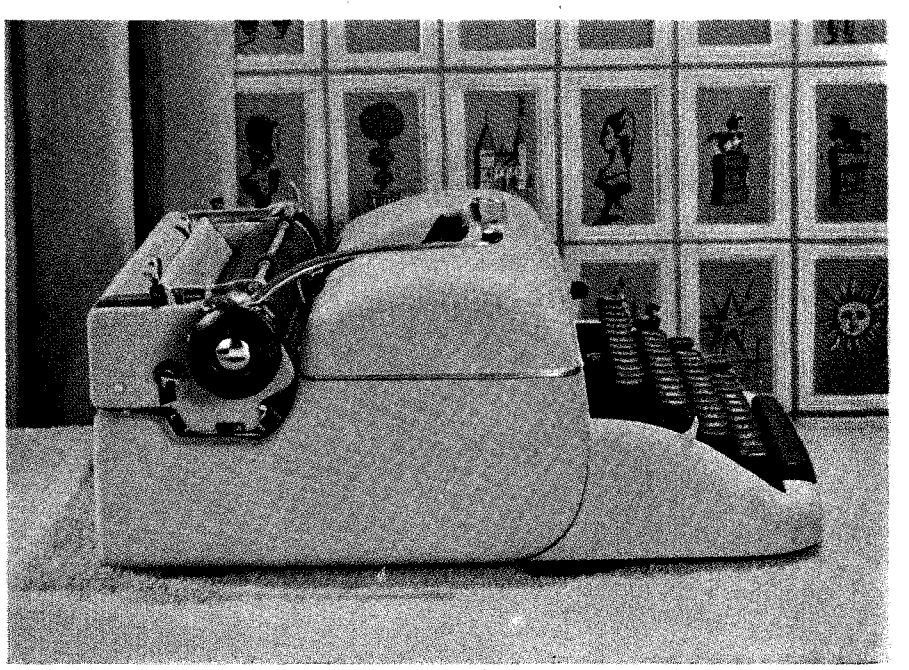

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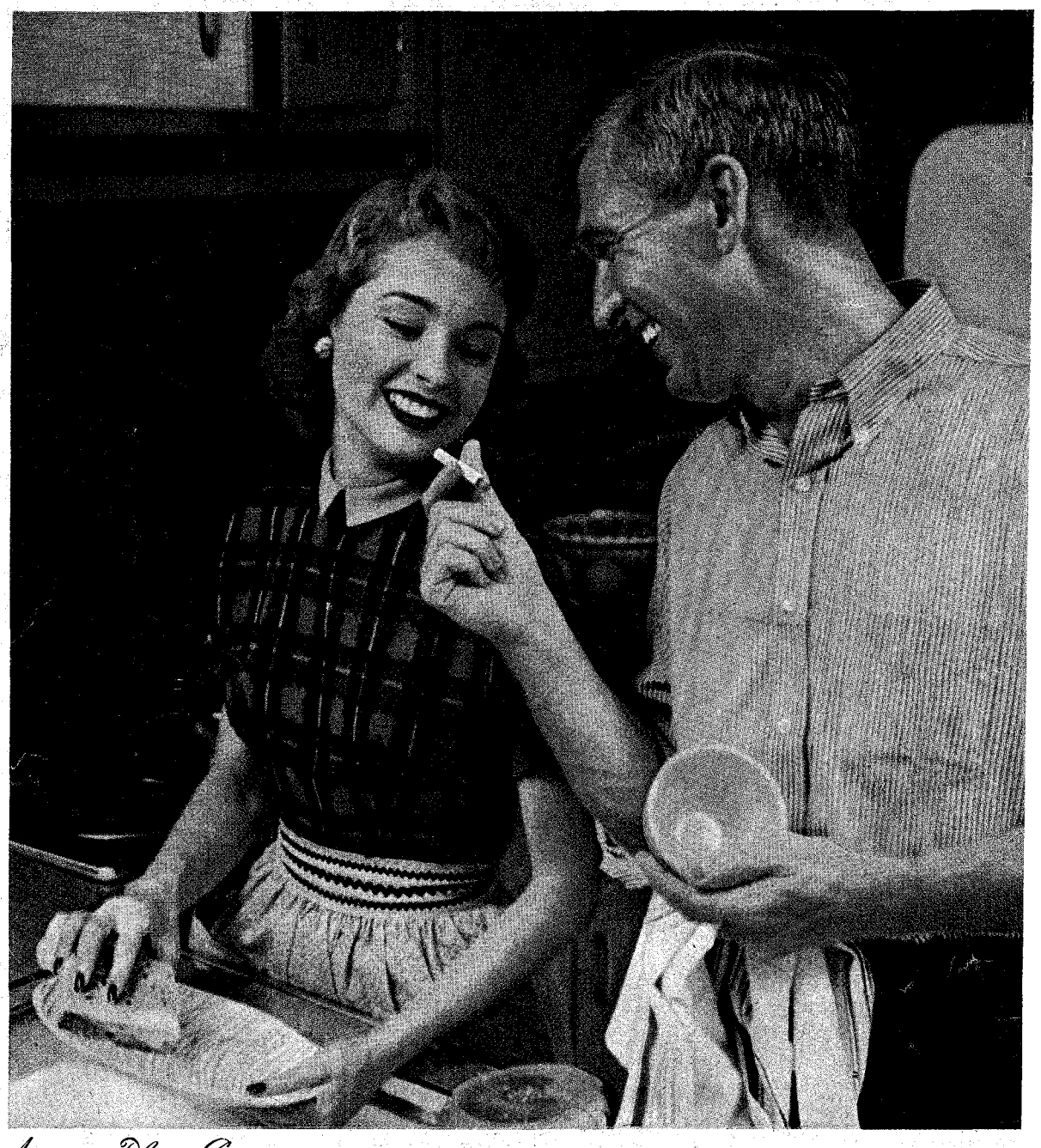

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